



LAY OF THE  
LAST MINSTREL

— — — — — SCOTT.

ANNOTATED EDITION



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TORONTO





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## The Valley of the Lake

W. J. Gage & Co.'s Educational Series.

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# THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

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WITH AN EXCURSUS BY

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*Trinity University, Toronto.*

CONTAINING ALSO

*EXERCISES AND EXAMINATION QUESTIONS*

BY HIGH SCHOOL TEACHERS

—AND—

AN ESSAY ON THE CULTURE USE OF LITERATURE BY

WM. HOUSTON, M.A.

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## PREFACE.

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THIS edition of *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* is primarily intended to meet the requirements of the University Examinations and of the higher examinations held by the Education Departments of the various Provinces of the Dominion. At the same time the general reader will find interesting material brought together in the form of a clear text, concise notes, instructive pictures, an appreciative sketch of the author's life and works, a list of contemporary authors and events, a copious selection of criticisms, and a number of pages of questions and literary exercises founded on the poem. The special contributions of Dr. William Clark, Dr. A. H. Reynar, and Mr. Houston deal with important topics of universal interest.

The text has been made as accurate as possible, and is presented in a form that makes ready reference more simple than the usual style of printing it. A large number of Scott's own *Notes* are given in full and many more have been condensed or incorporated in the editor's annotations of the text. Where conciseness is possible the notes are short to the shortest, but they will be found sufficiently minute in detail where special information is required. The illustrations have been chosen with a view to assist the American reader in realizing some of the Scottish landscapes, and to understand the numerous architectural, military, and feudal terms that lie scattered in profusion throughout the poem.

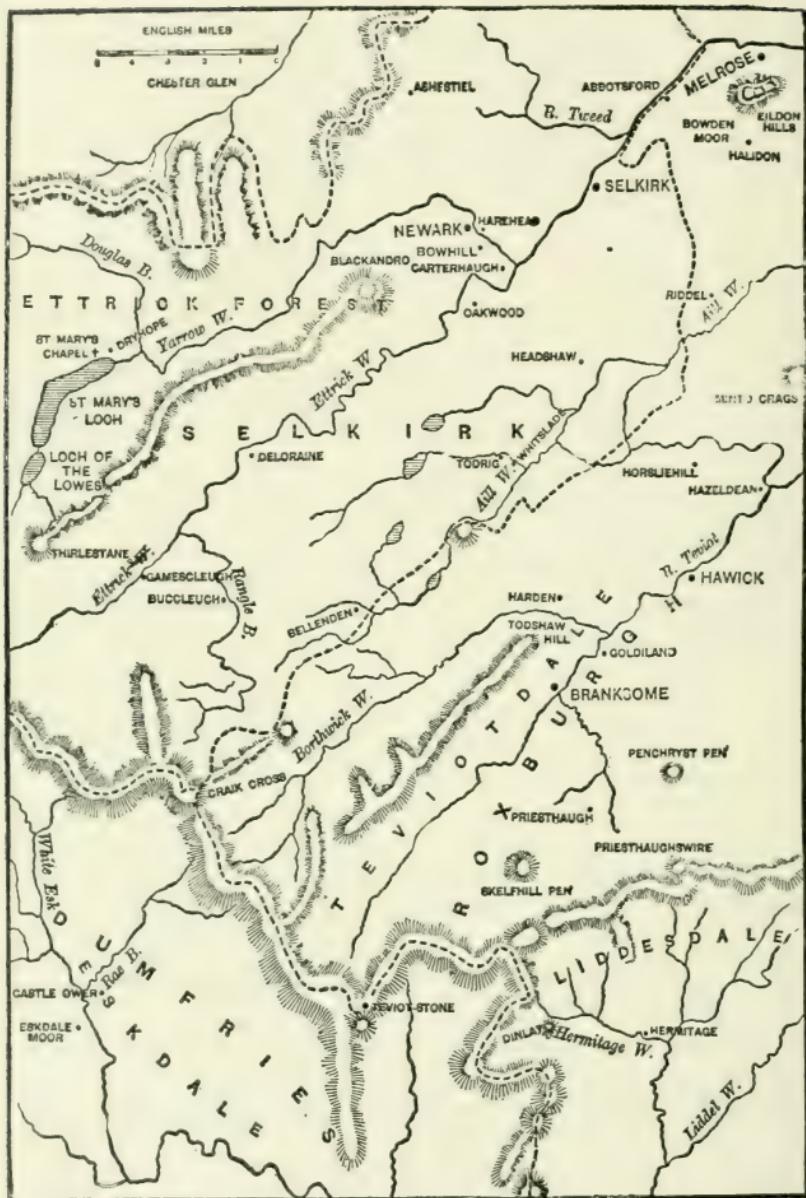
The criticisms, questions, and exercises are intended to be suggestive of independent judgments, and are supposed to be used as steps in the historic and comparative method of studying literature. As will be seen, some of the papers bear the names of well-known teachers, to whom the publishers are much indebted for advice and assistance in the preparation of the book.



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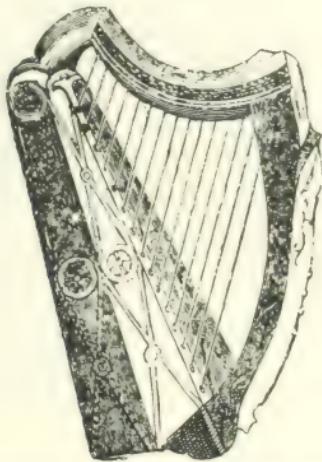
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## MAP OF SCOTT-LAND.

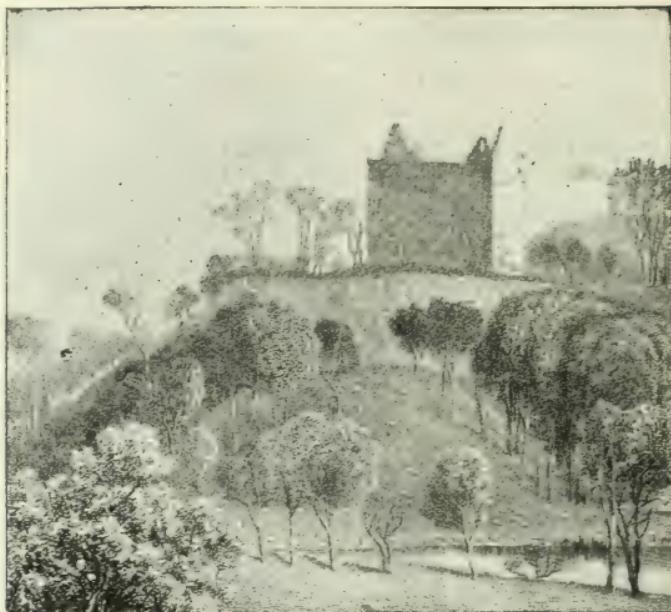
THE LAY  
OF  
THE LAST MINSTREL.



HARP OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

PRELUDE.

THE way was long, the wind was cold,  
The Minstrel was infirm and old ;  
His withered cheek and tresses gray  
Seemed to have known a better day ;  
The harp, his sole remaining joy, 5  
Was carried by an orphan boy.  
The last of all the Bards was he,  
Who sung of Border chivalry ;  
For, well-a-day ! their date was fled,  
His tuneful brethren all were dead ; 10  
And he, neglected and oppressed,  
Wished to be with them and at rest.  
No more on prancing palfrey borne,  
He carolled, light as lark at morn ;



Newark's stately tower (10, 13).

No longer courted and caressed,  
High placed in hall, a welcome guest,  
He poured, to lord and lady gay,  
The unpremeditated lay:  
Old times were changed, old manners gone;  
A stranger filled the Stuarts' throne;  
The bigots of the iron time  
Had called his harmless art a crime.  
A wandering harper, scorned and poor,  
He begged his bread from door to door,  
And tuned, to please a peasant's ear,  
The harp a king had loved to hear.

He passed where Newark's stately tower  
Looks out from Yarrow's birchen bower:  
The Minstrel gazed with wishful eye—  
No humbler resting-place was nigh.



The embattled portal arch he passed (11, 2).

With hesitating step at last  
The embattled portal arch he passed,  
Whose ponderous grate and massy bar  
Had oft rolled back the tide of war,  
But never closed the iron door  
Against the desolate and poor.

5  
The Duchess marked his weary pace,  
His timid mien, and reverend face,  
And bade her page the menials tell  
That they should tend the old man well :  
For she had known adversity  
10  
Though born in such a high degree ;  
In pride of power, in beauty's bloom,  
Had wept o'er Monmouth's bloody tomb !

When kindness had his wants supplied,  
15  
And the old man was gratified,  
Began to rise his minstrel pride ;

And he began to talk anon  
Of good Earl Francis, dead and gone,  
And of Earl Walter, rest him God !  
A braver ne'er to battle rode ;  
5 And how full many a tale he knew  
Of the old warriors of Buccleuch :  
And, would the noble Duchess deign  
To listen to an old man's strain,  
Though stiff his hand, his voice though weak,  
10 He thought even yet, the sooth to speak,  
That, if she loved the harp to hear,  
He could make music to her ear.

The humble boon was soon obtained ;  
The aged Minstrel audience gained.  
15 But when he reached the room of state  
Where she with all her ladies sate,  
Perchance he wished his boon denied :  
For, when to tune his harp he tried,  
His trembling hand had lost the 'ease  
20 Which marks security to please ;  
And scenes, long past, of joy and pain  
Came wildering o'er his aged brain—  
He tried to tune his harp in vain.  
The pitying Duchess praised its chime,  
25 And gave him heart, and gave him time,  
Till every string's according glee  
Was blended into harmony.  
And then, he said, he would full fain  
He could recall an ancient strain  
30 He never thought to sing again.  
It was not framed for village churls,  
But for high dames and mighty earls ;  
He had played it to King Charles the Good  
When he kept court in Holyrood ;



When he kept court in Holyrood (12, 30).

And much he wished, yet feared, to try  
The long-forgotten melody.

Amid the strings his fingers strayed,  
And an uncertain warbling made,  
And oft he shook his hoary head.

But when he caught the measure wild,  
The old man raised his face and smiled ;  
And lightened up his faded eye  
With all a poet's ecstasy !

In varying cadence, soft or strong,  
He swept the sounding chords along :

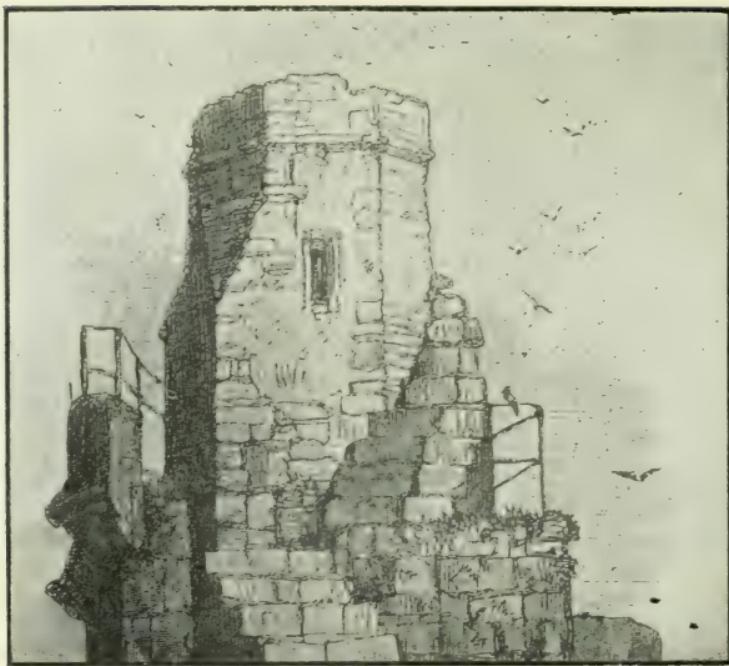
The present scene, the future lot,  
His toils, his wants, were all forgot ;  
Cold diffidence and age's frost

In the full tide of song were lost ;  
Each blank, in faithless memory void,  
The poet's glowing thought supplied ;  
And, while his harp responsive rung,  
'Twas thus the LATEST MINSTREL sung.

5

10

15



The Ladye had gone to her secret bower (14, 2).

### CANTO I.

THE feast was over in Branksome tower,  
 And the Ladye had gone to her secret bower,  
 Her bower that was guarded by word and by spell,  
 Deadly to hear, and deadly to tell—  
 Jesu Maria, shield us well!

5  
 No living wight, save the Ladye alone,  
 Had dared to cross the threshold stone.

The tables were drawn, it was idlesse all ;  
 Knight and page and household squire  
 10 Loitered through the lofty hall,  
 Or crowded round the ample fire :  
 The stag-hounds, weary with the chase,  
 Lay stretched upon the rushy floor,



With belted sword and spur on heel (15, 12).

And urged in dreams the forest race,  
From Teviot-stone to Eskdale-moor.

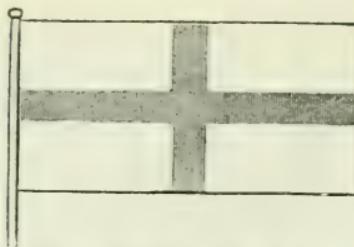
Nine-and-twenty knights of fame  
Hung their shields in Branksome Hall ;  
Nine-and-twenty squires of name  
Brought them their steeds to bower from stall ;  
Nine-and-twenty yeomen tall  
Waited duteous on them all :  
They were all knights of mettle true,  
Kinsmen to the bold Buccleuch.

10

Ten of them were sheathed in steel,  
With belted sword and spur on heel ;  
They quitted not their harness bright,  
Neither by day nor yet by night :

They lay down to rest,  
With corselet laced,

15



Saint George's Cross (16, 17).

Pillowed on buckler cold and hard ;  
 They carved at the meal  
 With gloves of steel,  
 And they drank the red wine through the helmet barred.

5    Ten squires, ten yeomen, mail-clad men,  
 Waited the beck of the warders ten ;  
 Thirty steeds, both fleet and wight,  
 Stood saddled in stable day and night,  
 Barded with frontlet of steel, I trow,  
 10   And with Jedwood-axe at saddle-bow ;  
 A hundred more fed free in stall :—  
 Such was the custom of Branksome Hall.

Why do these steeds stand ready dight ?  
 Why watch these warriors armed by night ?  
 15   They watch to hear the bloodhound baying ;  
 They watch to hear the war-horn braying ;  
 To see Saint George's red cross streaming,  
 To see the midnight beacon gleaming ;  
 They watch against Southern force and guile,  
 20   Lest Scroop or Howard or Percy's powers  
 Threaten Branksome's lordly towers,  
 From Warkworth or Naworth or merry Carlisle.

Such is the custom of Branksome Hall.

Many a valiant knight is here ;  
 25   But he, the chieftain of them all,



When the streets of high Dunedin (17. 7).

His sword hangs rusting on the wall  
 Beside his broken spear.  
 Bards long shall tell  
 How Lord Walter fell !  
 When startled burghers fled afar  
 The furies of the Border war,  
 When the streets of high Dunedin  
 Saw lances gleam and falchions reddens,  
 And heard the slogan's deadly yell,—  
 Then the Chief of Branksome fell.

5

70

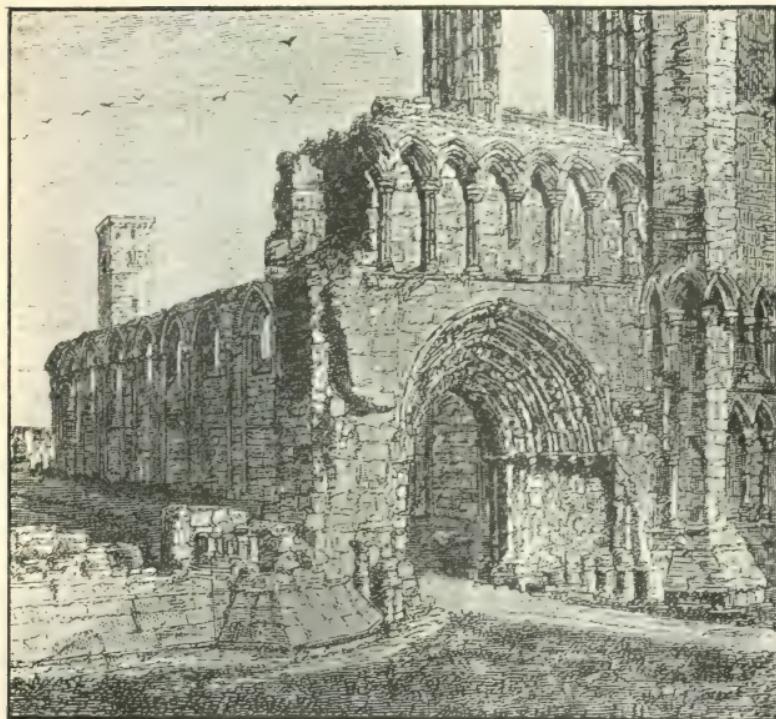
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Can piety the discord heal,  
 Or stanch the death-feud's enmity ?  
 Can Christian lore, can patriot zeal,  
 Can love of blessed charity ?  
 No ! vainly to each holy shrine  
 In mutual pilgrimage they drew,  
 Implored in vain the grace divine  
 For chiefs their own red falchions slew.

While Cessford owns the rule of Carr,  
While Ettrick boasts the line of Scott,  
The slaughtered chiefs, the mortal jar,  
The havoc of the feudal war,  
5 Shall never, never be forgot !

In sorrow o'er Lord Walter's bier  
The warlike foresters had bent,  
And many a flower and many a tear  
Old Teviot's maids and matrons lent ;  
10 But o'er her warrior's bloody bier  
The Ladye dropped nor flower nor tear !  
Vengeance, deep-brooding o'er the slain,  
Had locked the source of softer woe,  
And burning pride and high disdain  
15 Forbade the rising tear to flow ;  
Until, amid his sorrowing clan,  
Her son lisped from the nurse's knee,  
" And if I live to be a man,  
My father's death revenged shall be !"  
20 Then fast the mother's tears did seek  
To dew the infant's kindling cheek.

All loose her negligent attire,  
All loose her golden hair,  
Hung Margaret o'er her slaughtered sire  
25 And wept in wild despair.  
But not alone the bitter tear  
Had filial grief supplied,  
For hopeless love and anxious fear  
Had lent their mingled tide ;  
30 Nor in her mother's altered eye  
Dared she to look for sympathy.  
Her lover 'gainst her father's clan  
With Carr in arms had stood,



Saint Andrew's cloistered hall (19, 14).

When Mathouse-burn to Melrose ran  
 All purple with their blood ;  
 And well she knew her mother dread,  
 Before Lord Cranstoun she should wed,  
 Would see her on her dying bed.

5

Of noble race the Ladye came ;  
 Her father was a clerk of fame,  
 Of Bethune's line of Picardie :  
 He learned the art that none may name  
 In Padua, far beyond the sea.  
 Men said he changed his mortal frame  
 Byfeat of magic mystery ;  
 For when in studious mood he paced  
 Saint Andrew's cloistered hall,

10

His form no darkening shadow traced  
Upon the sunny wall !

And of his skill, as bards avow,  
He taught that Layde fair,  
5 Till to her bidding she could bow  
The viewless forms of air.  
And now she sits in secret bower,  
In old Lord David's western tower,  
And listens to a heavy sound  
10 That moans the mossy turrets round.  
Is it the roar of Teviot's tide,  
That chafes against the scaur's red side ?  
Is it the wind that swings the oaks ?  
Is it the echo from the rocks ?  
15 What may it be, the heavy sound,  
That moans old Branksome's turrets round ?

At the sullen, moaning sound  
The ban-dogs bay and howl,  
And from the turrets round  
20 Loud whoops the startled owl.  
In the hall, both squire and knight  
Swore that a storm was near,  
And looked forth to view the night ;  
But the night was still and clear !

25 From the sound of Teviot's tide,  
Chafing with the mountain's side,  
From the groan of the wind-swung oak,  
From the sullen echo of the rock,  
From the voice of the coming storm,  
30 The Ladye knew it well !  
It was the Spirit of the Flood that spoke,  
And he called on the Spirit of the Fell.

## RIVER SPIRIT.

“ Sleep’st thou, brother ? ”

## MOUNTAIN SPIRIT.

“ Brother, nay—

On my hills the moonbeams play,  
From Craik-cross to Skelfhill-pen,  
By every rill in every glen,

5

Merry elves their morris pacing,  
To aërial minstrelsy,  
Emerald rings on brown heath tracing,  
Trip it deft and merrily.  
Up, and mark their nimble feet !  
Up, and list their music sweet ! ”

10

## RIVER SPIRIT.

“ Tears of an imprisoned maiden  
Mix with my polluted stream ;  
Margaret of Branksome, sorrow-laden,  
Mourns beneath the moon’s pale beam.  
Tell me, thou who view’st the stars,  
When shall cease these feudal jars ?  
What shall be the maiden’s fate ?  
Who shall be the maiden’s mate ? ”

15

## MOUNTAIN SPIRIT.

“ Arthur’s slow wain his course doth roll  
In utter darkness round the pole ;  
The Northern Bear lowers black and grim,  
Orion’s studded belt is dim ;  
Twinkling faint, and distant far,  
Shimmers through mist each planet star ;

20

Ill may I read their high decree :  
But no kind influence deign they shower  
On Teviot’s tide and Branksome’s tower  
Till pride be quelled and love be free.”

25

The unearthly voices ceased,

30

And the heavy sound was still ;  
It died on the river’s breast,  
It died on the side of the hill.

But round Lord David's tower  
 The sound still floated near ;  
 For it rung in the Ladye's bower,  
 And it rung in the Ladye's ear.  
 5  
 She raised her stately head,  
 And her heart throbbed high with pride :  
 "Your mountains shall bend  
 And your streams ascend,  
 Ere Margaret be our foeman's bride !"

10  
 The Ladye sought the lofty hall,  
 Where many a bold retainer lay,  
 And with jocund din among them all  
 Her son pursued his infant play.  
 A fancied moss-trooper, the boy  
 15  
 The truncheon of a spear bestrode,  
 And round the hall right merrily  
 In mimic foray rode.  
 Even bearded knights, in arms grown old,  
 Share in his frolic gambols bore,  
 20  
 Albeit their hearts of rugged mould  
 Were stubborn as the steel they wore.  
 For the gray warriors prophesied  
 How the brave boy in future war  
 Should tame the Unicorn's pride,  
 25  
 Exalt the Crescents and the Star.

The Ladye forgot her purpose high  
 One moment and no more,  
 One moment gazed with a mother's eye  
 As she paused at the arched door ;  
 Then from amid the armed train  
 30  
 She called to her William of Deloraine.  
  
 A stark moss-trooping Scott was he  
 As e'er couched Border lance by knee :

Through Solway Sands, through Tarras Moss,  
Blindfold he knew the paths to cross ;  
By wily turns, by desperate bounds,  
Had baffled Percy's best bloodhounds ;  
In Eske or Liddel fords were none  
But he would ride them, one by one ;  
Alike to him was time or tide,  
December's snow or July's pride ;  
Alike to him was tide or time,  
Moonless midnight or matin prime :  
Steady of heart and stout of hand  
As ever drove prey from Cumberland ;  
Five times outlawed had he been  
By England's king and Scotland's queen.

“Sir William of Deloraine, good at need,  
Mount thee on the wightest steed ;  
Spare not to spur nor stint to ride  
Until thou come to fair Tweedside ;  
And in Melrose's holy pile  
Seek thou the Monk of Saint Mary's aisle.  
Greet the father well from me ;  
Say that the fated hour is come,  
And to-night he shall watch with thee,  
To win the treasure of the tomb :  
For this will be Saint Michael's night,  
And though stars be dim the moon is bright,  
And the cross of bloody red  
Will point to the grave of the mighty dead.

“What he gives thee, see thou keep ;  
Stay not thou for food or sleep :  
Be it scroll or be it book,  
Into it, knight, thou must not look ;  
If thou readest, thou art lorn !  
Better hadst thou ne'er been born !”



Soon in his saddle sate he fast (24, 9).

“O swiftly can speed my dapple-gray steed,  
 Which drinks of the Teviot clear ;  
 Ere break of day,” the warrior gan say,  
 “ Again will I be here :  
 And safer by none may thy errand be done  
 Than, noble dame, by me ;  
 Letter nor line know I never one,  
 Were’t my neck-verse at Hairibee.”

Soon in his saddle sate he fast,  
 And soon the steep descent he passed,  
 Soon crossed the sounding barbican,  
 And soon the Teviot side he won.  
 Eastward the wooded path he rode,  
 Green hazels o'er his basnet nod ;



Guided by the tinkling rill (25. 14).

He passed the Peel of Goldiland,  
And crossed old Borthwick's roaring strand ;  
Dimly he viewed the Moat-hill's mound,  
Where Druid shades still flitted round :  
In Hawick twinkled many a light ;  
Behind him soon they set in night ;  
And soon he spurred his courser keen  
Beneath the tower of Hazeldean.

The clattering hoofs the watchmen mark :  
“Stand, ho ! thou courier of the dark.”  
“For Branksome, ho !” the knight rejoined,  
And left the friendly tower behind.  
He turned him now from Teviotside,  
And, guided by the tinkling rill,  
Northward the dark ascent did ride,  
And gained the moor at Horseliehill ;

5

10

15

Broad on the left before him lay  
For many a mile the Roman way.

A moment now he slacked his speed,  
A moment breathed his panting steed,  
Drew saddle-girth and corselet-band,  
And loosened in the sheath his brand.  
On Minto-crags the moonbeams glint,  
Where Barnhill hewed his bed of flint,  
Who flung his outlawed limbs to rest  
Where falcons hang their giddy nest  
Mid cliffs from whence his eagle eye  
For many a league his prey could spy ;  
Cliffs doubling, on their echoes borne,  
The terrors of the robber's horn ;  
Cliffs which for many a later year  
The warbling Doric reed shall hear,  
When some sad swain shall teach the grove  
Ambition is no cure for love.

Unchallenged, thence passed Deloraine  
To ancient Riddel's fair domain,  
Where Aill, from mountains freed,  
Down from the lakes did raving come ;  
Each wave was crested with tawny foam,  
Like the mane of a chestnut steed.  
In vain ! no torrent, deep or broad,  
Might bar the bold moss-trooper's road.

At the first plunge the horse sunk low,  
And the water broke o'er the saddle-bow :  
Above the foaming tide, I ween,  
Scarce half the charger's neck was seen ;  
For he was barded from counter to tail,  
And the rider was armed complete in mail ;

Never heavier man and horse  
Stemmed a midnight torrent's force.  
The warrior's very plume, I say,  
Was daggled by the dashing spray ;  
Yet, through good heart and Our Ladye's grace, 5  
At length he gained the landing-place.

Now Bowden Moor the march-man won,  
And sternly shook his plumed head,  
As glanced his eye o'er Halidon ;  
For on his soul the slaughter red 10  
Of that unhallowed morn arose,  
When first the Scott and Carr were foes ;  
When royal James beheld the fray,  
Prize to the victor of the day ;  
When Home and Douglas in the van 15  
Bore down Buccleuch's retiring clan,  
Till gallant Cessford's heart-blood dear  
Reeked on dark Elliot's Border spear.

In bitter mood he spurred fast,  
And soon the hated heath was past ; . 20  
And far beneath, in lustre wan,  
Old Melros' rose and fair Tweed ran :  
Like some tall rock with lichens gray,  
Seemed, dimly huge, the dark Abbaye.  
When Hawick he passed had curfew rung, 25  
Now midnight lauds were in Melrose sung.  
The sound upon the fitful gale  
In solemn wise did rise and fail,  
Like that wild harp whose magic tone  
Is wakened by the winds alone. 30  
But when Melrose he reached 'twas silence all ;  
He meetly stabled his steed in stall,  
And sought the convent's lonely wall.

## INTERLUDE.

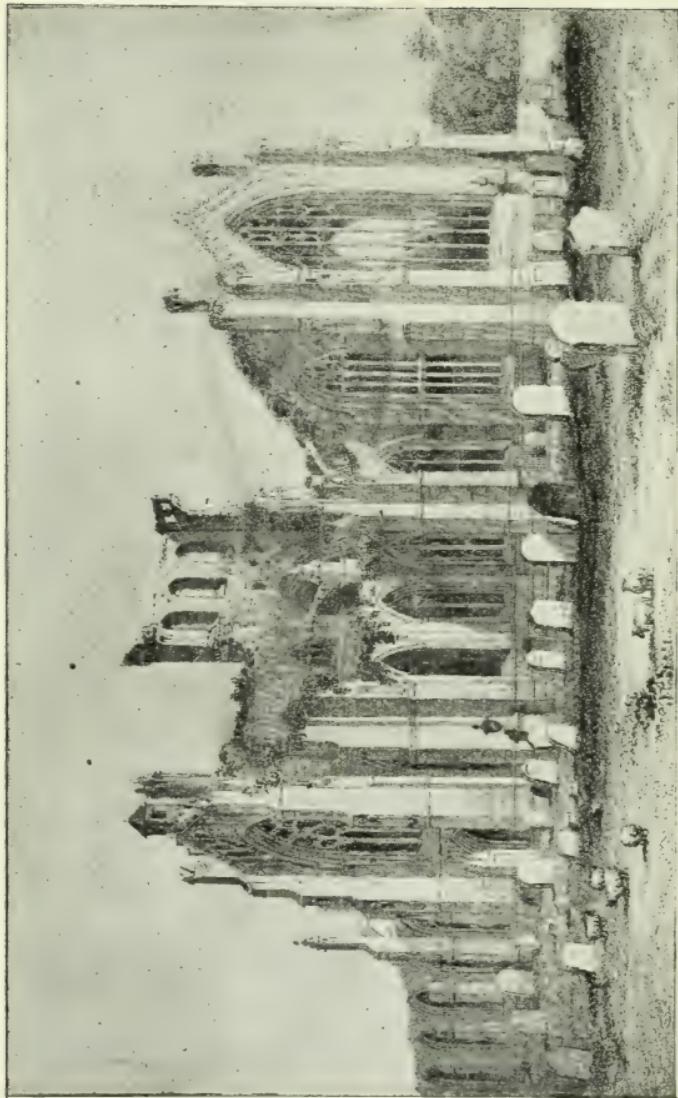
HERE paused the harp ; and with its swell  
The Master's fire and courage fell :  
Dejectedly and low he bowed,  
And, gazing timid on the crowd,  
5 He seemed to seek in every eye  
If they approved his minstrelsy ;  
And, diffident of present praise,  
Somewhat he spoke of former days,  
And how old age and wandering long  
10 Had done his hand and harp some wrong.  
The Duchess, and her daughters fair,  
And every gentle lady there,  
Each after each, in due degree,  
Gave praises to his melody ;  
15 His hand was true, his voice was clear,  
And much they longed the rest to hear.  
Encouraged thus, the aged man  
After meet rest again began.



## CANTO II.

IF thou wouldest view fair Melrose aright,  
Go visit it by the pale moonlight :  
For the gay beams of lightsome day  
Gild but to flout the ruins gray.  
When the broken arches are black in night, 5  
And each shafted oriel glimmers white ;  
When the cold light's uncertain shower  
Streams on the ruined central tower ;  
When buttress and buttress, alternately,  
Seem framed of ebon and ivory : 10  
When silver edges the imagery,  
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die ;  
When distant Tweed is heard to rave,  
And the owlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave,  
Then go—but go alone the while— 15  
Then view Saint David's ruined pile ;  
And, home returning, soothly swear  
Was never scene so sad and fair !

Short halt did Deloraine make there ;  
Little recked he of the scene so fair : 20  
With dagger's hilt on the wicket strong  
He struck full loud, and struck full long.  
The porter hurried to the gate :  
“Who knocks so loud, and knocks so late ?”  
“From Branksome I,” the warrior cried ; 25  
And straight the wicket opened wide :  
For Branksome's chiefs had in battle stood  
To fence the rights of fair Melrose ;  
And lands and livings, many a rood,  
Had gifted the shrine for their souls' repose. 30

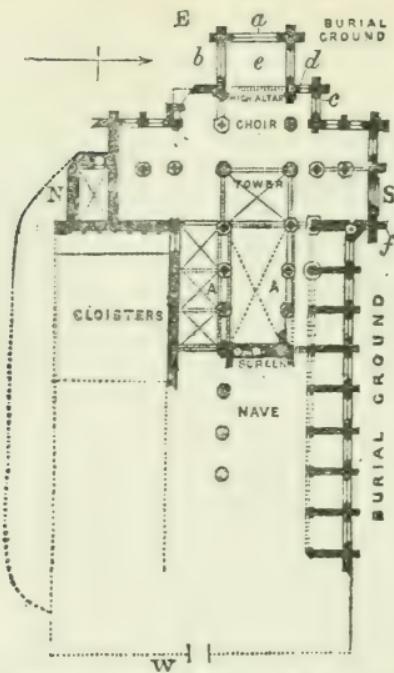


MELROSE ABBEY.

Bold Deloraine his errand said ;  
The porter bent his humble head ;  
With torch in hand, and feet unshod,  
And noiseless step, the path he trod :  
The arched cloister, far and wide, 5  
Rang to the warrior's clanking stride,  
Till, stooping low his lofty crest,  
He entered the cell of the ancient priest,  
And lifted his barred aventayle  
To hail the Monk of Saint Mary's aisle. 10

“The Ladye of Branksome greets thee by me.  
Says that the fated hour is come,  
And that to-night I shall watch with thee,  
To win the treasure of the tomb.”  
From sackcloth couch the monk arose, 15  
With toil his stiffened limbs he reared ;  
A hundred years had flung their snows  
On his thin locks and floating beard.

And strangely on the knight looked he,  
And his blue eyes gleamed wild and wide : 20  
“And darest thou, warrior, seek to see  
What heaven and hell alike would hide ?  
My breast in belt of iron pent,  
With shirt of hair and scourge of thorn,  
For threescore years, in penance spent, 25  
My knees those flinty stones have worn ;  
Yet all too little to atone  
For knowing what should ne'er be known.  
Wouldst thou thy every future year  
In ceaseless prayer and penance drie, 30  
Yet wait thy latter end with fear—  
Then, daring warrior, follow me !”



Ground Plan of Melrose Abbey.

“ Penance, father, will I none ;  
 Prayer know I hardly one ;  
 For mass or prayer can I rarely tarry,  
 Save to patter an Ave Mary,  
 5 When I ride on a Border foray.  
 Other prayer can I none ;  
 So speed me my errand, and let me begone.”

Again on the knight looked the churchman old,  
 And again he sighed heavily ;  
 10 For he had himself been a warrior bold,  
 And fought in Spain and Italy.  
 And he thought on the days that were long since by,  
 When his limbs were strong and his courage was high :  
 Now, slow and faint, he led the way  
 15 Where, cloistered round, the garden lay ;

The pillared arches were over their head,  
And beneath their feet were the bones of the dead.

Spreading herbs and flowerets bright  
Glistened with the dew of night ;  
Nor herb nor floweret glistened there  
But was carved in the cloister-arches as fair.  
The monk gazed long on the lovely moon,

Then into the night he looked forth ;  
And red and bright the streamers light  
Were dancing in the glowing north.  
So had he seen, in fair Castile,

The youth in glittering squadrons start,  
Sudden the flying jennet wheel,  
And hurl the unexpected dart.

He knew, by the streamers that shot so bright,  
That spirits were riding the northern light.

By a steel-clenched postern door  
They entered now the chancel tall ;  
The darkened roof rose high aloof

On pillars lofty and light and small :  
The keystone that locked each ribbed aisle  
Was a fleur-de-lys or a quatre-feuille ;  
The corbels were carved grotesque and grim ;  
And the pillars, with clustered shafts so trim,  
With base and with capital flourished around,  
Seemed bundles of lances which garlands had bound.

Full many a scutcheon and banner riven  
Shook to the cold night-wind of heaven,

Around the screened altar's pale ;  
And there the dying lamps did burn  
Before thy low and lonely urn,  
O gallant Chief of Otterburne !

And thine, dark Knight of Liddesdale !

O fading honors of the dead !

O high ambition lowly laid !

The moon on the east oriel shone  
Through slender shafts of shapely stone,

5 By foliaged tracery combined ;

Thou wouldest have thought some fairy's hand  
'Twixt poplars straight the osier wand

In many a freakish knot had twined,  
Then framed a spell when the work was done,  
10 And changed the willow wreaths to stone.

The silver light, so pale and faint,  
Showed many a prophet and many a saint,

Whose image on the glass was dyed ;  
Full in the midst, his cross of red  
15 Triumphant Michael brandished,

And trampled the Apostate's pride.

The moonbeam kissed the holy pane,  
And threw on the pavement a bloody stain.

They sate them down on a marble stone—

20 A Scottish monarch slept below ;

Thus spoke the monk in solemn tone :

“ I was not always a man of woe ;  
For Paynim countries I have trod,  
And fought beneath the Cross of God :

25 Now, strange to my eyes thine arms appear,  
And their iron clang sounds strange to my ear.

“ In these far climes it was my lot  
To meet the wondrous Michael Scott ;

30 A wizard of such dreaded fame  
That when, in Salamanca's cave,  
Him listed his magic wand to wave,  
The bells would ring in Notre Dame !  
Some of his skill he taught to me ;



That when, in Salamanca's cave (34, 30).

And, warrior, I could say to thee  
The words that cleft Eildon Hills in three,  
And bridled the Tweed with a curb of stone :  
But to speak them were a deadly sin,  
And for having but thought them my heart within 5  
A treble penance must be done.

“When Michael lay on his dying bed,  
His conscience was awakened ;  
He bethought him of his sinful deed,  
And he gave me a sign to come with speed : 10  
I was in Spain when the morning rose,  
But I stood by his bed ere evening close.  
The words may not again be said  
That he spoke to me on death-bed laid ;  
They would rend this Abbaye’s massy nave, 15  
And pile it in heaps above his grave.

‘I swore to bury his Mighty Book  
That never mortal might therein look ;  
And never to tell where it was hid,  
Save at his Chief of Branksome’s need ;

5 And when that need was past and o’er,  
Again the volume to restore.  
I buried him on Saint Michael’s night,  
When the bell tolled one and the moon was bright,  
And I dug his chamber among the dead,

10 When the floor of the chancel was stained red,  
That his patron’s cross might over him wave,  
And scare the fiends from the wizard’s grave.

“It was a night of woe and dread  
When Michael in the tomb I laid ;

15 Strange sounds along the chaneel passed,  
The banners waved without a blast”—  
Still spoke the monk, when the bell tolled one !—  
I tell you, that a braver man  
Than William of Deloraine, good at need,

20 Against a foe ne’er spurred a steed ;  
Yet somewhat was he chilled with dread,  
And his hair did bristle upon his head.

“Lo, warrior ! now, the cross of red  
Points to the grave of the mighty dead :  
25 Within it burns a wondrous light,  
To chase the spirits that love the night ;  
That lamp shall burn unquenchably,  
Until the eternal doom shall be.”

Slow moved the monk to the broad flagstone  
30 Which the bloody cross was traced upon :  
He pointed to a secret nook ;  
An iron bar the warrior took ;  
And the monk made a sign with his withered hand,  
The grave’s huge portal to expand.



Before their eyes the wizard lay (38, 11).

With beating heart to the task he went,  
His sinewy frame o'er the gravestone bent,  
With bar of iron heaved amain  
Till the toil-drops fell from his brows like rain.  
It was by dint of passing strength  
That he moved the massy stone at length.

I would you had been there to see  
How the light broke forth so gloriously,  
Streamed upward to the chancel roof,  
And through the galleries far aloof !  
5      No earthly flame blazed e'er so bright ;  
It shone like heaven's own blessed light,  
    And, issuing from the tomb,  
Showed the monk's cowl and visage pale,  
Danced on the dark-browed warrior's mail,  
10     And kissed his waving plume.

Before their eyes the wizard lay,  
As if he had not been dead a day.  
His hoary beard in silver rolled,  
He seemed some seventy winters old ;  
15    A palmer's amice wrapped him round,  
With a wrought Spanish baldric bound,  
    Like a pilgrim from beyond the sea :  
His left hand held his Book of Might,  
A silver cross was in his right ;  
20    The lamp was placed beside his knee.  
High and majestic was his look,  
At which the fellest fiends had shook,  
And all unruffled was his face :  
They trusted his soul had gotten grace.

25    Often had William of Deloraine  
Rode through the battle's bloody plain,  
And trampled down the warriors slain,  
    And neither known remorse nor awe,  
Yet now remorse and awe he owned ;  
30    His breath came thick, his head swam round,  
    When this strange scene of death he saw.  
Bewildered and unnerved he stood,  
And the priest prayed fervently and loud :

With eyes averted prayed he ;  
He might not endure the sight to see  
Of the man he had loved so brotherly.

And when the priest his death-prayer had prayed,  
Thus unto Deloraine he said : 5  
" Now, speed thee what thou hast to do,  
Or, warrior, we may dearly rue ;  
For those thou mayst not look upon  
Are gathering fast round the yawning stone ! "  
Then Deloraine in terror took 10  
From the cold hand the Mighty Book,  
With iron clasped and with iron bound :  
He thought, as he took it, the dead man frowned :  
But the glare of the sepulchral light  
Perchance had dazzled the warrior's sight. 15

' When the huge stone sunk o'er the tomb,  
The night returned in double gloom,  
For the moon had gone down and the stars were few :  
And as the knight and priest withdrew,  
With wavering steps and dizzy brain, 20  
They hardly might the postern gain.  
' Tis said, as through the aisles they passed,  
They heard strange noises on the blast ;  
And through the cloister-galleries small,  
Which at mid-height thread the chancel wall, 25  
Loud sobs, and laughter louder, ran,  
And voices unlike the voice of man,  
As if the fiends kept holiday  
Because these spells were brought to day.  
I cannot tell how the truth may be ; 30  
I say the tale as 'twas said to me.

" Now, hie thee hence," the father said,  
" And when we are on death-bed laid,

O may our dear Ladye and sweet Saint John  
Forgive our souls for the deed we have done!"  
The monk returned him to his cell,

5 And many a prayer and penance sped ;  
When the convent met at the noontide bell,  
The Monk of Saint Mary's aisle was dead !  
Before the cross was the body laid,  
With hands clasped fast, as if still he prayed.

10 The knight breathed free in the morning wind,  
And strove his hardihood to find :  
He was glad when he passed the tombstones gray  
Which girdle round the fair Abbaye ;

15 For the mystic book, to his bosom pressed,  
Felt like a load upon his breast,  
And his joints, with nerves of iron twined,  
Shook like the aspen-leaves in wind.

Full fain was he when the dawn of day  
Began to brighten Cheviot gray ;  
He joyed to see the cheerful light,  
20 And he said Ave Mary as well as he might.

The sun had brightened Cheviot gray,  
The sun had brightened the Carter's side ;  
And soon beneath the rising day  
25 Smiled Branksome's towers and Teviot's tide.

The wild birds told their warbling tale,  
And wakened every flower that blows ;  
And peeped forth the violet pale,  
And spread her breast the mountain rose.

30 And lovelier than the rose so red,  
Yet paler than the violet pale,  
She early left her sleepless bed,  
The fairest maid of Teviotdale.



Why does she pat the shaggy bloodhound (11, 7).

Why does fair Margaret so early awake,  
And don her kirtle so hastilie;  
And the silken knots, which in hurry she would make,  
Why tremble her slender fingers to tie?  
Why does she stop and look often around,  
As she glides down the secret stair;  
And why does she pat the shaggy bloodhound,  
As he rouses him up from his lair;  
And, though she passes the postern alone,  
Why is not the watchman's bugle blown?

The ladye steps in doubt and dread  
Lest her watchful mother hear her tread;  
The ladye caresses the rough bloodhound  
Lest his voice should waken the castle round;

The watchman's bugle is not blown  
For he was her foster-father's son ;  
And she glides through the greenwood at dawn of light  
To meet Baron Henry, her own true knight.

5 The knight and ladye fair are met,  
And under the hawthorn's boughs are set.  
A fairer pair were never seen  
To meet beneath the hawthorn green.  
He was stately and young and tall,  
10 Dreaded in battle and loved in hall ;  
And she, when love, scarce told, scarce hid,  
Lent to her cheek a livelier red,  
When the half-sigh her swelling breast  
Against the silken ribbon pressed,  
15 When her blue eyes their secret told,  
Though shaded by her locks of gold—  
Where would you find the peerless fair  
With Margaret of Branksome might compare !

And now, fair dames, methinks I see  
20 You listen to my minstrelsy ;  
Your waving locks ye backward throw,  
And sidelong bend your necks of snow.  
Ye ween to hear a melting tale  
Of two true lovers in a dale ;  
25 And how the knight, with tender fire,  
To paint his faithful passion strove,  
Swore he might at her feet expire,  
But never, never cease to love ;  
And how she blushed, and how she sighed,  
30 And, half consenting, half denied,  
And said that she would die a maid ;—  
Yet, might the bloody feud be stayed,  
Henry of Cranstoun, and only he,  
Margaret of Branksome's choice should be.

Alas ! fair dames, your hopes are vain !  
My harp has lost the enchanting strain ;  
    Its lightness would my age reprove :  
My hairs are gray, my limbs are old,  
My heart is dead, my veins are cold :  
    I may not, must not, sing of love.

5

Beneath an oak mossed o'er by eld,  
The Baron's dwarf his courser held,  
    And held his crested helm and spear :  
That dwarf was scarce an earthly man,  
If the tales were true that of him ran  
    Through all the Border far and near.  
'Twas said, when the Baron a-hunting rode  
Through Reedsdale's glens, but rarely trod,  
He heard a voice cry, "Lost ! lost ! lost !" 10  
And, like tennis-ball by racket tossed,  
    A leap of thirty feet and three  
Made from the gorse this elfin shape,  
Distorted like some dwarfish ape,  
    And lighted at Lord Cranstoun's knee. 20  
Lord Cranstoun was some whit dismayed ;  
'Tis said that five good miles he rade,  
    To rid him of his company ;  
But where he rode one mile the dwarf ran four,  
And the dwarf was first at the castle door. 25

15

25

Use lessens marvel, it is said :  
This elfish dwarf with the Baron staid ;  
Little he ate, and less he spoke,  
Nor mingled with the menial flock ;  
And oft apart his arms he tossed,  
    And often muttered, "Lost ! lost ! lost !" 30  
He was waspish, arch, and litherlie,  
But well Lord Cranstoun served he :

30

And he of his service was full fain ;  
For once he had been ta'en or slain,  
An it had not been for his ministry.  
All between Home and Hermitage  
5 Talked of Lord Cranstoun's Goblin Page.

For the Baron went on pilgrimage,  
And took with him this elfish page,

To Mary's Chapel of the Lowes ;  
For there, beside Our Ladye's lake,  
10 An offering he had sworn to make,  
And he would pay his vows.

But the Ladye of Branksome gathered a band  
Of the best that would ride at her command ;  
The trysting-place was Newark Lee.

15 Wat of Harden came thither amain,  
And thither came John of Thirlestane,  
And thither came William of Deloraine ;

They were three hundred spears and three.  
Through Douglas-burn, up Yarrow stream,  
20 Their horses prance, their lances gleam.  
They came to Saint Mary's lake ere day,  
But the chapel was void and the Baron away.  
They burned the chapel for very rage,  
And cursed Lord Cranstoun's Goblin Page.

25 And now, in Branksome's good greenwood,  
As under the aged oak he stood,  
The Baron's courser pricks his ears,  
As if a distant noise he hears.  
The dwarf waves his long lean arm on high,  
30 And signs to the lovers to part and fly ;  
No time was then to vow or sigh.  
Fair Margaret through the hazel-grove  
Flew like the startled cushat-dove :

The dwarf the stirrup held and rein ;  
Vaulted the knight on his steed amain,  
And, pondering deep that morning's scene,  
Rode eastward through the hawthorns green.

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## INTERLUDE.

WHILE thus he poured the lengthened tale, 5  
The Minstrel's voice began to fail.

Full slyly smiled the observant page,  
And gave the withered hand of age  
A goblet, crowned with mighty wine,  
The blood of Velez' scorched vine.

He raised the silver cup on high,  
And, while the big drop filled his eye,  
Prayed God to bless the Duchess long,  
And all who cheered a son of song.

The attending maidens smiled to see 15  
How long, how deep, how zealously,  
The precious juice the Minstrel quaffed ;  
And he, emboldened by the draught,  
Looked gaily back to them and laughed.

The cordial nectar of the bowl  
Swelled his old veins and cheered his soul ;  
A lighter, livelier prelude ran,  
Ere thus his tale again began.

5

10

15

20



Until they came to a woodland brook (51, 11).

### CANTO III.

AND said I that my limbs were old,  
And said I that my blood was cold,  
And that my kindly fire was fled,  
And my poor withered heart was dead,

5 And that I might not sing of love?—

How could I to the dearest theme  
That ever warmed a minstrel's dream,

So foul, so false a recreant prove?

How could I name love's very name,  
Nor wake my heart to notes of flame?

10

In peace, Love tunes the shepherd's reed;  
In war, he mounts the warrior's steed;

In halls, in gay attire is seen ;  
 In hamlets, dances on the green.  
 Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,  
 And men below, and saints above ;  
 For love is heaven, and heaven is love. 5

So thought Lord Cranstoun, as I ween,  
 While, pondering deep the tender scene,  
 He rode through Branksome's hawthorn green.  
 But the page shouted wild and shrill,

And scarce his helmet could he don, 10  
 When downward from the shady hill  
 A stately knight came pricking on.  
 That warrior's steed, so dapple-gray,  
 Was dark with sweat and splashed with clay,

His armor red with many a stain : 15  
 He seemed in such a weary plight,  
 As if he had ridden the livelong night ;  
 For it was William of Deloraine.

But no whit weary did he seem,  
 When, dancing in the sunny beam, 20  
 He marked the crane on the Baron's crest ;  
 For his ready spear was in his rest.

Few were the words, and stern and high,  
 That marked the foemen's feudal hate  
 For question fierce and proud reply 25  
 Gave signal soon of dire debate.

Their very coursers seemed to know  
 That each was other's mortal foe,  
 And snorted fire when wheeled around  
 To give each knight his vantage-ground. 30

In rapid round the Baron bent ;  
 He sighed a sigh and prayed a prayer ;

The prayer was to his patron saint,  
The sigh was to his ladye fair.  
Stout Deloraine nor sighed nor prayed,  
Nor saint nor ladye called to aid ;  
5 But he stooped his head, and couched his spear,  
And spurred his steed to full career.  
The meeting of these champions proud  
Seemed like the bursting thunder-cloud.

Stern was the dint the Borderer lent !  
10 The stately Baron backwards bent,  
Bent backwards to his horse's tail,  
And his plumes went scattering on the gale ;  
The tough ash spear, so stout and true,  
Into a thousand flinders flew.  
15 But Cranstoun's lance, of more avail,  
Pierced through, like silk, the Borderer's mail ;  
Through shield and jack and acton passed,  
Deep in his bosom broke at last.  
Still sate the warrior saddle-fast,  
20 Till, stumbling in the mortal shock,  
Down went the steed, the girthing broke,  
Hurled on a heap lay man and horse.  
The Baron onward passed his course,  
Nor knew—so giddy rolled his brain—  
25 His foe lay stretched upon the plain.  
  
But when he reined his courser round,  
And saw his foeman on the ground  
Lie senseless as the bloody clay,  
He bade his page to stanch the wound,  
30 And there beside the warrior stay,  
And tend him in his doubtful state,  
And lead him to Branksome castle-gate :  
His noble mind was inly moved  
For the kinsman of the maid he loved.

“This shalt thou do without delay :  
 No longer here myself may stay ;  
 Unless the swifter I speed away,  
 Short shrift will be at my dying day.”

Away in speed Lord Cranstoun rode ;  
 The Goblin Page behind abode ;  
 His lord’s command he ne’er withstood,  
 Though small his pleasure to do good.  
 As the corselet off he took,  
 The dwarf espied the Mighty Book !  
 Much he marvelled a knight of pride  
 Like a book-bosomed priest should ride :  
 He thought not to search or stanch the wound  
 Until the secret he had found.

The iron band, the iron clasp,  
 Resisted long the elfin grasp ;  
 For when the first he had undone,  
 It closed as he the next begun.  
 Those iron clasps, that iron band,  
 Would not yield to unchristened hand  
 Till he smeared the cover o’er  
 With the Borderer’s curdled gore ;  
 A moment then the volume spread,  
 And one short spell therein he read.  
 It had much of glamour might,  
 Could make a ladye seem a knight,  
 The cobwebs on a dungeon wall  
 Seem tapestry in lordly hall,  
 A nutshell seem a gilded barge,  
 A sheeling seem a palace large,  
 And youth seem age, and age seem youth—  
 All was delusion, nought was truth.

He had not read another spell,  
When on his cheek a buffet fell,  
So fierce, it stretched him on the plain  
Beside the wounded Deloraine.  
5  
From the ground he rose dismayed,  
And shook his huge and matted head ;  
One word he muttered and no more,  
“Man of age, thou smitest sore !”  
No more the elfin page durst try  
10  
Into the wondrous book to pry ;  
The clasps, though smeared with Christian gore,  
Shut faster than they were before.  
He hid it underneath his cloak.—  
Now, if you ask who gave the stroke,  
15  
I cannot tell, so mot I thrive ;  
It was not given by man alive.

Unwillingly himself he addressed  
To do his master’s high behest :  
He lifted up the living corse,  
And laid it on the weary horse ;  
He led him into Branksome Hall  
20  
Before the beards of the warders all,  
And each did after swear and say  
There only passed a wain of hay.  
He took him to Lord David’s tower,  
Even to the Ladye’s secret bower ;  
And, but that stronger spells were spread,  
25  
And the door might not be opened,  
He had laid him on her very bed.  
Whate’er he did of gramarye  
Was always done maliciously ;  
He flung the warrior on the ground,  
30  
And the blood welled freshly from the wound.

As he repassed the outer court,  
He spied the fair young child at sport:  
He thought to train him to the wood;  
For, at a word, be it understood,  
He was always for ill, and never for good. 5  
Seemed to the boy some comrade gay  
Led him forth to the woods to play;  
On the drawbridge the warders stout  
Saw a terrier and lurcher passing out.

He led the boy o'er bank and fell, 10  
Until they came to a woodland brook;  
The running stream dissolved the spell,  
And his own elfish shape he took.  
Could he have had his pleasure vilde,  
He had crippled the joints of the noble child, 15  
Or, with his fingers long and lean,  
Had strangled him in fiendish spleen:  
But his awful mother he had in dread,  
And also his power was limited;  
So he but scowled on the startled child, 20  
And darted through the forest wild;  
The woodland brook he bounding crossed,  
And laughed, and shouted, "Lost! lost! lost!"

Full sore amazed at the wondrous change,  
And frightened, as a child might be, 25  
At the wild yell and visage strange  
And the dark words of gramarye,  
The child, amidst the forest bower,  
Stood rooted like a lily flower;  
And when at length, with trembling pace, 30  
He sought to find where Branksome lay,  
He feared to see that grisly face  
Glare from some thicket on his way.



His tawny muzzle tracked the ground (52, 10),

Thus, starting oft, he journeyed on,  
And deeper in the wood is gone,—  
For aye the more he sought his way,  
The farther still he went astray,—  
5 Until he heard the mountains round  
Ring to the baying of a hound.

And hark! and hark! the deep-mouthed bark  
Comes nigher still and nigher ;  
Bursts on the path a dark bloodhound,  
His tawny muzzle tracked the ground,  
10 And his red eye shot fire.  
Soon as the wildered child saw he,  
He flew at him right furiouslie.  
I ween you would have seen with joy  
The bearing of the gallant boy,  
15 When, worthy of his noble sire,  
His wet cheek glowed 'twixt fear and ire !  
He faced the bloodhound manfully,  
And held his little bat on high ;  
So fierce he struck, the dog, afraid,  
20 At cautious distance hoarsely bayed,  
But still in act to spring ;  
When dashed an archer through the glade,  
And when he saw the hound was stayed,  
25 He drew his tough bowstring ;

But a rough voice cried, "Shoot not, hoy !  
Ho ! shoot not, Edward,—'tis a boy !"

The speaker issued from the wood,  
And checked his fellow's surly mood,  
And quelled the ban-dog's ire : 5  
He was an English yeoman good  
And born in Lancashire.

Well could he hit a fallow-deer  
Five hundred feet him fro ;  
With hand more true and eye more clear 10  
No archer bended bow.

His coal-black hair, shorn round and close,  
Set off his sun-burned face ;  
Old England's sign, Saint George's cross,  
His barret-cap did grace ; 15  
His bugle-horn hung by his side,  
All in a wolf-skin baldric tied :  
And his short falchion, sharp and clear,  
Had pierced the throat of many a deer.

His kirtle, made of forest green, 20  
Reached scantily to his knee ;  
And, at his belt, of arrows keen  
A furbished sheaf bore he ;  
His buckler scarce in breadth a span,  
No longer fence had he ; 25  
He never counted him a man,  
Would strike below the knee :  
His slackened bow was in his hand,  
And the leash that was his bloodhound's band.

He would not do the fair child harm, 30  
But held him with his powerful arm,  
That he might neither fight nor flee ;

For when the red cross spied he,  
The boy strove long and violently.

“Now, by Saint George,” the archer cries,  
“Edward, methinks we have a prize !  
5 This boy’s fair face and courage free  
Show he is come of high degree.”

“Yes ! I am come of high degree,  
For I am the heir of bold Buccleuch;  
And, if thou dost not set me free,  
10 False Southron, thou shalt dearly rue !

For Walter of Harden shall come with speed,  
And William of Deloraine, good at need,  
And every Scott from Esk to Tweed;  
And, if thou dost not let me go,  
15 Despite thy arrows and thy bow,  
I’ll have thee hanged to feed the crow !”

“Gramercy for thy good-will, fair boy !  
My mind was never set so high ;  
But if thou art chief of such a clan,  
20 And art the son of such a man,  
And ever comest to thy command,

Our wardens had need to keep good order :  
My bow of yew to a hazel wand,

Thou’lt make them work upon the Border !  
25 Meantime, be pleased to come with me,  
For good Lord Dacre shalt thou see ;  
I think our work is well begun,  
When we have taken thy father’s son.”

Although the child was led away,  
30 In Branksome still he seemed to stay,  
For so the Dwarf his part did play ;  
And, in the shape of that young boy,  
He wrought the castle much annoy.

The comrades of the young Buccleuch  
He pinched and beat and overthrew ;  
Nay, some of them he well-nigh slew.  
He tore Dame Maudlin's silken tire,  
And, as Sym Hall stood by the fire,  
He lighted the match of his bandelier,  
And wofully scorched the hackbuteer.  
It may be hardly thought or said,  
The mischief that the urchin made,  
Till many of the castle guessed  
That the young Baron was possessed !

5

10

Well I ween the charm he held  
The noble Ladye had soon dispelled,  
But she was deeply busied then  
To tend the wounded Deloraine.  
Much she wondered to find him lie  
On the stone threshold stretched along :  
She thought some spirit of the sky

15

Had done the bold moss-trooper wrong,  
Because, despite her precept dread,  
Perchance he in the book had read ;  
But the broken lance in his bosom stood,  
And it was earthly steel and wood.

20

She drew the splinter from the wound,  
And with a charm she stanch'd the blood.  
She bade the gash be cleansed and bound :  
No longer by his couch she stood ;  
But she has ta'en the broken lance,  
And washed it from the clotted gore,  
And salved the splinter o'er and o'er.  
William of Deloraine, in trance,  
Whene'er she turned it round and round,  
Twisted as if she galled his wound.  
Then to her maidens she did say,

25

30

That he should be whole man and sound  
Within the course of a night and day.  
Full long she toiled, for she did rue  
Mishap to friend so stout and true.

5      So passed the day—the evening fell,  
'Twas near the time of curfew bell;  
The air was mild, the wind was calm,  
The stream was smooth, the dew was balm;  
E'en the rude watchman on the tower  
10     Enjoyed and blessed the lovely hour.  
Far more fair Margaret loved and blessed  
The hour of silence and of rest.  
On the high turret sitting lone,  
She waked at times the lute's soft tone,  
15     Touched a wild note, and all between  
Thought of the bower of hawthorns green.  
Her golden hair streamed free from band,  
Her fair cheek rested on her hand,  
Her blue eyes sought the west afar,  
20     For lovers love the western star.

Is yon the star, o'er Penchryst Pen,  
That rises slowly to her ken,  
And, spreading broad its wavering light,  
Shakes its loose tresses on the night?  
Is yon red glare the western star?—  
25     O, 'tis the beacon-blaze of war!  
Scarce could she draw her tightened breath,  
For well she knew the fire of death!

30     The warder viewed it blazing strong,  
And blew his war-note loud and long,  
Till, at the high and haughty sound,  
Rock, wood, and river rung around.

The blast alarmed the festal hall,  
And startled forth the warriors all ;  
Far downward in the castle-yard  
Full many a torch and cresset glared ;  
And helms and plumes, confusedly tossed,  
Were in the blaze half seen, half lost ;  
And spears in wild disorder shook,  
Like reeds beside a frozen brook.

5

The seneschal, whose silver hair  
Was reddened by the torches' glare,  
Stood in the midst, with gesture proud,  
And issued forth his mandates loud :  
“On Penchryst glows a bale of fire,  
And three are kindling on Priesthaughswire ;  
Ride out, ride out,  
The foe to scout !

10

Mount, mount for Branksome, every man !  
Thou, Todrig, warn the Johnstone clan,  
That ever are true and stout.

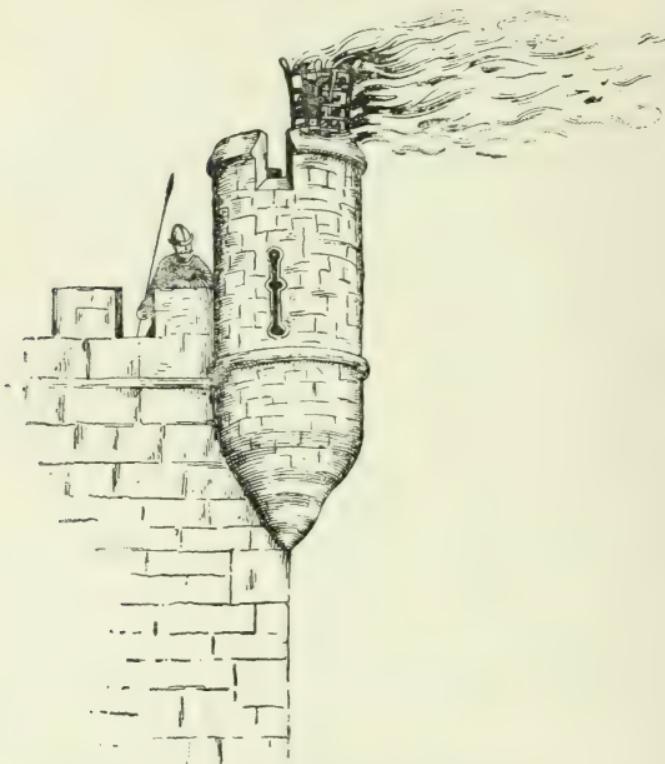
Ye need not send to Liddesdale,  
For when they see the blazing bale  
Elliots and Armstrongs never fail.—  
Ride, Alton, ride, for death and life,  
And warn the warden of the strife !—  
Young Gilbert, let our beacon blaze,  
Our kin and clan and friends to raise !”

20

25

Fair Margaret from the turret head  
Heard far below the coursers' tread,  
While loud the harness rung,  
As to their seats with clamor dread  
The ready horsemen sprung :  
And trampling hoofs, and iron coats,  
And leaders' voices, mingled notes,

30



A sheet of flame from the turret high (58, 11).

And out! and out!  
In hasty rout,  
The horsemen galloped forth;  
Dispersing to the south to scout,  
5 And east, and west, and north,  
To view their coming enemies,  
And warn their vassals and allies.

10 The ready page with hurried hand  
Awaked the need-fire's slumbering brand,  
And ruddy blushed the heaven;  
For a sheet of flame from the turret high  
Waved like a blood-flag on the sky,  
All flaring and uneven.



They gleamed on many a dusky tarn (59, 7).

And soon a score of fires, I ween,  
From height and hill and cliff were seen,

Each with warlike tidings fraught;

Each from each the signal caught;

Each after each they glanced to sight,

As stars arise upon the night.

They gleamed on many a dusky tarn,

Haunted by the lonely earn;

On many a cairn's gray pyramid,

Where urns of mighty chiefs lie hid;

Till high Dunedin the blazes saw

From Soltra and Dumpender Law,

And Lothian heard the Regent's order

That all should bowne them for the Border.

5

10

10

The livelong night in Branksome rang

15

The ceaseless sound of steel;

The castle-bell with backward clang

Sent forth the larum peal.

Was frequent heard the heavy jar,  
 Where massy stone and iron bar  
 Were piled on echoing keep and tower,  
 To whelm the foe with deadly shower ;  
 5      Was frequent heard the changing guard,  
 And watchword from the sleepless ward ;  
 While, wearied by the endless din,  
 Bloodhound and ban-dog yelled within.

The noble dame, amid the broil,  
 10     Shared the gray seneschal's high toil,  
 And spoke of danger with a smile,  
 Cheered the young knights, and council sage  
 Held with the chiefs of riper age.  
 No tidings of the foe were brought,  
 15     Nor of his numbers knew they aught,  
 Nor what in time of truce he sought.  
 Some said that there were thousands ten ;  
 And others weened that it was nought  
 20     But Leven Clans or Tynedale men,  
 Who came to gather in black-mail ;  
 And Liddesdale, with small avail,  
 Might drive them lightly back agen.  
 So passed the anxious night away,  
 25     And welcome was the peep of day.

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### INTERLUDE.

CEASED the high sound—the listening throng  
 Applaud the Master of the Song ;  
 And marvel much, in helpless age,  
 So hard should be his pilgrimage.  
 Had he no friend—no daughter dear,  
 30     His wandering toil to share and cheer ?

No son to be his father's stay,  
And guide him on the rugged way?  
“Ay, once he had—but he was dead!”—  
Upon the harp he stooped his head,  
And busied himself the strings withal,  
To hide the tear that fain would fall.  
In solemn measure, soft and slow,  
Arose a father's notes of woe.

5





All, all is peaceful, all is still (62, 6).

#### CANTO IV.

SWEET Teviot ! on thy silver tide

The glaring bale-fires blaze no more ;

No longer steel-clad warriors ride

Along thy wild and willowed shore ;

Where'er thou wind'st by dale or hill,

All, all is peaceful, all is still,

As if thy waves, since time was born,

Since first they rolled upon the Tweed,

Had only heard the shepherd's reed,

Nor startled at the bugle-horn.

Unlike the tide of human time,

Which, though it change in ceaseless flow,

Retains each grief, retains each crime,

Its earliest course was doomed to know,

And, darker as it downward bears,

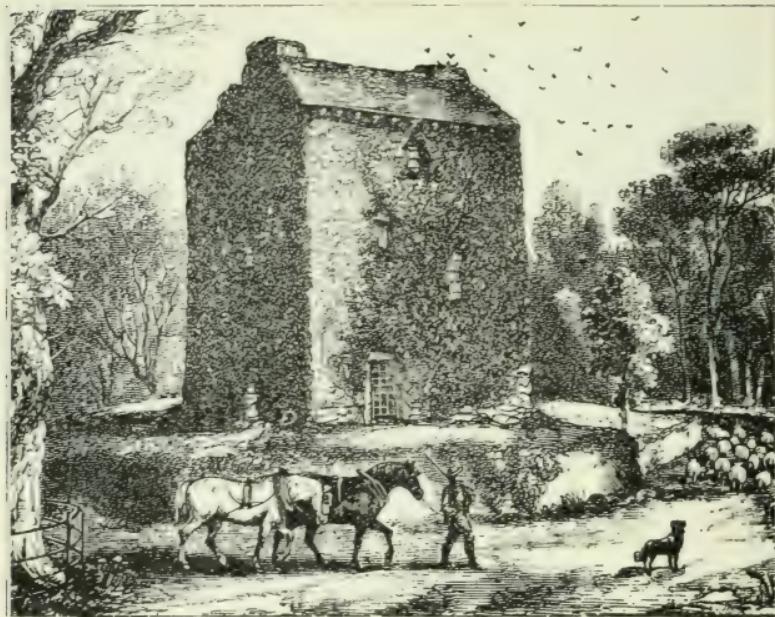
Is stained with past and present tears.

Low as that tide has ebbed with me,

It still reflects to memory's eye  
The hour my brave, my only boy  
Fell by the side of great Dundee.  
Why, when the volleying musket played  
Against the bloody Highland blade, 5  
Why was not I beside him laid?—  
Enough—he died the death of fame;  
Enough—he died with conquering Gräeme.

Now over Border dale and fell  
Full wide and far was terror spread; 10  
For pathless marsh and mountain cell  
The peasant left his lowly shed.  
The frightened flocks and herds were pent  
Beneath the peel's rude battlement;  
And maids and matrons dropped the tear, 15  
While ready warriors seized the spear.  
From Branksome's towers the watchman's eye  
Dun wreaths of distant smoke can spy,  
Which, curling in the rising sun,  
Showed Southern ravage was begun. 20

Now loud the heedful gate-ward cried:  
“ Prepare ye all for blows and blood!  
Watt Tinlinn, from the Liddel-side,  
Comes wading through the flood.  
Full oft the Tynedale snatchers knock 25  
At his lone gate and prove the lock;  
It was but last Saint Barnabright  
They sieged him a whole summer night,  
But fled at morning; well they knew,  
In vain he never twanged the yew. 30  
Right sharp has been the evening shower  
That drove him from his Liddel tower;  
And, by my faith,” the gate-ward said,  
“ I think 'twill prove a Warden-Raid.”



And burned my little lonely tower (65, 12).

While thus he spoke, the bold yeoman  
Entered the echoing barbican.  
He led a small and shaggy nag,  
That through a bog, from hag to hag,  
5 Could bound like any Billhope stag.  
It bore his wife and children twain ;  
A half-clothed serf was all their train :  
His wife, stout, ruddy, and dark-browed,  
Of silver brooch and bracelet proud,  
10 Laughed to her friends among the crowd.  
He was of stature passing tall,  
But sparely formed and lean withal :  
A battered morion on his brow ;  
A leatherne jack, as fence enow,  
15 On his broad shoulders loosely hung ;  
A Border axe behind was slung ;

His spear, six Scottish ells in length,  
 Seemed newly dyed with gore ;  
 His shafts and bow, of wondrous strength,  
 His hardy partner bore.

Thus to the Ladye did Tinlinn show  
 The tidings of the English foe :  
 “Belted Will Howard is marching here,  
 And hot Lord Dacre, with many a spear,  
 And all the German hackbut-men  
 Who have long lain at Askerten.”

They crossed the Liddel at curfew hour,  
 And burned my little lonely tower—  
 The fiend receive their souls therefor !  
 It had not been burnt this year and more.  
 Barnyard and dwelling, blazing bright,  
 Served to guide me on my flight,

But I was chased the livelong night.  
 Black John of Akeshaw and Fergus Graeme  
 Fast upon my traces came,  
 Until I turned at Priesthaugh Scrogg,  
 And shot their horses in the bog,  
 Slew Fergus with my lance outright—  
 I had him long at high despite ;  
 He drove my cows last Eastern’s night.”

Now weary scouts from Liddesdale,  
 Fast hurrying in, confirmed the tale ;  
 As far as they could judge by ken,  
 Three hours would bring to Teviot’s strand  
 Three thousand armed Englishmen.

Meanwhile, full many a warlike band,  
 From Teviot, Aill, and Ettrick shade,  
 Came in, their chief’s defence to aid.  
 There was saddling and mounting in haste,  
 There was pricking o’er moor and lea ;



From fair Saint Mary's silver wave (66, 3).

He that was last at the trysting-place  
Was but lightly held of his gay ladye.

From fair Saint Mary's silver wave,  
From dreary Gamescleuch's dusky height,  
His ready lances Thirlestane brave  
    Arrayed beneath a banner bright.  
The tressured fleur-de-luce he claims  
To wreath his shield, since royal James,  
Encamped by Fala's mossy wave,  
    The proud distinction grateful gave  
    For faith mid feudal jars ;  
What time, save Thirlestane alone,  
Of Scotland's stubborn barons none  
    Would march to southern wars ;  
And hence, in fair remembrance worn,  
Yon sheaf of spears his crest has borne ;  
Hence his high motto shines revealed,  
"Ready, aye ready," for the field.

10

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20

An aged knight, to danger steeled,  
With many a moss-trooper, came on ;

And, azure in a golden field,  
 The stars and crescent graced his shield,  
 Without the bend of Murdieston.  
 Wide lay his lands round Oakwood Tower,  
 And wide round haunted Castle-Ower ; 5  
 High over Borthwick's mountain flood  
 His wood-embosomed mansion stood ;  
 In the dark glen, so deep below,  
 The herds of plundered England low,  
 His bold retainers' daily food, 10  
 And bought with danger, blows, and blood.  
 Marauding chief ! his sole delight  
 The moonlight raid, the morning fight ;  
 Not even the Flower of Yarrow's charms  
 In youth might tame his rage for arms ; 15  
 And still in age he spurned at rest,  
 And still his brows the helmet pressed,  
 Albeit the blanched locks below  
 Were white as Dinlay's spotless snow.  
 Five stately warriors drew the sword 20  
 Before their father's band ;  
 A braver knight than Harden's lord  
 Ne'er belted on a brand.

Scotts of Eskdale, a stalwart band,  
 Came trooping down the Todshawhill ; 25  
 By the sword they won their land,  
 And by the sword they hold it still.  
 Hearken, Ladye, to the tale  
 How thy sires won fair Eskdale.  
 Earl Morton was lord of that valley fair,  
 The Beattisons were his vassals there. 30  
 The earl was gentle and mild of mood,  
 The vassals were warlike and fierce and rude ;

High of heart and haughty of word,  
Little they recked of a tame liege-lord.  
The earl into fair Eskdale came,  
Homage and seigniory to claim:  
5 Of Gilbert the Galliard a heriot he sought,  
Saying, "Give thy best steed, as a vassal ought."  
"Dear to me is my bonny white steed,  
Oft has he helped me at pinch of need;  
Lord and earl though thou be, I trow,  
10 I can rein Bucksfoot better than thou."  
Word on word gave fuel to fire,  
Till so high blazed the Beattison's ire,  
But that the earl the flight had ta'en,  
The vassals there their lord had slain.  
15 Sore he plied both whip and spur,  
As he urged his steed through Eskdale muir:  
And it fell down a weary weight,  
Just on the threshold of Branksome gate.

The earl was a wrathful man to see,  
20 Full fain avenged would he be.  
In haste to Branksome's lord he spoke,  
Saying "Take these traitors to thy yoke;  
For a cast of hawks, and a purse of gold,  
All Eskdale I'll sell thee, to have and hold:  
25 Beshrew thy heart, of the Beattisons' clan  
If thou leavest on Eske a landed man!  
But spare Woodkerrick's lands alone,  
For he lent me his horse to escape upon."  
A glad man then was Branksome bold,  
30 Down he flung him the purse of gold;  
To Eskdale soon he spurred amain,  
And with him five hundred riders has ta'en.  
He left his merrymen in the mist of the hill,  
And bade them hold them close and still;

And alone he wended to the plain,  
To meet with the Galliard and all his train.  
To Gilbert the Galliard thus he said :  
“ Know thou me for thy liege-lord and head ;  
Deal not with me as with Morton tame,  
For Scotts play best at the roughest game.  
Give me in peace my heriot due,  
Thy bonny white steed, or thou shalt rue.  
If my horn I three times wind,  
Eskdale shall long have the sound in mind.”

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Loudly the Beattison laughed in scorn ;  
“ Little care we for thy winded horn.  
Ne'er shall it be the Galliard's lot  
To yield his steed to a haughty Scott.  
Wend thou to Branksome back on foot,  
With rusty spur and miry boot.”

He blew his bugle so loud and hoarse  
That the dun deer started at fair Craikercross ;  
He blew again so loud and clear,  
Through the gray mountain-mist there did lances appear ;  
And the third blast rang with such a din  
That the echoes answered from the Pentoun-linn,  
And all his riders came lightly in.  
Then had you seen a gallant shock,  
When saddles were emptied and lances broke !

25  
For each scornful word the Galliard had said  
A Beattison on the field was laid.  
His own good sword the chieftain drew,  
And he bore the Galliard through and through ;  
Where the Beattisons' blood mixed with the rill,

30  
The Galliard's Haugh men call it still.  
The Scotts have scattered the Beattison clan,  
In Eskdale they left but one landed man.

30

The valley of Eske, from the mouth to the source,  
Was lost and won for that bonny white horse.

Whitslade the Hawk, and Headshaw came,  
And warriors more than I may name ;  
5 From Yarrow-cleugh to Hindhaugh-swair,  
From Woodhouselie to Chester-glen,  
Trooped man and horse, and bow and spear ;  
Their gathering word was Bellenden.  
And better hearts o'er Border sod  
10 To siege or rescue never rode.

The Ladye marked the aids come in,  
And high her heart of pride arose ;  
She bade her youthful son attend,  
That he might know his father's friend,  
15 And learn to face his foes.

“The boy is ripe to look on war ;  
I saw him draw a cross-bow stiff,  
And his true arrow struck afar  
The raven's nest upon the cliff ;  
20 The red cross on a Southern breast  
Is broader than the raven's nest :  
Thou, Whitslade, shall teach him his weapon to wield,  
And o'er him hold his father's shield.”

Well may you think the wily page  
25 Cared not to face the Ladye sage.  
He counterfeited childish fear,  
And shrieked, and shed full many a tear,  
And moaned, and plained in manner wild.  
The attendants to the Ladye told,  
30 Some fairy, sure, had changed the child,  
That wont to be so free and bold.  
Then wrathful was the noble dame ;  
She blushed blood-red for very shame :

“Hence ! ere the clan his faintness view ;  
Hence with the weakling to Buccleuch !—  
Watt Tinlinn, thou shalt be his guide  
To Rangleburn’s lonely side.—  
Sure, some fell fiend has cursed our line,  
That coward should e’er be son of mine !”

5

A heavy task Watt Tinlinn had,  
To guide the counterfeited lad.  
Soon as the palfrey felt the weight  
Of that ill-omened elfish freight,  
He bolted, sprung, and reared amain,  
Nor heeded bit nor curb nor rein.  
It cost Watt Tinlinn mickle toil  
To drive him but a Scottish mile ;  
But as a shallow brook they crossed,  
The elf, amid the running stream,  
His figure changed, like form in dream,  
And fled, and shouted, “Lost ! lost ! lost !”  
Full fast the urchin ran and laughed,  
But faster still a cloth-yard shaft  
Whistled from startled Tinlinn’s yew,  
And pierced his shoulder through and through.  
Although the imp might not be slain,  
And though the wound soon healed again,  
Yet, as he ran, he yelled for pain ;  
And Watt of Tinlinn, much aghast,  
Rode back to Branksome fiery fast.

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Soon on the hill’s steep verge he stood,  
That looks o’er Branksome’s towers and wood ;  
And martial murmurs from below  
Proclaimed the approaching Southern foe.  
Through the dark wood, in mingled tone,  
Were Border pipes and bugles blown ;

The coursers' neighing he could ken,  
A measured tread of marching men ;  
While broke at times the solemn hum,  
The Almayn's sullen kettle-drum ;  
5 And banners tall, of crimson sheen,  
    Above the copse appear ;  
And, glistening through the hawthorns green,  
    Shine helm and shield and spear.

10 Light forayers first, to view the ground,  
Spurred their fleet coursers loosely round ;  
Behind, in close array, and fast,  
    The Kendal archers, all in green,  
Obedient to the bugle blast,  
    Advancing from the wood were seen.

15 To back and guard the archer band,  
Lord Dacre's billmen were at hand :  
A hardy race, on Irthing bred,  
With kirtles white and crosses red,  
Arrayed beneath the banner tall  
20 That streamed o'er Acre's conquered wall ;  
And minstrels, as they marched in order,  
Played "Noble Lord Dacre, he dwells on the Border."

25 Behind the English bill and bow  
The mercenaries, firm and slow,  
    Moved on to fight in dark array,  
By Conrad led of Wolfenstein,  
Who brought the band from distant Rhine,  
    And sold their blood for foreign pay.  
The camp their home, their law the sword,  
30 They knew no country, owned no lord :  
They were not armed like England's sons,  
But bore the levin-darting guns ;  
Buff-coats, all frounced and broidered o'er,  
And morsing-horns and scarfs they wore ;



The straining harsh of each cross-bow (74, 8).

Each better knee was bared, to aid  
The warriors in the escalade ;  
All as they marched, in rugged tongue  
Songs of Teutonic feud they sung.

But louder still the clamor grew,  
And louder still the minstrels blew,  
When, from beneath the greenwood tree,  
Rode forth Lord Howard's chivalry ;  
His men-at-arms, with glaive and spear,  
Brought up the battle's glittering rear.  
There many a youthful knight, full keen  
To gain his spurs, in arms was seen,  
With favor in his crest or glove,  
Memorial of his ladye-love.

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So rode they forth in fair array,  
Till full their lengthened lines display ;  
Then called a halt, and made a stand,  
And cried, "Saint George for merry England!"

Now every English eye intent  
On Branksome's armed towers was bent ;  
So near they were that they might know  
The straining harsh of each cross-bow ;  
On battlement and bartizan  
10 Gleamed axe and spear and partisan ;  
Falcon and culver on each tower  
Stood prompt their deadly hail to shower ;  
And flashing armor frequent broke  
From eddying whirls of sable smoke,  
15 Where upon tower and turret head  
The seething pitch and molten lead  
Reeked like a witch's caldron red.  
While yet they gaze, the bridges fall,  
The wicket opes, and from the wall  
20 Rides forth the hoary seneschal.

Armed he rode, all save the head,  
His white beard o'er his breastplate spread ;  
Unbroke by age, erect his seat,  
He ruled his eager courser's gait,  
25 Forced him with chastened fire to prance,  
And, high curveting, slow advance :  
In sign of truce, his better hand  
Displayed a peeled willow wand ;  
His squire, attending in the rear,  
30 Bore high a gauntlet on a spear.  
When they espied him riding out,  
Lord Howard and Lord Dacre stout  
Sped to the front of their array,  
To hear what this old knight should say.

“ Ye English warden lords, of you  
Demands the Ladye of Buccleuch,  
Why, 'gainst the truce of Border tide,  
In hostile guise ye dare to ride,  
With Kendal bow and Gilsland brand,  
And all yon mercenary band,  
Upon the bounds of fair Scotland ?  
My Ladye reads you swith return ;  
And, if but one poor straw you burn,  
Or do our towers so much molest  
As scare one swallow from her nest,  
Saint Mary ! but we'll light a brand  
Shall warm your hearths in Cumberland.”—

A wrathful man was Dacre's lord,  
But calmer Howard took the word :  
“ May't please thy dame, Sir Seneschal,  
To seek the castle's outward wall,  
Our pursuivant-at-arms shall show  
Both why we came and when we go.”  
The message sped, the noble dame  
To the wall's outward circle came ;  
Each chief around leaned on his spear,  
To see the pursuivant appear.  
All in Lord Howard's livery dressed,  
The lion argent decked his breast ;  
He led a boy of blooming hue—  
O sight to meet a mother's view !  
It was the heir of great Buccleuch.  
Obeisance meet the herald made,  
And thus his master's will he said :  
“ It irks, high dame, my noble lords,  
'Gainst ladye fair to draw their swords ;  
But yet they may not tamely see,  
All through the Western Wardeny,

Your law-contemning kinsmen ride,  
And burn and spoil the Border-side ;  
And ill beseems your rank and birth  
To make your towers a flemens-firth.

5      We claim from thee William of Deloraine,  
That he may suffer march-treason pain.  
It was but last Saint Cuthbert's even  
He pricked to Stapleton on Leven,  
Harried the lands of Richard Musgrave,  
10     And slew his brother by dint of glaive.  
Then, since a lone and widowed dame  
These restless riders may not tame,  
Either receive within thy towers  
Two hundred of my master's powers,  
15     Or straight they sound their warrison,  
And storm and spoil thy garrison ;  
And this fair boy, to London led,  
Shall good King Edward's page be bred."

He ceased—and loud the boy did cry,  
20     And stretched his little arms on high,  
Implored for aid each well-known face,  
And strove to seek the dame's embrace.  
A moment changed that Ladye's cheer,  
Gushed to her eye the unbidden tear ;  
25     She gazed upon the leaders round,  
And dark and sad each warrior frowned ;  
Then deep within her sobbing breast  
She locked the struggling sigh to rest,  
Unaltered and collected stood,  
30     And thus replied in dauntless mood :

“Say to your lords of high emprise  
Who war on women and on boys,  
That either William of Deloraine  
Will cleanse him by oath of march-treason stain,

Or else he will the combat take  
'Gainst Musgrave for his honor's sake.  
No knight in Cumberland so good  
But William may count with him kin and blood.  
Knighthood he took of Douglas' sword, 5  
When English blood swelled Ancram ford :  
And but Lord Daere's steed was wight,  
And bare him ably in the flight,  
Himself had seen him dubbed a knight.  
For the young heir of Branksome's line, 10  
God be his aid, and God be mine !  
Through me no friend shall meet his doom :  
Here, while I live, no foe finds room.  
Then, if thy lords their purpose urge,  
Take our defiance loud and high ; 15  
Our slogan is their lyke-wake dirge,  
Our moat the grave where they shall lie.'

Proud she looked round, applause to claim —  
Then lightened Thirlestane's eye of flame :  
His bugle Wat of Harden blew ; 20  
Pensils and pennons wide were flung,  
To heaven the Border slogan rung,  
"Saint Mary for the young Buccleuch!"  
The English war-cry answered wide,  
And forward bent each Southern spear ; 25  
Each Kendal archer made a stride,  
And drew the bowstring to his ear ;  
Each minstrel's war-note loud was blown ; —  
But, ere a gray-goose shaft had flown,  
A horseman galloped from the rear. 30

"Ah ! noble lords !" he breathless said,  
"What treason has your march betrayed ?  
What make you here from aid so far,  
Before you walls, around you war ?

Your foemen triumph in the thought  
That in the toils the lion's caught.  
Already on dark Ruberslaw  
The Douglas holds his weapon-schaw ;  
5 The lances, waving in his train,  
Clothe the dun heath like autumn grain ;  
And on the Liddel's northern strand,  
To bar retreat to Cumberland,  
Lord Maxwell ranks his merrymen good  
10 Beneath the eagle and the rood ;  
And Jedwood, Eske, and Teviotdale,  
Have to proud Angus come ;  
And all the Merse and Lauderdale  
Have risen with haughty Home.  
15 An exile from Northumberland,  
In Liddesdale I've wandered long,  
But still my heart was with merry England,  
And cannot brook my country's wrong ;  
And hard I've spurred all night, to show  
20 The mustering of the coming foe."

“ And let them come ! ” fierce Dacre cried ;  
“ For soon yon crest, my father's pride,  
That swept the shores of Judah's sea,  
And waved in gales of Galilee,  
25 From Branksome's highest towers displayed,  
Shall mock the rescue's lingering aid ! —  
Level each harquebuss on row ;  
Draw, merry archers, draw the bow ;  
Up, billmen, to the walls, and cry,  
30 Dacre for England, win or die ! ” —

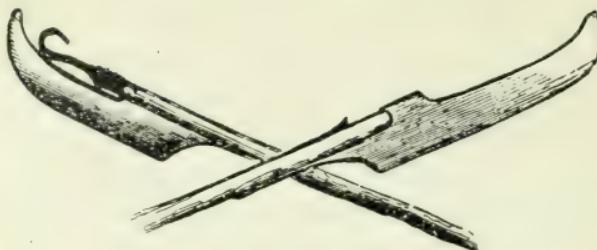
“ Yet hear,” quoth Howard, “ calmly hear,  
Nor deem my words the words of fear :  
For who, in field or foray slack,  
Saw the Blanche Lion e'er fall back ?

But thus to risk our Border flower  
 In strife against a kingdom's power,  
 Ten thousand Scots 'gainst thousands three,  
 Certes, were desperate policy.

Nay, take the terms the Ladye made      5  
 Ere conscious of the advancing aid :  
 Let Musgrave meet fierce Deloraine  
 In single fight, and if he gain,  
 He gains for us ; but if he's crossed,  
 'Tis but a single warrior lost :      10  
 The rest, retreating as they came,  
 Avoid defeat and death and shame."

Ill could the haughty Daere brook  
 His brother warden's sage rebuke ;  
 And yet his forward step he stayed,      15  
 And slow and sullenly obeyed.  
 But ne'er again the Border side  
 Did these two lords in friendship ride ;  
 But this slight discontent, men say,  
 Cost blood upon another day.      20

The pursuivant-at-arms again  
 Before the castle took his stand ;  
 His trumpet called with parleying strain  
 The leaders of the Scottish band ;  
 And he defied, in Musgrave's right,      25  
 Stout Deloraine to single fight.  
 A gauntlet at their feet he laid,  
 And thus the terms of fight he said :  
 " If in the lists good Musgrave's sword  
 Vanquish the Knight of Deloraine,      30  
 Your youthful chieftain, Branksome's lord,  
 Shall hostage for his clan remain ;  
 If Deloraine foil good Musgrave,  
 The boy his liberty shall have.



Scottish battle-axes.

Howe'er it falls, the English band,  
Unharming Scots, by Scots unharmed,  
In peaceful march, like men unarmed,  
Shall straight retreat to Cumberland."

5      Unconscious of the near relief,  
The proffer pleased each Scottish chief,  
    Though much the Ladye sage gainsaid ;  
For though their hearts were brave and true,  
From Jedwood's recent sack they knew  
10     How tardy was the Regent's aid :  
And you may guess the noble dame  
    Durst not the secret prescience own,  
Sprung from the art she might not name,  
    By which the coming help was known.  
15     Closed was the compact, and agreed  
That lists should be enclosed with speed  
    Beneath the castle on a lawn :  
They fixed the Morrow for the strife,  
On foot, with Scottish axe and knife,  
20     At the fourth hour from peep of dawn ;  
When Deloraine, from sickness freed,  
Or else a champion in his stead,  
Should for himself and chieftain stand  
    Against stout Musgrave, hand to hand.  
25     I know right well that in their lay  
Full many minstrels sing and say

Such combat should be made on horse,  
On foaming steed, in full career,  
With brand to aid, whenas the spear

Should shiver in the course :

But he, the jovial harper, taught  
Me, yet a youth, how it was fought,

In guise which now I say ;

He knew each ordinance and clause  
Of Black Lord Archibald's battle-laws,

In the old Douglas' day.

He brooked not, he, that scoffing tongue  
Should tax his minstrelsy with wrong,

Or call his song untrue :

For this, when they the goblet plied,  
And such rude taunt had chafed his pride,

The Bard of Reull he slew.

On Teviot's side in fight they stood,  
And tuneful hands were stained with blood,  
Where still the thorn's white branches wave,  
Memorial o'er his rival's grave.

5

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Why should I tell the rigid doom  
That dragged my master to his tomb ;

How Ousenam's maidens tore their hair,  
Wept till their eyes were dead and dim,  
And wrung their hands for love of him

25

Who died at Jedwood Air ?

He died !—his scholars, one by one,  
To the cold silent grave are gone ;  
And I, alas ! survive alone,  
To muse o'er rivalries of yore,  
And grieve that I shall hear no more  
The strains, with envy heard before ;  
For, with my minstrel brethren fled,  
My jealousy of song is dead.

30

## INTERLUDE.

HE paused: the listening dames again  
Applaud the hoary Minstrel's strain.  
With many a word of kindly cheer,—  
In pity half, and half sincere,—  
5  
Marvelled the Duchess how so well  
His legendary song could tell  
Of ancient deeds, so long forgot;  
Of feuds, whose memory was not;  
Of forests, now laid waste and bare;  
10  
Of towers, which harbor now the hare;  
Of manners, long since changed and gone;  
Of chiefs, who under their gray stone  
So long had slept that fickle Fame  
Had blotted from her rolls their name,  
15  
And twined round some new minion's head  
The fading wreath for which they bled:  
In sooth, 'twas strange this old man's verse  
Could call them from their marble hearse.

20  
The harper smiled, well pleased; for ne'er  
Was flattery lost on poet's ear.  
A simple race! they waste their toil  
For the vain tribute of a smile;  
E'en when in age their flame expires,  
25  
Her dulcet breath can fan its fires:  
Their drooping fancy wakes at praise,  
And strives to trim the short-lived blaze.

Smiled then, well pleased, the aged man,  
And thus his tale continued ran.



Mute Nature mourns her worshipper (83, 3).

## CANTO V.

CALL it not vain:—they do not err,  
 Who say that when the poet dies  
 Mute Nature mourns her worshipper  
 And celebrates his obsequies;  
 Who say tall cliff and cavern lone  
 For the departed bard make moan;  
 That mountains weep in crystal rill;  
 That flowers in tears of balm distil;  
 Through his loved groves that breezes sigh,  
 And oaks in deeper groan reply,  
 And rivers teach their rushing wave  
 To murmur dirges round his grave.

Not that, in sooth, o'er mortal urn  
 Those things inanimate can mourn,  
 But that the stream, the wood, the gale,  
 Is vocal with the plaintive wail  
 Of those who, else forgotten long,  
 Lived in the poet's faithful song,  
 And, with the poet's parting breath,  
 Whose memory feels a second death.

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Now, from the mountain's misty throne (84, 11).

The maid's pale shade, who wails her lot,  
That love, true love, should be forgot,  
From rose and hawthorn shakes the tear  
Upon the gentle minstrel's bier :  
5  
The phantom knight, his glory fled,  
Mourns o'er the field he heaped with dead,  
Mounts the wild blast that sweeps amain  
And shrieks along the battle-plain ;  
The chief, whose antique crownlet long  
10  
Still sparkled in the feudal song,  
Now, from the mountain's misty throne,  
Sees, in the thanedom once his own,  
His ashes undistinguished lie,  
His place, his power, his memory die ;  
15  
His groans the lonely caverns fill,  
His tears of rage impel the rill ;

All mourn the minstrel's harp unstrung,  
Their name unknown, their praise unsung.

Scarcely the hot assault was stayed,  
The terms of truce were scarcely made,  
When they could spy, from Branksome's towers, 5  
The advancing march of martial powers.  
Thick clouds of dust afar appeared,  
And trampling steeds were faintly heard;  
Bright spears above the columns dun  
Glanced momentary to the sun; 10  
And feudal banners fair displayed  
The bands that moved to Branksome's aid.

Vails not to tell each hardy clan,  
From the fair Middle Marches came;  
The Bloody Heart blazed in the van, 15  
Announcing Douglas, dreaded name!  
Vails not to tell what steeds did spurn,  
Where the Seven Spears of Wedderburne  
Their men in battle-order set,  
And Swinton laid the lance in rest 20  
That tamed of yore the sparkling crest  
Of Clarence's Plantagenet.  
Nor list I say what hundreds more,  
From the rich Merse and Lammermore,  
And Tweed's fair borders, to the war, 25  
Beneath the crest of old Dunbar  
And Hepburn's mingled banners, come  
Down the steep mountain glittering far,  
And shouting still, "A Home! a Home!"

Now squire and knight, from Branksome sent, 30  
On many a courteous message went:  
To every chief and lord they paid  
Meet thanks for prompt and powerful aid,

And told them how a truce was made,  
And how a day of fight was ta'en  
Twixt Musgrave and stout Deloraine;

5 And how the Ladye prayed them dear  
That all would stay the fight to see,  
And deign, in love and courtesy,  
To taste of Branksome cheer.

Nor, while they bade to feast each Scot,  
Were England's noble lords forgot.

10 Himself, the hoary seneschal,  
Rode forth, in seemly terms to call  
Those gallant foes to Branksome Hall.  
Accepted Howard, than whom knight  
Was never dubbed, more bold in fight,  
15 Nor, when from war and armor free,  
More famed for stately courtesy ;  
But angry Dacre rather chose  
In his pavilion to repose.

Now, noble dame, perchance you ask  
20 How these two hostile armies met,  
Deeming it were no easy task

To keep the truce which here was set ;  
Where martial spirits, all on fire,  
Breadth only blood and mortal ire.  
25 By mutual inroads, mutual blows,  
By habit, and by nation, foes,

They met on Teviot's strand ;  
They met and sate them mingled down,  
Without a threat, without a frown,  
30 As brothers meet in foreign land :  
The hands, the spear that lately grasped,  
Still in the mailed gauntlet clasped,  
Were interchanged in greeting dear ;



Visors were raised and faces shown (87, 1).

Visors were raised and faces shown,  
And many a friend, to friend made known,  
Partook of social cheer.

Some drove the jolly bowl about ;  
With dice and draughts some chased the day : 5  
And some, with many a merry shout,  
In riot, revelry, and rout,  
Pursued the football play.

Yet, be it known, had bugles blown  
Or sign of war been seen,

10

Those bands, so fair together ranged,  
Those hands, so frankly interchanged,  
Had dyed with gore the green :

The merry shout by Teviot-side  
Had sunk in war-cries wild and wide,  
And in the groan of death ; 15

And whingers, now in friendship bare,  
The social meal to part and share,  
Had found a bloody sheath.  
'Twixt truce and war, such sudden change  
Was not infrequent, nor held strange,  
5 In the old Border-day ;  
But yet on Branksome's towers and town,  
In peaceful merriment, sunk down  
The sun's declining ray.

10 The blithesome signs of wassail gay  
Decayed not with the dying day ;  
Soon through the latticed windows tall  
Of lofty Branksome's lordly hall,  
Divided square by shafts of stone,  
15 Huge flakes of ruddy lustre shone ;  
Nor less the gilded rafters rang  
With merry harp and beakers' clang ;  
And frequent, on the darkening plain,  
Loud hollo, whoop, or whistle ran,  
20 As bands, their stragglers to regain,  
Give the shrill watchword of their clan ;  
And revellers, o'er their bowls, proclaim  
Douglas' or Dacre's conquering name.

Less frequent heard, and fainter still,  
25 At length the various clamors died,  
And you might hear from Branksome hill  
No sound but Teviot's rushing tide ;  
Save when the changing sentinel  
The challenge of his watch could tell ;  
30 And save where, through the dark profound,  
The clanging axe and hammer's sound  
Rung from the nether lawn ;  
For many a busy hand toiled there,  
Strong pales to shape and beams to square,

The lists' dread barriers to prepare  
Against the morrow's dawn.

Margaret from hall did soon retreat,  
Despite the dame's reproving eye;  
Nor marked she, as she left her seat,  
Full many a stifled sigh:  
For many a noble warrior strove  
To win the Flower of Teviot's love,  
And many a bold ally.

With throbbing head and anxious heart,  
All in her lonely bower apart,  
In broken sleep she lay.

By times, from silken couch she rose;  
While yet the bannered hosts repose,  
She viewed the dawning day:  
Of all the hundreds sunk to rest,  
First woke the loveliest and the best.

She gazed upon the inner court,  
Which in the tower's tall shadow lay,  
Where coursers' clang and stamp and snort  
Had rung the livelong yesterday:

Now still as death; till stalking slow,—  
The jingling spurs announced his tread,—  
A stately warrior passed below;  
But when he raised his plumed head—

Blessed Mary! can it be?—  
Secure, as if in Ousenam bowers,  
He walks through Branksome's hostile towers,  
With fearless step and free.

She dared not sign, she dared not speak—  
O, if one page's slumbers break,  
His blood the price must pay!

5

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Not all the pearls Queen Mary wears,  
Nor Margaret's yet more precious tears,  
Shall buy his life a day.

5 Yet was his hazard small ; for well  
You may bethink you of the spell

Of that sly urchin page :  
This to his lord he did impart,  
And made him seem, by glamor art,  
A knight from Hermitage.

10 Unchallenged, thus, the warder's post,  
The court, unchallenged, thus he crossed,

For all the vassalage ;  
But O, what magic's quaint disguise  
Could blind fair Margaret's azure eyes !

15 She started from her seat ;  
While with surprise and fear she strove,  
And both could scarcely master love—  
Lord Henry's at her feet.

Oft have I mused what purpose bad  
20 That foul malicious urchin had

To bring this meeting round,  
For happy love's a heavenly sight,  
And by a vile malignant sprite

25 In such no joy is found ;  
And oft I've deemed, perchance he thought  
Their erring passion might have wrought

Sorrow and sin and shame,  
And death to Cranstoun's gallant Knight,  
And to the gentle Ladye bright

30 Disgrace and loss of fame.  
But earthly spirit could not tell  
The heart of them that loved so well.  
True love's the gift which God has given  
To man alone beneath the heaven :



Thick round the lists their lances stood (91, 15).

It is not fantasy's hot fire,  
 Whose wishes, soon as granted, fly ;  
 It liveth not in fierce desire,  
 With dead desire it doth not die ;  
 It is the secret sympathy,  
 The silver link, the silken tie,  
 Which heart to heart, and mind to mind,  
 In body and in soul can bind.—  
 Now leave we Margaret and her knight,  
 To tell you of the approaching fight.

5

10

Their warning blasts the bugles blew,  
 The pipe's shrill port aroused each clan ;  
 In haste the deadly strife to view,  
 The trooping warriors eager ran :  
 Thick round the lists their lances stood,  
 Like blasted pines in Ettrick wood ;

15

To Branksome many a look they threw,  
The combatants' approach to view,  
And bandied many a word of boast  
About the knight each favored most.

5      Meantime full anxious was the dame ;  
For now arose disputed claim  
Of who should fight for Deloraine,  
'Twixt Harden and 'twixt Thirlestane.  
They gan to reckon kin and rent,  
10     And frowning brow on brow was bent ;  
    But yet not long the strife—for, lo !  
Himself, the Knight of Deloraine,  
Strong, as it seemed, and free from pain,  
    In armor sheathed from top to toe,  
15     Appeared and craved the combat due.  
The dame her charm successful knew,  
And the fierce chiefs their claims withdrew.

When for the lists they sought the plain,  
The stately Ladye's silken rein  
20     Did noble Howard hold ;  
Unarmed by her side he walked,  
And much in courteous phrase they talked  
    Of feats of arms of old.  
Costly his garb—his Flemish ruff  
25     Fell o'er his doublet, shaped of buff,  
    With satin slashed and lined ;  
Tawny his boot, and gold his spur,  
His cloak was all of Poland fur,  
    His hose with silver twined ;  
30     His Bilboa blade, by Marchmen felt,  
Hung in a broad and studded belt ;  
Hence, in rude phrase, the Borderers still  
Called noble Howard Belted Will.

Behind Lord Howard and the dame  
Fair Margaret on her palfrey came,  
Whose footcloth swept the ground ;  
White was her wimple and her veil,  
And her loose locks a chaplet pale  
5  
Of whitest roses bound ;  
The lordly Angus, by her side,  
In courtesy to cheer her tried ;  
Without his aid, her hand in vain  
Had strove to guide her broidered rein.  
10  
He deemed she shuddered at the sight  
Of warriors met for mortal fight ;  
But cause of terror, all unguessed,  
Was fluttering in her gentle breast,  
When, in their chairs of crimson placed,  
15  
The dame and she the barriers graced.

Prize of the field, the young Buccleuch  
An English knight led forth to view ;  
Scarce rued the boy his present plight,  
So much he longed to see the fight.  
20  
Within the lists in knightly pride  
High Home and haughty Dacre ride ;  
Their leading staffs of steel they wield,  
As marshals of the mortal field,  
While to each knight their care assigned  
25  
Like vantage of the sun and wind.  
Then heralds hoarse did loud proclaim,  
In King and Queen and Warden's name,  
That none, while lasts the strife,  
Should dare, by look or sign or word,  
30  
Aid to a champion to afford,  
On peril of his life ;  
And not a breath the silence broke  
Till thus the alternate heralds spoke :—

## ENGLISH HERALD.

“Here standeth Richard of Musgrave,  
 Good knight and true, and freely born,  
 Amends from Deloraine to crave,  
 For foul despiteous scathe and scorn.  
 5 He sayeth that William of Deloraine  
 Is traitor false by Border laws ;  
 This with his sword he will maintain,  
 So help him God and his good cause !”

## SCOTTISH HERALD.

“Here standeth William of Deloraine,  
 Good knight and true, of noble strain,  
 Who sayeth that foul treason’s stain,  
 Since he bore arms, ne’er soiled his coat ;  
 And that, so help him God above !  
 10 He will on Musgrave’s body prove  
 15 He lies most foully in his throat.”

## LORD DACRE.

“Forward, brave champions, to the fight !  
 Sound trumpets !”

## LORD HOME.

“God defend the right !”—

Then, Teviot, how thine echoes rang,  
 20 When bugle-sound and trumpet-clang  
 Let loose the martial foes,  
 And in mid-list, with shield poised high,  
 And measured step and wary eye,  
 The combatants did close !

25 Ill would it suit your gentle ear,  
 Ye lovely listeners, to hear  
 How to the axe the helms did sound,  
 And blood poured down from many a wound ;  
 For desperate was the strife and long,  
 30 And either warrior fierce and strong.



In haste the holy friar sped (96, 26).

5      But, were each dame a listening knight,  
I well could tell how warriors fight ;  
For I have seen war's lightning flashing,  
Seen the claymore with bayonet clashing,  
Seen through red blood the war-horse dashing,  
And scorned, amid the reeling strife,  
To yield a step for death or life.

10     'Tis done, 'tis done ! that fatal blow  
Has stretched him on the bloody plain ;  
He strives to rise—brave Musgrave, no !  
Thence never shalt thou rise again !  
15     He chokes in blood—some friendly hand  
Undo the visor's barred band,  
Unfix the gorget's iron clasp,  
And give him room for life to gasp !—  
O, bootless aid !—haste, holy friar,  
Haste, ere the sinner shall expire !  
Of all his guilt let him be shriven,  
And smooth his path from earth to heaven !

20     In haste the holy friar sped ;—  
His naked foot was dyed with red,  
As through the lists he ran ;  
Unmindful of the shouts on high  
That hailed the conqueror's victory,  
25     He raised the dying man ;  
Loose waved his silver beard and hair,  
As o'er him he kneeled down in prayer ;  
And still the crucifix on high  
He holds before his darkening eye ;  
30     And still he bends an anxious ear,  
His faltering penitence to hear ;  
Still props him from the bloody sod,

Still, even when soul and body part,  
 Pours ghostly comfort on his heart,  
 And bids him trust in God !  
 Unheard he prays ;—the death-pang's o'er !  
 Richard of Musgrave breathes no more.

5

As if exhausted in the fight,  
 Or musing o'er the piteous sight,  
 The silent victor stands ;  
 His beaver did he not unclasp,  
 Marked not the shouts, felt not the grasp      10  
 Of gratulating hands.  
 When lo ! strange cries of wild surprise,  
 Mingled with seeming terror, rise  
 Among the Scottish bands ;  
 And all, amid the thronged array,      15  
 In panic haste gave open way  
 To a half-naked ghastly man,  
 Who downward from the castle ran :  
 He crossed the barriers at a bound,  
 And wild and haggard looked around,      20  
 As dizzy and in pain ;  
 And all upon the armed ground  
 Knew William of Deloraine !  
 Each ladye sprung from seat with speed ;  
 Vaulted each marshal from his steed ;      25  
 “ And who art thou,” they cried,  
 “ Who hast this battle fought and won ? ”  
 His plumed helm was soon undone—  
 “ Cranstoun of Teviot-side !  
 For this fair prize I've fought and won,”—      30  
 And to the Ladye led her son.

Full oft the rescued boy she kissed,  
 And often pressed him to her breast,

For, under all her dauntless show,  
Her heart had throbbed at every blow ;  
Yet not Lord Cranstoun deigned she greet,  
Though low he kneeled at her feet.

5 Me lists not tell what words were made,  
What Douglas, Home, and Howard said—

For Howard was a generous foe—  
And how the clan united prayed

10 The Ladye would the feud forego,  
And deign to bless the nuptial hour  
Of Cranstoun's lord and Teviot's Flower.

She looked to river, looked to hill,  
Thought on the Spirit's prophecy,  
Then broke her silence stern and still :

15 “ Not you, but Fate, has vanquished me ;  
Their influence kindly stars may shower  
On Teviot's tide and Branksome's tower,  
For pride is quelled and love is free.”

She took fair Margaret by the hand,  
20 Who, breathless, trembling, scarce might stand,  
That hand to Cranstoun's lord gave she :  
“ As I am true to thee and thine,  
Do thou be true to me and mine !

25 This clasp of love our bond shall be,  
For this is your betrothing day,  
And all these noble lords shall stay  
To grace it with their company.”

All as they left the listed plain,  
30 Much of the story she did gain :  
How Cranstoun fought with Deloraine,  
And of his page, and of the book  
Which from the wounded knight he took ;  
And how he sought her castle high  
That morn, by help of gramarye ;

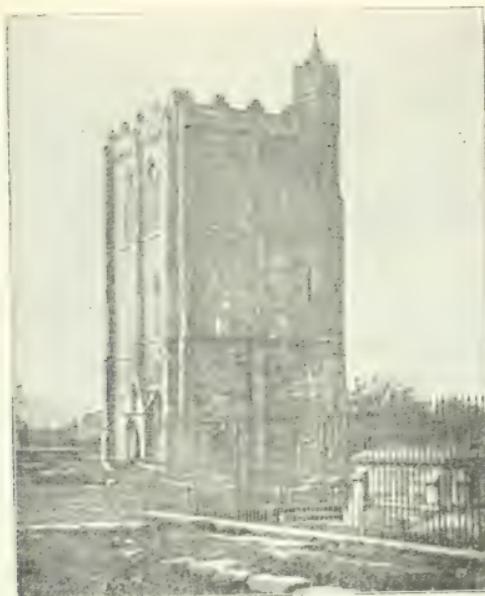
How, in Sir William's armor dight,  
Stolen by his page, while slept the knight,  
He took on him the single fight.  
But half his tale he left unsaid,  
And lingered till he joined the maid.—  
Cared not the Ladye to betray  
Her mystic arts in view of day;  
But well she thought, ere midnight came,  
Of that strange page the pride to tame,  
From his foul hands the book to save,  
And send it back to Michael's grave.—  
Needs not to tell each tender word  
'Twixt Margaret and 'twixt Cranstoun's lord:  
Nor how she told of former woes,  
And how her bosom fell and rose  
While he and Musgrave bandied blows.—  
Needs not these lovers' joys to tell;  
One day, fair maids, you'll know them well.

William of Deloraine some chance  
Had wakened from his deathlike trance,  
And taught that in the listed plain  
Another, in his arms and shield,  
Against fierce Musgrave axe did wield,  
Under the name of Deloraine.  
Hence, to the field unarmed he ran,  
And hence his presence scared the clan,  
Who held him for some fleeting wraith,  
And not a man of blood and breath.  
Not much this new ally he loved,  
Yet, when he saw what hap had proved,  
He greeted him right heartilie:  
He would not waken old debate,  
For he was void of rancorous hate,  
Though rude and scant of courtesy;

In raids he spilt but seldom blood,  
Unless when men-at-arms withstood,  
Or, as was meet, for deadly feud.  
He ne'er bore grudge for stalwart blow,  
5 Ta'en in fair fight from gallant foe.  
And so 't was seen of him e'en now,

When on dead Musgrave he looked down  
Grief darkened on his rugged brow,  
Though half disguised with a frown ;  
10 And thus, while sorrow bent his head,  
His foeman's epitaph he made :

“Now, Richard Musgrave, liest thou here,  
I ween, my deadly enemy ;  
For, if I slew thy brother dear,  
15 Thou slew'st a sister's son to me ;  
And when I lay in dungeon dark  
Of Naworth Castle long months three,  
Till ransomed for a thousand mark,  
Dark Musgrave, it was long of thee.  
20 And, Musgrave, could our fight be tried,  
And thou wert now alive, as I,  
No mortal man should us divide,  
Till one, or both of us, did die :  
Yet rest thee God ! for well I know  
25 I ne'er shall find a nobler foe.  
In all the northern counties here,  
Whose word is Snaffle, spur, and spear,  
Thou wert the best to follow gear  
'Twas pleasure, as we looked behind,  
30 To see how thou the chase couldst wind,  
Cheer the dark bloodhound on his way,  
And with the bugle rouse the fray !  
I'd give the lands of Deloraine,  
Dark Musgrave were alive again.”



And laid him in his father's grave (101, 16).

So mourned he till Lord Daere's band  
Were bowning back to Cumberland.  
They raised brave Musgrave from the field  
And laid him on his bloody shield ;  
On levelled lances, four and four,  
By turns, the noble burden bore.  
Before, at times, upon the gale  
Was heard the Minstrel's plaintive wail ;  
Behind, four priests in sable stole  
Sung requiem for the warrior's soul ;  
Around, the horsemen slowly rode ;  
With trailing pikes the spearmen trode ;  
And thus the gallant knight they bore  
Through Liddesdale to Leven's shore,  
Thence to Holme Coltrame's lofty nave,  
And laid him in his father's grave.

5

10

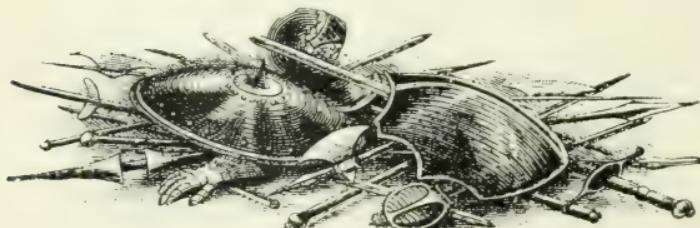
15

## INTERLUDE.

THE harp's wild notes, though hushed the song,  
 The mimic march of death prolong ;  
 Now seems it far, and now a-near,  
 Now meets, and now eludes the ear,  
 Now seems some mountain side to sweep,  
 Now faintly dies in valley deep,  
 Seems now as if the Minstrel's wail,  
 Now the sad requiem, loads the gale ;  
 Last, o'er the warrior's closing grave,  
 10 Rung the full choir in choral stave.

After due pause, they bade him tell  
 Why he, who touched the harp so well,  
 Should thus, with ill-rewarded toil,  
 Wander a poor and thankless soil,  
 15 When the more generous Southern Land  
 Would well requite his skilful hand.

The aged harper, howsoe'er  
 His only friend, his harp, was dear,  
 Liked not to hear it ranked so high  
 Above his flowing poesy :  
 Less liked he still that scornful jeer  
 20 Misprized the land he loved so dear ;  
 High was the sound as thus again  
 The bard resumed his minstrel strain.





Land of the mountain and the flood (104, 10).

## CANTO VI.

BREATHES there the man, with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself hath said,

5

This is my own, my native land?  
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,  
As home his footsteps he hath turned  
From wandering on a foreign strand?  
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;  
For him no minstrel raptures swell;  
High though his titles, proud his name,  
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,—

10

10

Despite those titles, power, and pelf,  
The wretch, concentrated all in self,  
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,  
And, doubly dying, shall go down  
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,  
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

O Caledonia, stern and wild,  
Meet nurse for a poetic child !  
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,  
Land of the mountain and the flood,  
Land of my sires ! what mortal hand  
Can e'er untie the filial band  
That knits me to thy rugged strand !  
Still, as I view each well-known scene,  
Think what is now and what hath been,  
Seems as to me, of all bereft,  
Sole friends thy woods and streams were left ;  
And thus I love them better still,  
Even in extremity of ill.

By Yarrow's stream still let me stray,  
Though none should guide my feeble way ;  
Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break,  
Although it chill my withered cheek ;  
Still lay my head by Teviot-stone,  
Though there, forgotten and alone,  
The bard may draw his parting groan.

Not scorned like me, to Branksome Hall  
The minstrels came at festive call ;  
Trooping they came from near and far,  
The jovial priests of mirth and war ;  
Alike for feast and fight prepared,  
Battle and banquet both they shared.  
Of late, before each martial clan  
They blew their death-note in the van,

5

10

15

20

25

30



O Caledonia, stern and wild (104, 7).

But now for every merry mate  
 Rose the portcullis' iron grate ;  
 They sound the pipe, they strike the string,  
 They dance, they revel, and they sing,  
 Till the rude turrets shake and ring.

5

Me lists not at this tide declare  
 The splendor of the spousal rite,  
 How mustered in the chapel fair  
 Both maid and matron, squire and knight ;  
 Me lists not tell of owches rare, 10  
 Of mantles green, and braided hair,  
 And kirtles furred with miniver ;  
 What plumage waved the altar round,  
 How spurs and ringing chainlets sound :  
 And hard it were for bard to speak 15  
 The changeful hue of Margaret's cheek,  
 That lovely hue which comes and flies,  
 As awe and shame alternate rise !

10

15

Some bards have sung, the Ladye high  
 Chapel or altar came not nigh,

20

Nor durst the rites of spousal grace,  
So much she feared each holy place.  
False slanders these:—I trust right well,  
She wrought not by forbidden spell,  
5 For mighty words and signs have power  
O'er sprites in planetary hour;  
Yet scarce I praise their venturous part  
Who tamper with such dangerous art.  
But this for faithful truth I say,—

10 The Ladye by the altar stood,  
Of sable velvet her array,  
And on her head a crimson hood,  
With pearls embroidered and entwined,  
Guarded with gold, with ermine lined;  
15 A merlin sat upon her wrist,  
Held by a leash of silken twist.

The spousal rites were ended soon;  
'Twas now the merry hour of noon,  
And in the lofty arched hall  
Was spread the gorgeous festival.  
20 Steward and squire, with heedful haste,  
Marshalled the rank of every guest;  
Pages, with ready blade, were there,  
The mighty meal to carve and share:  
O'er capon, heron-shew, and crane,  
25 And princely peacock's gilded train,  
And o'er the boar-head, garnished brave,  
And cygnet from Saint Mary's wave.  
O'er ptarmigan and venison,  
30 The priest had spoke his benison.  
Then rose the riot and the din,  
Above, beneath, without, within!  
For, from the lofty balcony,  
Rung trumpet, shalm, and psaltery:



Still, as I view each well-known scene (104, 14).

Their clanging bowls old warriors quaffed,  
Loudly they spoke and loudly laughed ;  
Whispered young knights, in tone more mild,  
To ladies fair, and ladies smiled.

The hooded hawks, high perched on beam,  
The clamor joined with whistling scream,  
And flapped their wings and shook their bells,  
In concert with the stag-hounds' yells.  
Round go the flasks of ruddy wine,  
From Bourdeaux, Orleans, or the Rhine ;  
Their tasks the busy sewers ply,  
And all is mirth and revelry.

The Goblin Page, omitting still  
No opportunity of ill,  
Strove now, while blood ran hot and high, 15  
To rouse debate and jealousy ;  
Till Conrad, Lord of Wolfenstein,  
By nature fierce, and warm with wine,  
And now in humor highly crossed  
About some steeds his band had lost, 20

High words to words succeeding still,  
Smote with his gauntlet stout Hunthill,  
A hot and hardy Rutherford,  
Whom men called Dickon Draw-the-Sword.

5 He took it on the page's saye,  
Hunthill had driven these steeds away.

Then Howard, Home, and Douglas rose,  
The kindling discord to compose ;  
Stern Rutherford right little said,  
10 But bit his glove and shook his head.

A fortnight thence, in Inglewood,  
Stout Conrad, cold, and drenched in blood,  
His bosom gored with many a wound,  
Was by a woodman's lyme-dog found :  
15 Unknown the manner of his death,  
Gone was his brand, both sword and sheath ;  
But ever from that time, 'twas said,  
That Dickon wore a Cologne blade.

20 The dwarf, who feared his master's eye  
Might his foul treachery espie,  
Now sought the castle buttery,  
Where many a yeoman, bold and free,  
Revelled as merrily and well  
As those that sat in lordly selle.

25 Watt Tinlinn there did frankly raise  
The pledge to Arthur Fire-the-Braes ;  
And he, as by his breeding bound,  
To Howard's merrymen sent it round.  
To quit them, on the English side,

30 Red Roland Forster loudly cried,  
"A deep carouse to yon fair bride!"  
At every pledge, from vat and pail,  
Foamed forth in floods the nut-brown ale,  
While shout the riders every one ;

Such day of mirth ne'er cheered their clan,  
Since old Buccleuch the name did gain,  
When in the cleuch the buck was ta'en.

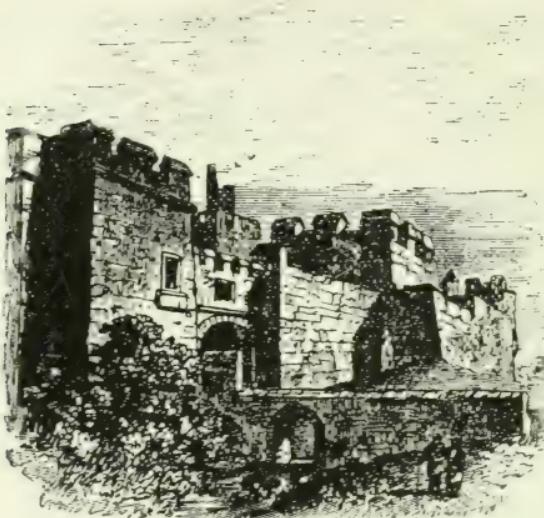
The wily page, with vengeful thought,  
Remembered him of Tinlinn's yew, 5  
And swore it should be dearly bought  
That ever he the arrow drew.

First, he the yeoman did molest  
With bitter gibe and taunting jest ;  
Told how he fled at Solway strife, 10  
And how Hob Armstrong cheered his wife ;

Then, shunning still his powerful arm,  
At unawares he wrought him harm ;  
From trenched stole his choicest cheer,  
Dashed from his lips his can of beer ; 15  
Then, to his knee sly creeping on,  
With bodkin pierc'd him to the bone :  
The venom'd wound and festering joint  
Long after rued that bodkin's point.

The startled yeoman swore and spurned,  
And board and flagons overturned.  
Riot and clamor wild began ;  
Back to the hall the urchin ran,  
Took in a darkling nook his post,  
And grinned, and muttered, "Lost ! lost ! lost !" 25

By this, the dame, lest farther fray  
Should mar the concord of the day,  
Had bid the minstrels tune their lay.  
And first stepped forth old Albert Graeme,  
The minstrel of that ancient name : 30  
Was none who struck the harp so well  
Within the Land Debatable ;  
Well friended too, his hardy kin,  
Whoever lost, were sure to win ;



The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall (110, 6).

They sought the beeves that made their broth  
 In Scotland and in England both.  
 In homely guise, as nature bade,  
 His simple song the Borderer said.

ALBERT GREME.

5 It was an English ladye bright,  
 (The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall)  
 And she would marry a Scottish knight,  
 For Love will still be lord of all.

10 Blithely they saw the rising sun,  
 When he shone fair on Carlisle wall ;  
 But they were sad ere day was done,  
 Though Love was still the lord of all.

15 Her sire gave brooch and jewel fine,  
 Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall ;  
 Her brother gave but a flask of wine,  
 For ire that Love was lord of all.

For she had lands both meadow and lea,  
 Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall ;

And he swore her death, ere he would see  
A Scottish knight the lord of all !

That wine she had not tasted well,  
(The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall)  
When dead, in her true love's arms, she fell,  
For Love was still the lord of all. 5

He pierced her brother to the heart,  
Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall;—  
So perish all would true love part,  
That Love may still be lord of all ! 10

And then he took the cross divine,  
Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,  
And died for her sake in Palestine,  
So Love was still the lord of all.

Now all ye lovers that faithful prove,  
(The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall)  
Pray for their souls who died for love,  
For Love shall still be lord of all ! 15

As ended Albert's simple lay,  
Arose a bard of loftier port,  
For sonnet, rhyme, and roundelay 20  
Renowned in haughty Henry's court :  
There rung thy harp, unrivalled long,  
Fitztraver of the silver song !  
The gentle Surrey loved his lyre—  
Who has not heard of Surrey's fame ? 25  
His was the hero's soul of fire,  
And his the bard's immortal name,  
And his was love, exalted high  
By all the glow of chivalry. 30

They sought together climes afar,  
And oft, within some olive grove,  
When even came with twinkling star,  
They sung of Surrey's absent love.

His step the Italian peasant stayed,  
 And deemed that spirits from on high,  
 Round where some hermit saint was laid,  
 Were breathing heavenly melody ;  
 So sweet did harp and voice combine  
 To praise the name of Geraldine.

Fitztraver, O, what tongue may say  
 The pangs thy faithful bosom knew,  
 When Surrey of the deathless lay  
 10 Ungrateful Tudor's sentence slew ?  
 Regardless of the tyrant's frown,  
 His harp called wrath and vengeance down.  
 He left, for Naworth's iron towers,  
 Windsor's green glades and courtly bowers,  
 15 And, faithful to his patron's name,  
 With Howard still Fitztraver came ;  
 Lord William's foremost favorite he,  
 And chief of all his minstrelsy.

## FITZTRAVER.

'Twas All-Souls' eve, and Surrey's heart beat high ;  
 20 He heard the midnight bell with anxious start,  
 Which told the mystic hour, approaching nigh,  
 When wise Cornelius promised by his art  
 To show to him the ladye of his heart,  
 Albeit betwixt them roared the ocean grim ;  
 25 Yet so the sage had hight to play his part,  
 That he should see her form in life and limb,  
 And mark if still she loved and still she thought of him.

Dark was the vaulted room of gramarye.  
 To which the wizard led the gallant knight,  
 30 Save that before a mirror, huge and high,  
 A hallowed taper shed a glimmering light  
 On mystic implements of magic might,  
 On cross, and character, and talisman,  
 And almagest, and altar, nothing bright ;

For fitful was the lustre, pale and wan,  
As watch-light by the bed of some departing man.

But soon, within that mirror huge and high,  
Was seen a self-emitted light to gleam ;  
And forms upon its breast the earl gan spy, 5  
Cloudy and indistinct as feverish dream ;  
Till, slow arranging and defined, they seem  
To form a lordly and a lofty room,  
Part lighted by a lamp with silver beam,  
Placed by a couch of Agra's silken loom, 10  
And part by moonshine pale, and part was hid in gloom.

Fair all the pageant—but how passing fair  
The slender form which lay on couch of Ind !  
O'er her white bosom strayed her hazel hair,  
Pale her dear cheek, as if for love she pined ; 15  
All in her night-robe loose she lay reclined,  
And pensive read from tablet eburnine  
Some strain that seemed her inmost soul to find :  
That favored strain was Surrey's raptured line,  
That fair and lovely form the Lady Geraldine. 20

Slow rolled the clouds upon the lovely form,  
And swept the goodly vision all away—  
So royal envy rolled the murky storm  
O'er my beloved Master's glorious day.  
Thou jealous, ruthless tyrant ! Heaven repay 25  
On thee, and on thy children's latest line,  
The wild caprice of thy despotic sway,  
The gory bridal-bed, the plundered shrine,  
The murdered Surrey's blood, the tears of Geraldine !

Both Scots and Southern chiefs prolong  
Applauses of Fitztraver's song ;  
These hated Henry's name as death,  
And those still held the ancient faith.  
Then from his seat with lofty air 30  
Rose Harold, bard of brave Saint Clair, —  
Saint Clair, who, feasting high at Home,  
Had with that lord to battle come.

Harold was born where restless seas  
Howl round the storm-swept Orcades ;  
Where erst Saint Clairs held princely sway  
O'er isle and islet, strait and bay ;—  
5 Still nods their palace to its fall,  
Thy pride and sorrow, fair Kirkwall !—  
Thence oft he marked fierce Pentland rave,  
As if grim Odin rode her wave,  
And watched the whilst, with visage pale  
10 And throbbing heart, the struggling sail ;  
For all of wonderful and wild  
Had rapture for the lonely child.

And much of wild and wonderful  
In these rude isles might Fancy cull ;  
15 For thither came in times afar  
Stern Lochlin's sons of roving war,  
The Norsemen, trained to spoil and blood,  
Skilled to prepare the raven's food,  
Kings of the main their leaders brave,  
20 Their barks the dragons of the wave ;  
And there, in many a stormy vale,  
The Scald had told his wondrous tale,  
And many a Runic column high  
Had witnessed grim idolatry.  
25 And thus had Harold in his youth  
Learned many a Saga's rhyme uncouth,—  
Of that Sea-Snake, tremendous curled,  
Whose monstrous circle girds the world ;  
Of those dread Maids whose hideous yell  
30 Maddens the battle's bloody swell ;  
Of chiefs who, guided through the gloom  
By the pale death-lights of the tomb,  
Ransacked the graves of warriors old,  
Their falchions wrenched from corpses' hold,

Waked the deaf tomb with war's alarms,  
 And bade the dead arise to arms !  
 With war and wonder all on flame,  
 To Roslin's bowers young Harold came,  
 Where, by sweet glen and greenwood tree, 5  
 He learned a milder minstrelsy ;  
 Yet something of the Northern spell  
 Mixed with the softer numbers well.

## HAROLD.

O, listen, listen, ladies gay !  
 No haughty feat of arms I tell ; 10  
 Soft is the note, and sad the lay,  
 That mourns the lovely Rosabelle.

“Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant crew !  
 And, gentle ladye, deign to stay !  
 Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch, 15  
 Nor tempt the stormy firth to-day.

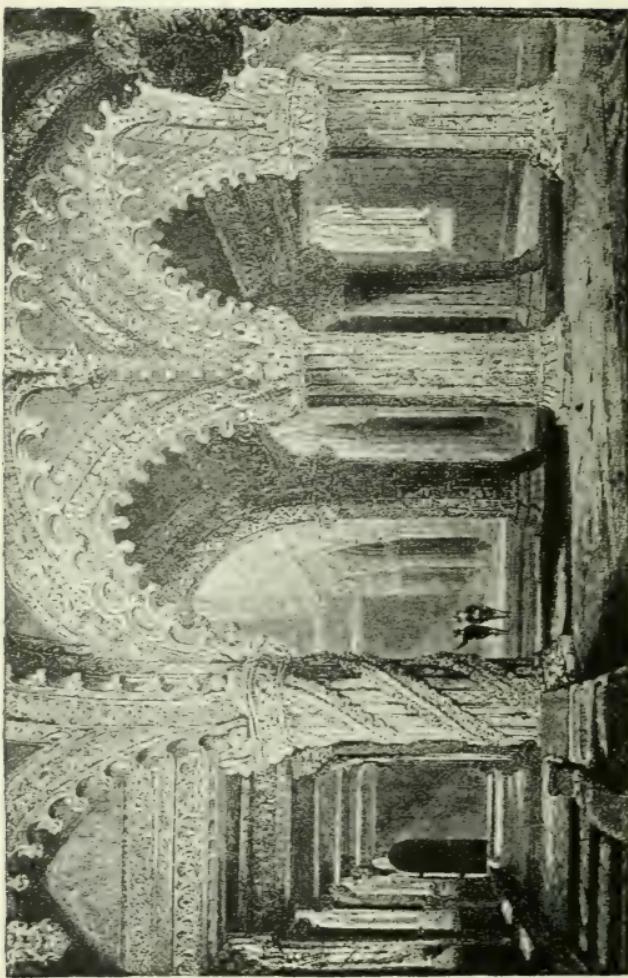
“The blackening wave is edged with white ;  
 To inch and rock the sea-mews fly ;  
 The fishers have heard the Water Sprite, 20  
 Whose screams forebode that wreck is nigh.

“Last night the gifted Seer did view  
 A wet shroud swathed round ladye gay ;  
 Then stay thee, fair, in Castle Ravensheuch :  
 Why cross the gloomy firth to-day ?”

“Tis not because Lord Lindesay's heir 25  
 To-night at Roslin leads the ball,  
 But that my ladye-mother there  
 Sits lonely in her castle-hall.

“Tis not because the ring they ride,  
 And Lindesay at the ring rides well, 30  
 But that my sire the wine will chide,  
 If 'tis not filled by Rosabelle.”

O'er Roslin all that dreary night  
 A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam ;



Shone every pillar folioge-bound (117, 13).

'Twas broader than the watch-fire light,  
And redder than the bright moonbeam.

It glared on Roslin's castled rock,  
It ruddied all the copsewood glen;

'Twas seen from Dreyden's groves of oak,  
And seen from cavernd Hawthornden.

Seemed all on fire that chapel proud  
Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffined lie,  
Each baron, for a sable shroud,  
Sheathed in his iron panoply.

Seemed all on fire within, around,  
Deep sacristy and altar's pale;  
Shone every pillar foliage-bound,  
And glimmered all the dead men's mail.

Blazed battlement and pinnet high,  
Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair—  
So still they blaze when fate is nigh  
The lordly line of high Saint Clair.

There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold  
Lie buried within that proud chapelle;  
Each one the holy vault doth hold—  
But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle!

And each Saint Clair was buried there,  
With candle, with book, and with knell;  
But the sea-caves rung and the wild winds sung  
The dirge of lovely Rosabelle.

So sweet was Harold's piteous lay,  
Scarce marked the guests the darkened hall,  
Though, long before the sinking day,  
A wondrous shade involved them all.

It was not eddying mist or fog,  
Drained by the sun from fen or bog;  
Of no eclipse had sages told;  
And yet, as it came on apace,  
Each one could scarce his neighbor's face,  
Could scarce his own stretched hand behold.



A flash of lightning came (119, 2).

A secret horror checked the feast,  
And chilled the soul of every guest ;  
Even the high dame stood half aghast,  
She knew some evil on the blast ;  
The elfish page fell to the ground,  
And, shuddering, muttered, "Found ! found ! found !"

Then sudden through the darkened air  
A flash of lightning came ;  
So broad, so bright, so red the glare,  
The castle seemed on flame.  
Glanced every rafter of the hall,  
Glanced every shield upon the wall ;  
Each trophied beam, each sculptured stone,  
Were instant seen and instant gone ;  
Full through the guests' bedazzled band  
Resistless flashed the levin-brand, 5  
And filled the hall with smouldering smoke,  
As on the elfish page it broke.  
It broke with thunder long and loud,  
Dismayed the brave, appalled the proud,—  
From sea to sea the larum rung ;  
On Berwick wall, and at Carlisle withal,  
To arms the startled warders sprung.  
When ended was the dreadful roar,  
The elfish dwarf was seen no more !

Some heard a voice in Branksome Hall, 20  
Some saw a sight, not seen by all ;  
That dreadful voice was heard by some  
Cry, with loud summons, “GYLBIN, COME !”  
And on the spot where burst the brand,  
Just where the page had flung him down, 25  
Some saw an arm, and some a hand,  
And some the waving of a gown.  
The guests in silence prayed and shook,  
And terror dimmed each lofty look.  
But none of all the astonished train 30  
Was so dismayed as Deloraine :  
His blood did freeze, his brain did burn,  
‘Twas feared his mind would ne’er return ;  
For he was speechless, ghastly, wan,

Like him of whom the story ran,  
Who spoke the spectre-hound in Man.  
At length by fits he darkly told,  
With broken hint and shuddering cold,

5                   That he had seen right certainly  
*A shape with amice wrapped around,*  
*With a wrought Spanish baldric bound,*  
*Like pilgrim from beyond the sea;*  
And knew—but how it mattered not—  
10                   It was the wizard, Michael Scott.

The anxious crowd, with horror pale,  
All trembling heard the wondrous tale :  
No sound was made, no word was spoke,  
Till noble Angus silence broke ;

15                   And he a solemn sacred plight  
Did to Saint Bride of Douglas make,  
That he a pilgrimage would take  
To Melrose Abbey, for the sake  
                  Of Michael's restless sprite.

20                   Then each, to ease his troubled breast,  
To some blest saint his prayers addressed :  
Some to Saint Modan made their vows,  
Some to Saint Mary of the Lowes,  
Some to the Holy Rood of Lisle,  
25                   Some to Our Lady of the Isle ;  
Each did his patron witness make  
That he such pilgrimage would take,  
And monks should sing and bells should toll,  
All for the weal of Michael's soul.

30                   While vows were ta'en and prayers were prayed,  
'Tis said the noble dame, dismayed,  
Renounced for aye dark magic's aid.

Nought of the bridal will I tell,  
Which after in short space befell ;

Nor how brave sons and daughters fair  
Blessed Teviot's Flower and Cranstoun's heir :  
After such dreadful scene 'twere vain  
To wake the note of mirth again.  
More meet it were to mark the day  
5  
    Of penitence and prayer divine,  
When pilgrim-chiefs, in sad array,  
    Sought Melrose' holy shrine.

With naked foot, and sackcloth vest,  
And arms enfolded on his breast,  
10

    Did every pilgrim go ;  
The standers-by might hear beneath  
Footstep, or voice, or high-drawn breath,

    Through all the lengthened row :  
No lordly look nor martial stride,  
15  
    Gone was their glory, sunk their pride,

    Forgotten their renown ;  
Silent and slow, like ghosts, they glide  
To the high altar's hallowed side,

    And there they knelt them down. 20

Above the suppliant chieftains wave  
The banners of departed brave ;  
Beneath the lettered stones were laid  
The ashes of their fathers dead ;  
From many a garnished niche around  
25  
    Stern saints and tortured martyrs frowned.

And slow up the dim aisle afar,  
With sable cowl and scapular,  
And snow-white stoles, in order due,  
The holy fathers, two and two,  
30

    In long procession came ;  
Taper and host and book they bare,  
And holy banner, flourished fair  
    With the Redeemer's name.

Above the prostrate pilgrim band  
 The mitred abbot stretched his hand,  
     And blessed them as they kneeled ;  
 With holy cross he signed them all,  
 5      And prayed they might be sage in hall  
     And fortunate in field.

Then mass was sung, and prayers were said,  
 And solemn requiem for the dead ;  
     And bells tolled out their mighty peal  
 10     For the departed spirit's weal ;  
     And ever in the office close  
     The hymn of intercession rose ;  
     And far the echoing aisles prolong  
     The awful burden of the song,

15     DIES IRÆ, DIES ILLA,  
     SOLVET SÆCLUM IN FAVILLA,  
 While the pealing organ rung.  
     Were it meet with sacred strain  
     To close my lay, so light and vain,  
 20     Thus the holy fathers sung :

### Hymn for the Dead.

That day of wrath, that dreadful day,  
 When heaven and earth shall pass away,  
 What power shall be the sinner's stay ?  
 How shall he meet that dreadful day ?

25     When, shrivelling like a parched scroll,  
     The flaming heavens together roll,  
     When louder yet, and yet more dread,  
     Swells the high trump that wakes the dead !

30     O, on that day, that wrathful day,  
     When man to judgment wakes from clay,  
     Be Thou the trembling sinner's stay,  
     Though heaven and earth shall pass away !

## EPILOGUE.

HUSHED is the harp—the Minstrel gone,  
And did he wander forth alone?

Alone, in indigence and age,  
To linger out his pilgrimage?

No: close beneath proud Newark's tower

5

Arose the Minstrel's lowly bower,

A simple hut; but there was seen

The little garden hedged with green,  
The cheerful hearth, and lattice clean.

There sheltered wanderers, by the blaze,

10

Oft heard the tale of other days;

For much he loved to ope his door,  
And give the aid he begged before.

So passed the winter's day; but still,

15

When summer smiled on sweet Bowhill,

And July's eve, with balmy breath,

Waved the blue-bells on Newark heath,  
When thrushes sung in Harehead-shaw,

And corn was green on Carterhaugh,

And flourished, broad, Blackandro's oak,

20

The aged harper's soul awoke!

Then would he sing achievements high  
And circumstance of chivalry,

Till the rapt traveller would stay,

Forgetful of the closing day;

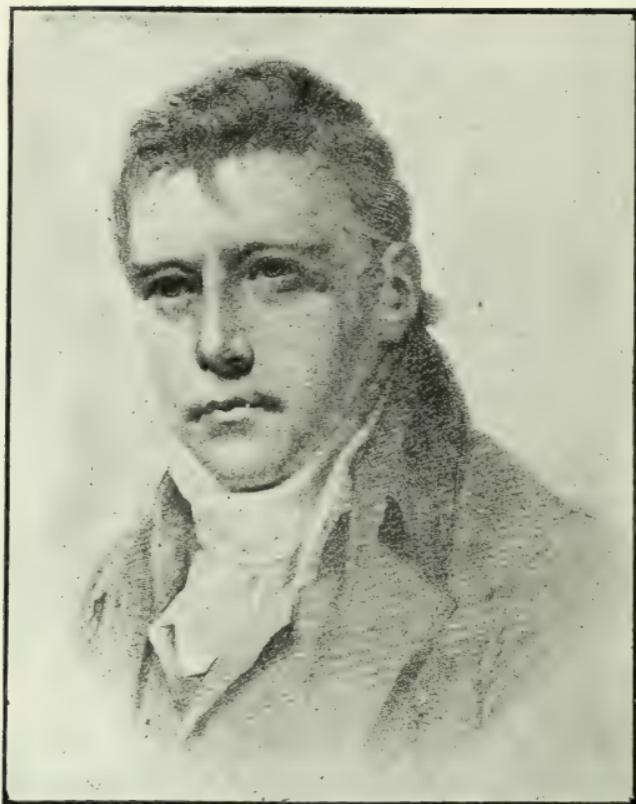
25

And noble youths, the strain to hear,

Forsook the hunting of the deer;

And Yarrow, as he rolled along,

Bore burden to the Minstrel's song.



SIR WALTER SCOTT.



ABBOTSFORD.

## LIFE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

INNUMERABLE memoirs of Sir Walter Scott have been printed, but there is none that can compare with the sixty pages written by himself and dated April 26th, 1808. The fragment gives a clear outline of Scott's life down to the period of his call to the bar in July, 1792, and the footnotes appear to have been added in 1826, only six years before his death, so that we may feel certain Sir Walter deliberately revised the manuscript in his mature years. It gives us accurate information of his childhood, boyhood, youth, and early manhood; and supplies us with the clue to trace out the wonderful results of his great natural endowments, his peculiar training, education, and apprenticeship that led subsequently to his distinguished literary career and world-wide popularity.

Scott remarks that "from the lives of some poets a most important moral lesson may doubtless be derived," but modestly explains that in his own case his "habits of

thinking and acting" and his "rank in society" were fixed long before he had attained to any poetical reputation, and that when acquired it produced no remarkable change in him. "Yet those who shall hereafter read this little memoir," he remarks, "may find in it some hint to be improved, for the regulation of their own minds or the training of those of others." And, in fact, Scott's success as a literary man is a clear example of the eminent utility of general education, special training, and sufficient apprenticeship to enable a man of even unusual ability to make the best of his natural talents.

In half-playful, half-serious mood, Scott glances over his ancestry and mentions that he was connected with ancient Scottish families on both sides of the house. The spirit of caste had in truth a powerful influence over him, more powerful indeed than he himself perhaps ever suspected, but all acknowledge that its graceful aspects appeared in their greatest elegance in the works and character of the great Scottish bard. "My father's grandfather," he writes, "was Walter Scott, well-known in Teviotdale by the surname of Beardie, who was the great grandson of Auld Watt of Harden. I am therefore lineally descended from that ancient chieftain whose name I have made to ring in many a ditty, and from his fair dame, the Flower of Yarrow—no bad genealogy for a Border minstrel. Walter Scott, my father, was born in 1729 and educated to the profession of a Writer to the Signet, and his practice was at one period of his life very extensive. In April, 1758, my father married Anne Rutherford, eldest daughter of Dr. John Rutherford, professor of medicine in the University of Edinburgh, a man distinguished for professional talent, for lively wit, and for literary acquirements."

Turning to his own story he proceeds:—"I was born on the 15th of August, 1771, and showed every sign of health

and strength until I was about eighteen months old, when one morning I was discovered to be affected with the fever which often accompanies the cutting of large teeth. On the fourth day they discovered that I had lost the power of my right leg. My anxious parents during the course of many years eagerly grasped at every prospect of cure which was held out, but in vain." The little boy was, therefore, permanently lame, a fact to be borne carefully in mind in tracing his future development. By the advice of his grandfather, Dr. Rutherford, he was sent to the farmhouse of Sandy-Knowe, the residence of his other grandfather, Robert Scott. And here began that special course of training which was destined to exercise a powerful influence over the rest of the boy's life.

"The local information, which I conceive had some share in forming my future taste and pursuits, I derived from the old songs and tales. My grandmother used to tell me many a tale of Watt of Harden, Wight Willie, Jamie Tellfer, and other heroes, merrymen all of the persuasion and calling of Robin Hood and Little John. I learned from her many a story, grave and gay, comic and warlike. Two or three old books were explored for my amusement in the tedious winter days, and my kind and affectionate aunt, Miss Janet Scott, whose memory will ever be dear to me, used to read to me with admirable patience *Automates* and Ramsay's *Tea-table Miscellany*, and at a later period Josephus' *Wars of the Jews*, until I could repeat long passages by heart. The ballad of *Hardy Knute* I was early master of, to the great annoyance of almost our only visitor, the worthy clergyman of the parish, who was sometimes interrupted by my shouting forth this ditty."

At the age of four he was sent to Bath, where he attended a dame's school and learned to read in about three

months. An occasional lesson from his aunt and a few lessons from teachers in Edinburgh were the only formal instruction he received in childhood. He returned to Sandy-Knowe and remained there till his eighth year, when sea-bathing was tried for the cure of his lameness, but without effect. At the seaside he became the favorite of a veteran, Captain Dalgetty, who poured into his ears tales of military feats in the German wars. In speaking of this period, Scott observes:—"I derived a great deal of curious information from George Constable, who was the first person to tell me about Falstaff, Hotspur, and other characters in Shakespeare. What idea I annexed to them I know not, but I rather suspect that children derive impulses of a powerful and important kind in hearing things they cannot entirely comprehend, and that therefore to write *down* to children's understanding is a mistake; set them on the scent and let them puzzle it out."

The next eighteen years were spent at his father's house in Edinburgh until his marriage at the age of 26. Of the first two years, 1797-9, he tells us:—"My lameness and my solitary habits had made me a tolerable reader, and my hours of leisure were usually spent in reading aloud to my mother Pope's translation of *Homer*, which, excepting a few traditional ballads and two songs in Allan Ramsay's *Evergreen*, was the first poetry I perused. My mother used to make me pause upon those passages which expressed generous and worthy sentiments. My own enthusiasm, however, was chiefly awakened by the wonderful and the terrible. I got by heart, not as a task, but almost without intending it, the passages with which I was most pleased, and used to recite them aloud, both when alone and to others."

About fifty years after Scott's death, Professor J. C. Shairp lectured at Oxford on "The Homeric Spirit in Walter Scott." "The strictest criticism," said he, "must

allow that his poems contain more of the Homeric or epic element than any other poems in the English language. If to a reader who could read no other language than his own I wished to convey an impression of what Homer was like, I should let him read the more heroic parts of Scott's poems, and from these he would gather some insight into the Homeric spirit."

In 1779 Scott was sent to the Edinburgh High School. His previous preparation had been rather neglected on account of his delicate health, and he says:—"I was rather behind the class in which I was placed, both in years and in progress. This was a real disadvantage, and it was probably owing to this circumstance that I did not make any great figure at the High School."

However, he had the assistance of "a tutor at home, a young man of an excellent disposition, and a laborious student. He was a faithful and active instructor," says Scott, "and from him chiefly I learned writing and arithmetic. I also acquired by disputing with him some knowledge of school divinity and church history. I was a Cavalier, my friend was a Roundhead: I was a Tory and he was a Whig; I hated Presbyterians and admired Montrose; he liked the Presbyterian Ulysses, the dark and politic Argyle, so that we never wanted subjects of dispute, but our disputes were always amicable." Altogether Scott spent five years at the High School, of which the last two were under the direct teaching of Dr. Adam, the rector, from whom Scott first learned the value of the knowledge he had hitherto considered a burdensome task. He read Cæsar, Livy, Sallust, Virgil, Horace, and Terence in Latin, "and began to be sensible of the beauties of that language." The rector used to invite his scholars to make poetical versions of Horace and Virgil, and Scott's translations were often approved by Dr. Adam.



SIR WALTER SCOTT.

The delicate, lame boy was as yet undisciplined to do the steady, hard work he was destined to perform in the future, but his training had fairly begun. While he says, "I made a brighter figure in the *yards* than in the *class*," he strongly repudiates the idea that he was ever a blockhead. "I read not long since," he wrote in 1826, "that . . . I had been distinguished as an absolute dunce. . . . I was never a dunce, nor thought to be so, but an incorrigibly idle imp, who was always longing to do something else than what was enjoined him." He was popular among his schoolmates, and used to entertain them with tales from his capacious memory and ready imagination, "in the winter play hours when hard exercise was impossible. I left the High School," he says, "with a great quantity of general information, ill-arranged, indeed, and collected without system, yet deeply impressed upon my mind, readily assorted by my power of connection and memory, and gilded, if I may be permitted to say so, by a vivid and active imagination."

On account of his delicate health his father did not send him directly to college, but allowed him to spend half a year

at Kelso with his kind aunt, Miss Janet Scott, previously mentioned. For about four hours a day he attended the grammar school of the village and read Persius and Tacitus under Mr. Whale, "an excellent classical scholar, a humorist, and a worthy man." He made considerable progress and says, "My time with him, though short, was spent greatly to my advantage and his gratification. I was as grateful as I could be. I acted as usher, heard the inferior classes, and spouted the speech of Galgacus at the public examination." In the meantime he was devouring such books of history, poetry, voyages, fairy tales, eastern stories, romances, etc., as fell in his way, including some odd volumes of Shakespeare; so that his knowledge of English literature was gradually extending. From Dr. Blacklock he learned to appreciate Ossian and Spenser. "The tawdry repetitions of the Ossianic phraseology" soon disgusted him, "but," he writes, "Spenser I could have read for ever. Too young to trouble myself about the allegory, I considered all the knights and ladies and dragons and giants in their outward and exoteric sense, and God only knows how delighted I was to find myself in such society, and the quantity of Spenser's stanzas which I could repeat was really marvellous." About the same time he read a translation of Tasso's great epic, *Jerusalem Delivered*, and first became acquainted with Bishop Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*. The perusal of the latter book marked an epoch in his life, and his poetic career may be dated from the day that he first opened the volumes. "The summer day sped onward so fast that, notwithstanding the sharp appetite of thirteen, I forgot the hour of dinner, was sought for with anxiety, and was still found entranced in my intellectual banquet. The first time, too, I could scrape a few shillings together I bought unto myself a copy of these beloved volumes, nor do I believe I ever read a book half so

frequently or with half the enthusiasm." Richardson, MacKenzie, Fielding, Smollett, and other novelists also engaged his attention during this period.

On his return to Edinburgh he attended the college classes in Latin, Greek, Ethics, Moral Philosophy, History, Civil and Municipal law, and also studied Mathematics under a tutor. In regard to his college course Scott has this to say:—"If my learning be flimsy and inaccurate, the reader must have some compassion even for an idle workman who had so narrow a foundation to build upon. If, however, it should ever fall to the lot of youth to peruse these pages, let such reader remember that it is with the deepest regret that I recollect in my manhood the opportunities of learning which I neglected in my youth; that through every part of my literary career I have felt pinched and hampered by my own ignorance; and that I would at this moment give half the reputation I have had the good fortune to acquire, if by so doing I could rest the remaining part upon a sound foundation of learning and science." The frankness and modesty of this passage are thoroughly characteristic of the man, for he never became intoxicated by success and always disclaimed any extraordinary talent and acquirements. His college career was interrupted by another fit of illness, during which he again lived at Kelso and read "what and how" he pleased, and made the acquaintance of "Buchanan's *History*, that of Matthew of Paris, and other monkish chronicles" in Latin.

Next he was apprenticed for five years in his father's office, where he disliked the drudgery and confinement, but appreciated the "allowance for copy-money" and the power of choosing his own books and reading them in his own way. "All that was adventurous and romantic," he tells us, "I devoured without much discrimination. Every-

thing which touched on knight-errantry was particularly acceptable to me, and I soon attempted to imitate what I so greatly admired. My greatest intimate was Mr. John Irving, and we were wont, each of us, to compose a romance for the other's amusement. Whole holidays were spent in this singular pastime, which continued for two or three years and had, I believe, no small effect in directing my imagination to the chivalrous and romantic in prose and poetry." This tendency was strengthened by the reading of translations of Tasso and Ariosto. He soon acquired a working knowledge of Italian, and read "Dante, Boiardo, Pulci, and other eminent Italian authors." He also renewed and extended his knowledge of French literature, and learned to read some of the Spanish classics.

About the second year of his apprenticeship his health was again interrupted, this time by the breaking of a blood-vessel. After close confinement, severe regimen, and one or two relapses, he recovered perfectly from the injury. "With this illness," he says, "I bade farewell both to disease and medicine, for since that time I have enjoyed a state of the most robust health, and my lameness did not prevent me from taking much exercise on horseback and making long journeys on foot, in the course of which I often walked from twenty to thirty miles a day. These excursions on foot or horseback formed by far my most favorite amusement. My principal object in these excursions was the pleasure of seeing romantic scenery, or the places which had been distinguished by remarkable historical events."

About 1788, in his seventeenth year, he joined one of "those associations called *literary societies*, formed not only for the purpose of debate, but of composition. Our hearts were warm," he writes, "our minds honorably bent on knowledge and literary distinction, and in this society

I was naturally led to correct my former useless course of reading and to acquire at least such a portion of knowledge as might enable me to maintain my rank in conversation."

His apprenticeship ended, and about the same time he began, in compliance with his father's wishes, to prepare for the profession of the bar. Accordingly we find his studies directed with great ardor and perseverance towards that object during the years that followed till he received the Advocate's gown, July 11th, 1792.

The autumn of that year was noteworthy for the beginning of the famous "Liddesdale Raids," as Scott's seven yearly expeditions into that then almost inaccessible district were called. Under the guidance of his friend, Mr. Shortreed, Scott explored every nook of the country, living with shepherd and minister, and gathering the material of literature and life afterwards to be incorporated into his *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* and his greater novels.

Scott's interest in the law continued for fourteen years; his practice was never very extensive, but it was carefully maintained, for literature, he said, was to be his staff and not his crutch. His marriage to Miss Charlotte Carpenter, December 24th, 1797, made his devotion to the so-called practical life still more necessary. Out of terms he spent his time in Lasswade Cottage, on the Esk, within six miles of Edinburgh, and amidst beautiful scenes and a happy domestic life took up the interests that led to his career of letters, and, later on, to the abandonment of the law. At the close of 1799 he received the appointment of Sheriff of Selkirkshire through the influence of the head of his house, the Duke of Buccleuch, and could feel the independence that a settled income affords. At that time he had already made his first beginnings as a poet.

In 1788 Henry Mackenzie lectured on German literature



SAINT MARY'S AISLE, DRYBURGH ABBEY, IN WHICH IS SCOTT'S TOMB.

at Edinburgh, and introduced a new stream of intellectual interest into the life of the northern Athens. Scott was one of the leaders in this new study, and, becoming interested in Bürger's ballad of *Lenore*, wrote a version one night of April, 1796. This he followed with a translation of Bürger's *Wild Huntsman*, and the two ballads were printed in Edinburgh in October, 1796.

Lewis prevailed upon Scott in 1796 to contribute to his *Tales of Wonder*, and to publish a version of Goethe's early drama, *Goetz von Berlichingen*, the theme of which especially appealed to Scott's sympathy. From translation to imitation is but a step, and we may begin Scott's original verse with *Glenfinlas*, a ballad the scenery of which he drew from the district afterwards made famous in *The Lady of the Lake*. A second ballad, *The Eve of*

*St. John*, is truer in poetic touch. Then *Cadyow Castle*, by virtue of its rapidity of movement and delight in marshalling in arms, begins the Scott that we now know. A literary undertaking of a more important character was the publication in 1802 of *The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, for which Scott's tastes and occupations since boyhood had peculiarly fitted him. *The Minstrelsy* was a distinguished success, and had in it "the elements of a hundred historical romances," from which, in many directions, his works were to flow for many years to come.

Fortune co-operated in Scott's favor at this time to give him not only a new theme of poetry, but a fit measure for its expression. Lady Dalkeith had no sooner enjoined on him the task of making a ballad on the local legend of Gilpin Horner than he gained a notion of the fine metrical experiment of Coleridge in his *Christabel*. The poem rapidly outgrew its ballad origin, so that when at last it appeared, in 1805, it was as a metrical romance in six cantos, sung by the sole surviving singer of an older day—*The Lay of the Last Minstrel*.

The great success of *The Lay* was not unwarranted by its merit, and it was followed in 1808 by *Marmion*; *The Lady of the Lake*, in 1810; *Don Roderick*, in 1811; *Rokeby*, his last important poetical work, in 1813, and *The Bridal of Triermain*, which belongs to the same year. *The Lord of the Isles* was published in 1815, and *Harold the Dauntless* in 1817, which completes the well-known series of Scott's poems.

Meanwhile Byron, with a fascinating personality and fresh themes of verse, had captured the public ear, and in 1822, in the full tide of other successes, Scott bade farewell to his muse.

Even better known than his poetry, possessing much higher power in the delineation of manners, in the creation

of character, in Shakesperian pictures of humor and sympathy, and in wide and living learning, are the series of twenty-nine novels begun by *Waverley*, 1814. In that year "Scott struck out a new path in which neither Byron nor any other living man could keep pace with him." The famous *Waverley Novels* appeared at the rate of one and sometimes even three each year down to 1826. Their immediate success was enormous, and Scott's profits were soon sufficient to enable him to realize his ambition of founding a family estate. He acquired farm after farm and built Abbotsford. But his proud and romantic dream was rudely dispelled by the great financial crisis of 1825, which caused the failure of Constable's publishing house. The firm of Ballantyne and Company was involved with them and dragged down to ruin. In the latter company Scott had been a silent partner since 1809, and now he found himself, in January, 1826, responsible for £117,000. "Had he chosen to act in the manner commonly adopted by commercial insolvents, the matter would have been settled in a very short time. However, he regarded the embarrassment of his commercial firm with the feelings, not of a merchant, but of a gentleman. He thought that by devoting the rest of his life to the service of his creditors he could, in the upshot, pay the last farthing he owed them."

With unrivalled power, industry, and unflinching resolution Scott fought the long battle against insolvency. "He paid the penalty of health and life, but he saved his honor and his self-respect." On April 3rd, 1826, Sir Walter writes in his diary: "I have the extraordinary and gratifying news that *Woodstock* is sold for £8,228; all ready money—a matchless sale for less than three months' work." In this dark year of trouble Lady Scott died on May 14th. Five years later Sir Walter had reduced his

liabilities one-half; but the toil was killing him. The nine volumes of his *Life of Napoleon* were out in 1827, and essays, reviews, histories, letters, tales were issued at his highest speed. In the midst of his toil, February 15th, 1830, he fell speechless in a stroke of paralysis. Fits of apoplexy and paralysis occurred for many months, and on September 21st, 1832, the end came. He breathed his last at Abbotsford in sight of the beloved Tweed, with his four sons and two daughters beside him. Thus fell the night on an unfinished but heroic labor. However, it is satisfactory to know that in 1847 the last farthing of the debt was paid to his creditors. His body was laid beside the dust of his wife in Dryburgh Abbey, whose gray walls are visible from the crags of Sandy-Knowe.



## GREAT EVENTS OF SCOTT'S LIFE.

## AGE.

Born at Edinburgh, August 15 . . . . .	1771
8 Entered Edinburgh High School, October . . . . .	1779
12 Entered Edinburgh University, November . . . . .	1783
15 Apprenticed to his father, May . . . . .	1786
21 Called to the Bar, July . . . . .	1792
First Expedition into Liddesdale; studies German —	
25 Publication of Ballads translated from Bürger, October . . . . .	1796
26 Married Miss Margaret Charlotte Carpenter, December 24 . . . . .	1797
28 Published translation of <i>Goetz of the Iron Hand</i> (Goethe), February . . . . .	1799
First original ballads, <i>Glenfinlas</i> , <i>Eve of St. John</i> , etc. —	
Appointed Sheriff of Selkirk, December . . . . .	—
31 <i>The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border</i> published, January	1802
34 <i>The Lay of the Last Minstrel</i> published, January . . . . .	1805
38 Became silent partner with John Ballantyne & Co. . . . .	1809
41 Removed to Abbotsford, May . . . . .	1812
43 <i>Waverley</i> , the first of the famous novels, published, July . . . . .	1814
Commercial panic; financial crisis . . . . .	1825
55 Constable and the Ballantynes insolvent, January and February . . . . .	1826
Death of Lady Scott, May 14 . . . . .	—
Reprint of his works, with explanatory introductions and notes historical and antiquarian . . . . .	1830
First stroke of paralysis, February 15 . . . . .	—
Residence in Malta and Italy, autumn . . . . .	1831
61 Died at Abbotsford, September 21 . . . . .	1832

## LIST OF SCOTT'S CHIEF WORKS.

The Lay of the Last Minstrel	.	.	.	.	.	1805
Marmion	.	.	.	.	.	1808
Life and Works of Dryden	.	.	.	.	.	—
The Lady of the Lake.	.	.	.	.	.	1810
Vision of Don Roderick	.	.	.	.	.	1811
Rokeyby	.	.	.	.	.	1812
Life and Works of Swift	.	.	.	.	.	1814
Waverley.	.	.	.	.	.	—
The Lord of the Isles	.	.	.	.	.	1815
Guy Mannering	.	.	.	.	.	—
The Antiquary	.	.	.	.	.	1816
The Black Dwarf	.	.	.	.	.	—
Old Mortality	.	.	.	.	.	—
Rob Roy	.	.	.	.	.	1817
The Heart of Mid-Lothian	.	.	.	.	.	1818
Bride of Lammermoor	.	.	.	.	.	1819
Legend of Montrose	.	.	.	.	.	—
Ivanhoe	.	.	.	.	.	—
The Monastery	.	.	.	.	.	1820
The Abbot	.	.	.	.	.	—
Lives of the Novelists	.	.	.	.	.	—
Kenilworth	.	.	.	.	.	1821
Fortunes of Nigel	.	.	.	.	.	1822
Peveril of the Peak	.	.	.	.	.	1823
Quentin Durward	.	.	.	.	.	—
Redgauntlet	.	.	.	.	.	1824
The Talisman	.	.	.	.	.	1825
Letters of Malachi Malagrowther	.	.	.	.	.	1826
Woodstock	.	.	.	.	.	—
Life of Napoleon	.	.	.	.	.	1827
Tales of a Grandfather—First Series	.	.	.	.	.	—
The Fair Maid of Perth	.	.	.	.	.	1828
Tales of a Grandfather—Second Series	.	.	.	.	.	—
Tales of a Grandfather—Third Series	.	.	.	.	.	1829
Count Robert of Paris	.	.	.	.	.	1831
Castle Dangerous	.	.	.	.	.	—

## CONTEMPORARY AUTHORS AND EVENTS.

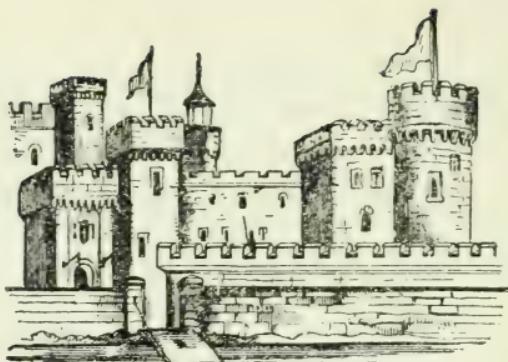
CONTEMPORARY AUTHORS.	WORKS.	EVENTS.
JOHN WESLEY. 1703-1791.	Hymns and Sermons, Journal.	Queen Anne, 1702. Battle of Blen- heim, 1704. Gibraltartaken, 1704.
SAMUEL JOHNSON. 1709-1784.	Wrote for the Rambler, Idler; and A Life of Savage, Dictionary of the English Language. London, Rasselas, Jour- ney to the Hebrides, Lives of the Poets.	Union of Eng- land and Scot- land, 1707.
DAVID HUME. 1711-1776.	A Treatise of Human Na- ture, Moral and Philo- sophical Essays, Politi- cal Discourses, History of England.	
THOMAS GRAY. 1716-1771.	The Elegy, The Progress of Poesy, The Bard, Ode to Spring, Ode to Adversity, Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton.	George I., 1714. Rebellion in Scotland, 1715.
HORACE WALPOLE. 1717-1797.	Letters and Memoirs, The Castle of Otranto.	
TOBIAS SMOLLETT. 1721-1771.	Roderick Random, Pere- grine Pickle, Humph- rey Clinker. History of England, Edited Criti- cal Review.	South-Sea Bub- ble bursts, 1720.
WILLIAM BLACKSTONE. 1723-1780.	Commentaries on the Laws of England.	
ADAM SMITH. 1723-1790.	The Wealth of Nations, The Theory of Moral Sentiments.	

CONTEMPORARY AUTHORS.	WORKS.	EVENTS.
OLIVER GOLDSMITH. 1728-1774.	The Traveller, The Deserted Village, Retaliation, The Vicar of Wakefield, The Good-Natured Man, She Stoops to Conquer, Animated Nature, Histories of England, Rome, Greece, Citizen of the World.	George II., 1727.
THOMAS PERCY. 1728-1811.	Reliques of English Poetry.	
THOMAS WARTON. 1728-1790.	The Pleasures of Melancholy, History of English Poetry.	
EDMUND BURKE. 1730-1797.	The Vindication of Natural Society, Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful, Reflection on the Revolution in France, Letters on a Regicide, Peace.	
WILLIAM COWPER. 1731-1800.	Truth, Table-talk, Expostulation, Error, Hope, Charity, John Gilpin, The Task, translation of Homer, Letters.	
ERASMUS DARWIN. 1732-1802.	The Botanic Garden.	
EDWARD GIBBON. 1737-1794.	The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.	
JAMES MACPHERSON. 1738-1796.	Fingal and Temora.	

CONTEMPORARY AUTHORS.	WORKS.	EVENTS.
SIR PHILIP FRANCIS (JUNIUS). 1740-1818.	Letters of Junius.	
JAMES BOSWELL. 1740-1795.	Life of Johnson.	
WILLIAM PALEY. 1743-1805.	Elements of Moral and Political Philosophy, Horæ Paulinae, Evi- dences of Christianity, Natural Theology.	Rebellion in Scotland, 1745.
JEREMY BENTHAM. 1747-1832.	Fragment on Govern- ment, and numerous writings on Law and Politics.	
RICHARD B. SHERIDAN. 1751-1817.	The Rivals, The School for Scandal, The Duenna, The Critic.	Clive in India, 1750-60.
DUGALD STEWART. 1753-1828.	Philosophy of the Human Mind, Moral Phil- osophy.	Earthquake at Lisbon, 1755.
GEORGE CRABBE. 1754-1832.	The Library, The Vil- lage, The Parish Regis- ter, The Borough, The Tales of the Hall.	Black Hole at Calcutta, 1756.
ROBERT BURNS. 1759-1796.	Tam O'Shanter, To a Daisy, to a Mouse, The Cotter's Saturday Night, The Jolly Beg- gars.	
ROBERT HALL. 1764-1831.	Sermons.	
ADAM CLARKE. 1760-1832.	Commentaries on the Bible.	George III., 1760.

CONTEMPORARY AUTHORS.	WORKS.	EVENTS.
ROBERT BLOOMFIELD. 1766-1823.	The Farmer's Boy, Rural Tales, May-day with the Muses.	
MARIA EDGEWORTH. 1767-1848.	Castle Rackrent, Popular Tales, Leonora, Tales of Fashionable Life, Patronage.	
AMELIA OPIE. 1769-1853.	Father and Daughter, Tales of the Heart, Temper.	Napoleon and Wellington born, 1769.
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH. 1770-1850.	An Evening Walk, De- scriptive Sketches, The Excursion, The White Doe of Rylstone, Son- nets, Laodamia, etc.	
JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1771-1854.	Greenland, The Pelican Island, The Wanderer in Switzerland, Prison Amusements, The World before the Flood.	<b>SIR WALTER SCOTT, born 1771.</b>
JOHN LINGARD. 1771-1851.	History of England.	Warren Hastings in India, 1772-85.
SAMUEL T. COLERIDGE. 1772-1834.	Ode to the Departing Year, The Rime of the Ancient Marinere, Christabel, Genevieve. Lectures on Shake- speare, Biographia Lit- eraria.	American De- claration of Independence 1776.
ROBERT SOUTHEY. 1774-1843.	Wat Tyler, Thalaba, The Curse of Kehama, Rod- erick, Vision of Judg- ment, Lives of Wesley, Cowper, etc.	Alliance of France and America, 1778.
THOMAS MOORE. 1779-1852.	Irish Melodies, Lalla Rookh, The Fudge Family in Paris, The Epicurean.	French Revolu- tion begun in 1789.
		Bastille over- thrown, 1789.
		Cape of Good Hope taken, 1795.
		Bonaparte in Italy, 1796.

CONTEMPORARY AUTHORS.	WORKS.	EVENTS.
THOMAS DE QUINCEY. 1785-1859.	Confessions of an English Opium-Eater.	Battle of the Nile, 1798.
LORD BYRON (GEORGE GORDON). 1788-1824.	Hours of Idleness, Eng- lish Bards and Scotch Reviewers, Childe Har- old's Pilgrimage, He- brew Melodies.	Union of Great Britain and Ireland, 1801.
PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY. 1792-1822.	Queen Mab, Prometheus Unbound, Ode to the Skylark, The Cloud, Adonaïs.	Trafalgar and Nelson, 1805.
JOHN KEATS. 1795-1821.	Poems, Endymion, Hy- perion.	Peninsular War, 1808-14.
THOMAS CARLYLE. 1795-1881.	German Romances, Sar- tor Resartus, The French Revolution, Heroes and Hero-Wor- ship, Past and Present, Cromwell's Letters and Speeches, Life of Fred- erick the Great.	Napoleon's In- vasion of Russia; Mos- cow burnt, 1812.
LORD MACAULAY (THOMAS BABINGTON). 1800-1859.	Milton, Lays of Ancient Rome, History of Eng- land.	War with Unit- ed States, 1812-14.
LORD LYTTON (EDWARD BULWER). 1803-1873.	Ismael and other Poems, Eugene Aram, Last Days of Pompeii, The Caxtons, My Novel, Poems.	Battle of Water- loo, 1815.
LORD TENNYSON (ALFRED TENNYSON). 1809-1892.	Poems, In Memoriam, Maud, Idylls of the King, Queen Mary, Becket.	George IV. as- cends the throne, 1820.
		Greek War of Freedom, 1822-29.
		Byron in Greece, 1823- 24.
		Catholic Eman- cipation, 1829.
		William IV. as- cends the throne, 1830.
		The Reform Bill, 1832.



AN ANCIENT CASTLE.

## NOTES.

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*The Lay of the Last Minstrel* was issued in January, 1805, and opened with the short preface here quoted:—

### SCOTT'S PREFACE.

“The poem now offered to the public is intended to illustrate the customs and manners which anciently prevailed on the Borders of England and Scotland. The inhabitants, living in a state partly pastoral and partly warlike, and combining habits of constant depredation with the influence of a rude spirit of chivalry, were often engaged in scenes highly susceptible of poetical ornament. As the description of scenery and manners was more the object of the Author than a combined and regular narrative, the plan of the Ancient Metrical Romance was adopted, which allows greater latitude in this respect than would be consistent with the dignity of a regular Poem. The same model offered other facilities, as it permits an occasional alteration of measure which in some degree authorizes the change of rhythm in the text. The machinery also, adopted from popular belief, would have seemed puerile in a Poem which did not partake of the rudeness of the old Ballad or Metrical Romance.

"For these reasons the poem was put in the mouth of an ancient Minstrel, the last of the race, who, as he is supposed to have survived the Revolution, might have caught somewhat of the refinement of modern poetry without losing the simplicity of his original model. The date of the Tale itself is about the middle of the sixteenth century, when most of the personages actually flourished. The time occupied by the action is Three Nights and Three Days."

#### TIME-ANALYSIS.

The introduction or prelude makes us acquainted with the aged minstrel from whose lips we are to receive the narrative. The poem opens with a sketch of the interior of Branksome Castle on the afternoon of **the first day**. The colloquy between the Spirit of the Flood and the Spirit of the Fell, together with the ride of William Deloraine to Melrose Abbey, occupy the evening and night of the first day. At dawn on the morning of **the second day** Deloraine leaves Melrose Abbey with the mystic book taken from Michael Scott's tomb pressed to his bosom, and begins his return journey. On the way he meets Lord Henry Cranstoun, fights with him, is wounded and carried to Branksome by Lord Henry's dwarf. The mischievous dwarf leads the boy, young Buccleuch, into the woods, where the English make him prisoner. The dwarf returns to the castle and Lady Buccleuch attends to Deloraine, using magic to heal his hurt. In the evening the signal fires in the south give warning that the English are coming on a foray, and preparations are made to meet them with sufficient force.

On **the third day** Watt Tinlinn comes at daybreak from the Liddel-side to Branksome with tidings of the English raid. Three hours later "three thousand armed Englishmen" arrive at the castle. Shortly a single combat is arranged for between the Scotch Deloraine and the English Musgrave, to take place next morning "at the fourth hour from the peep of dawn"; the "prize of the field the young Buccleuch." The rest of the day was spent "without a threat, without a frown," in social intercourse between the two armies.

**The fourth day** opens with the combat. Cranstoun, disguised as Deloraine, fights the duel for him against the English Musgrave, and the latter is slain. Cranstoun reveals himself, and the Lady of Buccleuch, delighted to receive back her

captive boy, withdraws her objections to Lord Henry's match with her daughter Margaret, famed for her beauty. "The spousal rites were ended soon," and the rest of the day passes in feast and song. In the afternoon, "long before the sinking day," "a wondrous shade involved them all. . . . A flash of lightning came" and "the elfish dwarf was seen no more." Thus end the "Three Nights and Three Days."

#### LORD JEFFREY'S ANALYSIS OF THE LAY.

Sir Walter Scott of Buccleuch, the Lord of Branksome, was slain in a skirmish with the Carrs about the middle of the sixteenth century. He left a daughter of matchless beauty, an infant son, and a high-minded widow, who, though a very virtuous and devout person, was privately addicted to the study of magic, in which she had been initiated by her father. Lord Cranstoun, their neighbor, was at feud with the whole clan of Scott, but had fallen desperately in love with the daughter, who returned his passion with equal sincerity and ardor, though withheld by her duty to her mother from uniting her destiny with his.

**Canto I.**—The poem opens with a description of the warlike establishment of Branksome Hall, and the first incident that occurs is a dialogue between the Spirits of the adjoining mountain and river, who, after consulting the stars, declare that no good fortune can ever bless the mansion "till pride be quelled and love be free." The lady, whose forbidden studies had taught her to understand the language of such speakers, overhears their conversation, and vows, if possible, to retain her purpose in spite of it. She calls a gallant knight of her train therefore, and directs him to ride immediately to the Abbey of Melrose, and there to ask from the Monk of St. Mary's Aisle the mighty book that was hid in the tomb of the Wizard, Michael Scott. The remainder of the first canto is occupied with the night journey of the warrior.

**Canto II.**—When he delivers his message the monk appears filled with consternation and terror, but leads him at last through many galleries and chapels to the spot where the wizard was interred, and, after some account of his life and character, the warrior heaves up the tombstone, and is dazzled

by the streaming splendor of an ever-burning lamp, which illuminates the sepulchre of the enchanter. With trembling hand he takes the book from the side of the deceased, and hurries home with it in his bosom. In the meantime Lord Cranstoun and the lovely Margaret have met at dawn in the woods adjacent to the castle, and are repeating their vows of true love, when they are startled by the approach of a horseman. The lady retreats and the lover rides away.

**Canto III.**—Advancing, he finds it to be the messenger from Branksome, with whom, as an hereditary enemy, he thinks it necessary to enter immediately into combat. The poor knight, fatigued with his nocturnal adventures, is dismounted at the first shock, and falls desperately wounded to the ground, while Lord Cranstoun, relenting to the kinsman of his beloved, directs his page to attend him to the castle, and gallops home before any alarm can be given. Lord Cranstoun's page is something unearthly. It is a little missh pen dwarf whom he found one day when he was hunting in a solitary glen, and took home with him. It never speaks, except now and then to cry "Lost! lost! lost!" and is, on the whole, a hateful, malicious little urchin, with no one good quality but his unaccountable attachment and fidelity to his master. This personage, on approaching the wounded Borderer, discovers the mighty book in his bosom, which he finds some difficulty in opening, and has hardly had time to read a single spell in it when he is struck down by an invisible hand, and the clasps of the magic volume shut suddenly more closely than ever. This one spell, however, enables him to practise every kind of illusion. He lays the wounded knight on his horse and leads him into the castle, while the warders see nothing but a wain of hay. He throws him down unperceived at the door of the lady's chamber, and turns to make good his retreat. In passing through the court, however, he sees the young heir of Buccleuch at play, and, assuming the form of one of his companions, tempts him to go out with him to the woods, where, as soon as they pass a rivulet, he assumes his own shape and bounds away. The bewildered child is met by two English archers, who make prize of him and carry him off, while the goblin page returns to the castle, where he personates the young baron to the great annoyance of the whole inhabitants. The lady finds the wounded

knight, and eagerly employs charms for his recovery, that she may learn the story of the disaster. The lovely Margaret in the meantime is sitting in her turret gazing on the western star and musing on the scenes of the morning, when she discovers the blazing beacons that announce the approach of an English enemy. The alarm is immediately given, and bustling preparations made throughout the mansion for defence.

**Canto IV.**—The English force, under the command of the Lords Howard and Dacre, speedily appears before the castle, leading with them the young Buccleuch, and propose that the lady should either give up Sir William of Deloraine (who had been her messenger to Melrose), as having incurred the guilt of March treason, or receive an English garrison within her walls. She answers, with much spirit, that her kinsman will clear himself of the imputation of treason by single combat, and that no foe shall ever get admittance into her fortress. The English lords being secretly apprised of the approach of powerful succors to the besieged, agree to the proposal of the combat, and stipulate that the boy shall be restored to liberty or detained in bondage according to the issue of the battle. The lists are appointed for the ensuing day, and a truce being proclaimed in the meantime, the opposing bands mingle in hospitality and friendship.

**Canto V.**—Deloraine being wounded was expected to appear by champion, and some contention arises for the honor of that substitution. This, however, is speedily terminated by a person in the armor of the warrior himself, who encounters the English champion, slays him, and leads the captive young chieftain to the embraces of his mother. At this moment Deloraine himself appears, half clothed and unarmed, to claim the combat which has terminated in his absence; and all flock around the stranger who has personated him so successfully. He unclasps his helmet, and behold! Lord Cranstoun of Teviotdale! The lady, overcome with gratitude, and the remembrance of the Spirit's prophecy, consents to forego the feud, and to give the fair hand of Margaret to the enamoured baron.

**Canto VI.**—The rites of betrothment are then celebrated with great magnificence, and a splendid entertainment given

to all the English and Scottish chieftains whom the alarm had assembled at Branksome. Lord Cranstoun's page plays several unlucky tricks during the festival, and breeds some dissension among the warriors. To soothe their ireful mood the minstrels are introduced, who recite three ballad pieces of considerable merit. Just as their songs are ended a supernatural darkness spreads itself through the hall; a tremendous flash of lightning and peal of thunder ensue, which break just on the spot where the goblin page had been seated, who is heard to say "Found! found! found!" and is no more to be seen when the darkness clears away. The whole party is chilled with terror at this extraordinary incident, and Deloraine protests that he distinctly saw the figure of the ancient wizard, Michael Scott, in the middle of the lightning. The lady renounces for ever the unhallowed study of magic; and all the chieftains, struck with awe and consternation, vow to make a pilgrimage to Melrose to implore rest and forgiveness for the spirit of the departed sorcerer. With the description of this ceremony the Minstrel closed his lay.

—*Edinburgh Review*, Feb., 1805.

#### ANNOTATIONS.

The final edition of Scott's works was carefully revised by his own hand, and a large number of explanatory notes were added. Those relating to *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* are here given pretty fully, so that the student may receive the author's elucidations at first hand.

#### PRELUDE.

The metre of this introduction or prelude is *iambic*, with four accents in each line. The octosyllabic couplet, with occasional slight variations, is the verse employed throughout *The Lay*. Occasionally the rhymes are doubtful, some are altogether bad. Thus page 10, lines 5, 6, *gone* is made to rhyme with *throne*; page 12, 3 and 4, *Groil* and *rode*. Nevertheless, the vigorous beat of Scott's lines and the energetic flow of the verse compensate most readers for the occasional imperfections in the rhymes and the absence of finer musical qualities, such as abound in the poetry of Byron and Tennyson.

The beginning of the poem is characteristic. We find no long-drawn preamble; the poet plunges at once into the subject,

and maintains the rapidity and swing of the initial lines with wonderful variety and power throughout most of the poem.

Note the extreme case chosen to excite interest in the Minstrel. At the end of Canto III. and the beginning of Canto IV. further pathetic details are added to create sympathy for the bard. Compare, "There was a dead man carried forth, the only son of his mother, and she was a widow."

**Page 9, 2.—The Minstrel.** Bishop Percy in his *Reliques of English Poetry*, 1765, maintained that the position of a minstrel in ancient times was an honorable one, that he was not only a singer but also a poet, composing the songs that he sang to the accompaniment of his harp, and that it was only in later times that he was classed with "rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars." On the other hand Ritson maintained that the minstrels were merely strolling musicians and were never held in high esteem and honor. In the introduction to the *Border Minstrelsy* Scott gives his own thoughts on the subject, and agrees with Percy's account rather than with Ritson's. He takes a middle view, believing that there were minstrels of different degrees, and accordingly he describes his minstrel as having once "known a better day," though now compelled to beg and "please a peasant's ear." Compare *minstrel*, *bard*, *gleeman*, *scald*, *poet*, *minnesinger*, and *troubadour*.

**8.—Border Chivalry.** Scott's preface says the poem "is intended to illustrate the customs and manners which anciently prevailed on the Borders of England and Scotland"; but he has really given a conventional poetic picture in which the influence of the artificial school of Pope may still be traced.

**9.—Well-a-day.** A corruption of welaway, from A.S. *wa!* *la!* *wa!*—*woe!* *lo!* *woe!*—an expression of sorrow and regret; **date** here means time, age; properly an epoch or point of time. "Poetry delights in old forms and meanings."

**13.—palfrey.** A hybrid word, meaning a riding horse.

**14.—carolled.** Carol meant originally a dance, then a song, especially one expressive of joy. The derivation is uncertain. Skeat says it is "clearly Celtic," while Murray says that a "Celtic origin is clearly out of the question."

Welsh *Carol*, Armoric *Koroll*, O. Fr. *Carole*. The alliteration of these lines becomes more apparent if we suppress the vowels and look at the consonants alone: line 13, n, m, r, n, p, n, ng, p, l, f, r, b, r, n, where we find ten *liquid* sounds besides the *labial* combination p, p; f, b; line 14, h, k, r, ll, d, l(gh), t, z, l, r, k, t, m, r, n, in which we find the *gutturals* h, k, k, eight *liquid* sounds, and the *dental* combination d, t, z, t. If we study the succession of vowels we find a recurrence of similar sounds. In page 10, ll. 1 and 2, we find the guttural alliterations *courted*, *caressed*, *high*, *hall*, *guest*. In an imitation of the harp music of the minstrel this *complex alliteration* is appropriate and effective.

**Page 10, 2.—High-placed in hall.** Accorded an honorable position in the public room of the castle. The private room or boudoir was the “bower.”

**3.—Unpremeditated.** Very often the minstrel would entertain the company with a poetical account of the day's proceedings, sports, hunting, etc., improvised for the occasion. When William I. left Normandy to invade England, he took with him Taillifer, the bard, to sing a chanson of the conquest.

**6.—Stranger.** William III. The word gives a hint of the strong Jacobite feeling that suits the character of the minstrel. The line also fixes the age to which the minstrel belongs. On page 12 we find he had played before Charles I. (in 1633 or 1641), and the time of this recitation must be about 1690.

**7.—The Iron Time.** The time of the Puritan Commonwealth. Probably there is an allusion here to the famous Ordinance of 1656, which enacted that if any “person or persons commonly called Fidlers or Minstrels shall at any time be taken playing, fidling, or making music in any Inn, Ale-house or Tavern or shall be taken proffering themselves, or desiring or intreating any . . . . to hear them play or make music in any of the places aforesaid, every such person or persons, so taken shall be adjudged, and are hereby adjudged and declared to be rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars.” The bard has lived through the reigns of Charles I., Charles II., and James II., and now sees his old enemies again supreme in power.

**13.—Newark's stately tower.** A massive square tower built by James II., and now in ruins. It is about three miles

from Selkirk on the right bank of the Yarrow, a rapid torrent which joins the Ettrick about a mile below the castle. It came into the hands of the Buccleuch family after the battle of Flodden, and was just outside the grounds of Bowhill, the residence of Lady Dalkeith, who suggested to Scott the subject of *The Lay*. The poem is dedicated to the Earl of Dalkeith, afterwards Duke of Buccleuch, and it is in compliment to the family that Newark is selected as the place where the aged minstrel delivers his recitation.

**Page 11, 2.** — **embattled.** Provided with battlements, notched parapets separated by openings.

3.—**massy.** Poetic diction for massive. Compare *bossy*.

Poetic inversion. Compare ll. 2, 9, 15, etc.

**iron door.** The epithet describes the heavily ironed door, but also suggests the hard-hearted owner who would sternly close the door against the appeal of those in want.

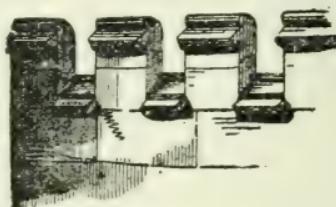
7.—**The Duchess.** Anne, the first Duchess of Buccleuch and of Monmouth; widow of James, Duke of Monmouth, who was defeated at Sedgemoor and executed in 1685. There is a tradition that she was born at Newark Castle.

9.—**page.** A lad or youth who waits on persons of rank; menials, household servants, domestics.

**Page 12, 2.—Earl Francis.** Was Earl of Buccleuch and father of the Duchess Anne. His name was Francis Scott, and Professor Minto remarks: “Scott, as the modern poet laureate of the Scott kindred, kept everything as it were within the leading family.”

3.—**Earl Walter.** A celebrated warrior, father of the above Earl, grandfather of the Duchess.

6.—**Buccleuch.** Is literally Buck-cleuch, glen or ravine. Tradition states that John Scott, the founder of the family, gained the favor of King Kenneth MacAlpin by an exhibition of strength. He seized by the horns a huge buck that stood at bay in a glen, threw him over his shoulder and with his burden



ran about a mile up a steep hill and laid the buck at the sovereign's feet. But very likely in this, as in many other instances, the name suggested the invention of the legend.

7.—If the noble Duchess would care to listen, etc.

10.—**Sooth.** Truth, A.S. Soth; infinitive absolute.

13.—**boon.** Originally a prayer, petition, or request. In the phrase “a boon companion” we have an entirely different word. See dict.

15.—**room of state.** Hall or reception room.

17.—“Perchance Scott more than once, after undertaking to write a ballad about Gilpin Horner at the request of the Countess, repented in like manner of his rashness.”—MINTO.

20.—**security to please.** Confidence that he can please. The bard had a doubt and did not feel sure of pleasing his auditors. Some critics discover this hesitancy or faltering of the minstrel throughout the poem.

22.—**wildering.** Bewildering, perplexing, confusing, puzzling.

25.—**heart.** Courage to go on.

26.—**according glee.** A joyous strain, *blending harmoniously* with the rest of the music.

28.—**full fain.** He would *very gladly* recall it if he could.

30.—**thought to sing.** He never had expected to sing the old music again.

31.—**churls.** Villagers, peasants.

33.—Charles I. was crowned at Holyrood, June, 1633, and visited Edinburgh again in 1641 for the purpose of establishing the episcopal form of worship. It is imaginable that he found leisure to receive minstrels. Forty or fifty years have now elapsed and the minstrel has experienced many changes since the *good* days of Charles I. Scott's own bias towards the Stuarts was hereditary, seeing that his great-grandfather was called “Beardie,” because he would never cut his beard after the expulsion of the Stuart line.

34.—**Holyrood.** An abbey founded in 1128 by David I. The royal palace adjoining the abbey and built by James IV. and James V. **Rood:** cross, *i.e.*, the Cross of Christ.

**Page 13, 8.**—His faded eye brightened up. Pitt praised this passage describing the scene between the minstrel and the ladies, and Scott mentions with evident pleasure the approbation of William Pitt and Charles Fox.

13.—**forgot.** Short form of forgotten. Similarly *gotten* is almost fallen into disuse, being replaced by *got*, except in the New England States, where the obsolescent form is still current.

17.—Scott was careless about details and “was severely lectured by Lewis for the badness of his rhymes.”

18.—**rung, sung.** Since about the 16th century the forms in *U* have been often substituted for the proper *rang* and *sang*.

19.—Nicol Burne is *supposed to have been*, in actual fact, “the latest minstrel.” This introduction makes us acquainted with the Minstrel into whose mouth Scott puts the text of the poem. The artifice saves him from the necessity of making any preliminary explanation in prose, which might have been rather awkward.

Jeffrey, the famous critic, places “the introductory and concluding lines of every canto in the very first rank of poetical excellence.”

#### CANTO I.

**Page 14, 1.**—**The feast was over in Branksome Tower.** In the reign of James I., Sir William Scott of Buccleuch, chief of the clan bearing that name, exchanged, with Sir Thomas Inglis of Manor, the estate of Murdiestone, in Lanarkshire, for one-half of the barony of Branksome, or Brankholm, lying upon the Teviot, about three miles above Hawick. He was probably induced to this transaction from the vicinity of Branksome to the extensive domain which he possessed in Ettrick Forest and in Teviotdale. In the former district he held by occupancy the estate of Buccleuch, and much of the forest land on the river Ettrick. In Teviotdale he enjoyed the barony of Eckford, by a grant from Robert II. to his ancestor, Walter Scott of Kirkurd, for the apprehending of Gilbert Ridderford, confirmed by Robert III., 3rd May, 1424. Tradition imputes the exchange betwixt Scott and Inglis to a conversation, in which the latter—a man, it would appear, of a mild and forbearing nature—complained much of the injuries to which he was exposed from the English Borderers, who frequently

plundered his lands of Branksome. Sir William Scott instantly offered him the estate of Murliestone in exchange for that which was subject to such egregious inconvenience. When the bargain was completed, he dryly remarked that the cattle in Cumberland were as good as those of Teviotdale, and proceeded to commence a system of reprisals upon the English, which was regularly pursued by his successors. In the next reign James II. granted to Sir Walter Scott of Branksome, and to Sir David, his son, the remaining half of the barony of Branksome, to be held in blanche for the payment of a red rose. The cause assigned for the grant is their brave and faithful exertions in favor of the King against the house of Douglas, with whom James had been recently tugging for the throne of Scotland. This charter is dated the 2nd February, 1443, and in the same month part of the barony of Langholm, and many lands in Lanarkshire, were conferred upon Sir Walter and his son by the same monarch.—SCOTT.

3.—**spell.** Form of magic words, an incantation.

4.—**Trochaic line.** The change of metre exactly suits the meaning.

5.—This line is taken from Coleridge's *Christabel*.

6.—**wight.** Creature, man, thing. A.S. *wiht*.

8.—**idlesse.** Hybrid word; A.S. *idol* + Fr. suffix *-esse*. An imitation of Spenser's artificial archaisms.

9.—**squire.** A shield-bearer, attendant on a knight. Eng. *esquire*; O. Fr. *escuyer*; Lat. *scutum*, a shield.

13.—**rushy floor.** Rushes, hay, or straw strewn on the floor of the hall served the purpose of carpets in the early days. A heap of straw or rushes covered with a blanket or cloth served for a bed in Saxon times.

**Page 15, 3.—Nine-and-twenty knights.** The ancient barons of Buccleuch, both from feudal splendor and from their frontier situation, retained in their household at Branksome a number of gentlemen of their own name, who held lands from their chief, for the military service of watching and warding his castle.—SCOTT.

4.—**Hung their shields.** Always lived there.

5.—**squires of name.** Men of noble family.

6.—**to bower from stall.** To the house from the stable. The *bower* was the ladies' apartments.

7.—**yeomen.** Fighting men, soldiers.

13.—Poetical exaggeration. The armor was too heavy for either man or horse to wear day and night, and the helmet was worn only in actual fighting. Here Scott is merely following the example of the elder bards, and it is nonsense to charge him with "false antiquarianism," for none knew better than he the usages of the times he is here depicting. The warriors were ever ready to repel a sudden English raid is the meaning.

16.—**corselet.** The armor protecting the trunk. See cut, p. 15.

**Page 16,** 1.—**buckler.** A kind of shield with a boss or projection in the centre.

4.—**helmet barred.** The front of the helmet, called the visor, was movable so that the face might be uncovered. When the visor was down the soldier breathed and looked through the bars or the perforations as the case might be.

7.—**wight.** Active, strong, fit for war. A.S. *wig*, war.

9.—**Barded.** Provided with armor. Fr. *barde*, horse armor. See cut, page 24.

10.—**with Jedwood-axe.** "Of a truth," says Froissart, "the Scottish cannot boast great skill with the bow, but rather bear axes, with which, in time of need, they give heavy strokes." The Jedwood-axe was a sort of partisan, used by horsemen, as appears from the arms of Jedburgh, which bear a cavalier mounted, and armed with this weapon. It is also called a Jedwood or Jeddart staff.—SCOTT.

13.—**dight.** Dressed, decked, prepared. A.S. *dihstan*, to set in order.

21.—**Threaten Branksome's lordly towers.** Branksome Castle was continually exposed to the attacks of the English, both from its situation and the restless military disposition of its inhabitants, who were seldom on good terms with their neighbors.—SCOTT.

22.—**Warkworth, etc.** "The Borderers on each side had to be constantly on the watch against sudden raids from the other side. Buccleuch was Warden of the West Marches of

Scotland. *Warkworth*, in Northumberland, was the residence of Percy, Earl of Northumberland; *Naworth*, in Cumberland, of Lord William Howard; *Carlisle*, of Lord Scroop—Wardens of the English Marches. The noblemen mentioned were not all Wardens at the date of the story, but the poet, of course, did not hold himself bound to exact historical accuracy in such details. These three were not the only English fortresses from which inroads were to be feared. There was a regular chain of fortresses from Berwick to Carlisle, Norham, Wark, Etal, Ford, Cornhill, Twizell, Askerton, Hexham.”—MINTO.

**Page 17, 4.—How Lord Walter fell.** *The Lay* gives an account of an imaginary episode of the old feud between the Scotts and the Kerrs, and Scott explains the origin of this ancient quarrel between the families as follows:—“Sir Walter Scott of Buccleuch succeeded to his grandfather, Sir David, in 1492. He was a brave and powerful baron, and Warden of the West Marches of Scotland. His death was the consequence of a feud betwixt the Scotts and Kerrs, the history of which is necessary to explain repeated allusions in the romance.

“In the year 1526, in the words of Pitscottie, ‘the Earl of Angus, and the rest of the Douglasses, ruled all which they liked, and no man durst say the contrary; wherefore the King (James V., then a minor) was heavily displeased, and would fain have been out of their hands, if he might by any way: And, to that effect, wrote a quiet and secret letter with his own hand, and sent it to the Laird of Buccleuch, beseeching him that he would come with his kin and friends, and all the force that he might be, and meet him at Melross, at his home-passing, and there to take him out of the Douglasses hands, and to put him to liberty, to use himself among the lave (*rest*) of his lords, as he thinks expedient.

“This letter was quietly directed, and sent by one of the King’s own secret servants, which was received very thankfully by the Laird of Buccleuch, who was very glad thereof, to be put to such charges and familiarity with his prince, and did great diligence to perform the King’s writing, and to bring the matter to pass as the King desired: And, to that effect, convened all his kin and friends, and all that would do for him, to ride with him to Melross, when he knew of the King’s home-coming. And so he brought with him six hundred spears, of

Liddesdale, and Annandale, and countrymen, and clans thereabout, and held themselves quiet while that the King returned out of Jedburgh, and came to Melross, to remain there all that night.

“ ‘But when the Lord Hume, Cessfoord, and Fernyhirst (the chiefs of the clan of Kerr), took their leave of the King, and returned home, then appeared the Lord of Buccleuch in sight, and his company with him, in an arrayed battle, intending to have fulfilled the King’s petition, and therefore came stoutly forward on the back side of Haliden hill. By that the Earl of Angus, with George Douglas, his brother, and sundry other of his friends, seeing this army coming, they marvelled what the matter meant; while at the last they knew the Laird of Buccleuch, with a certain company of the thieves of Annandale. With him they were less affeared, and made them manfully to the field contrary them, and said to the King in this manner, “Sir, yon is Buccleuch, and thieves of Annandale with him, to unbeset your Grace at the gate” (*i.e.* interrupt your passage). “I vow to God they shall either fight or flee; and ye shall tarry here on this know, and my brother George with you, with any other company you please; and I shall pass, and put yon thieves off the ground, and rid the gate unto your grace, or else die for it.” The King tarried still, as was devised; and George Douglas with him, and sundry other lords, such as the Earl of Lennox, and the Lord Erskine, and some of the King’s own servants; but all the lave (*rest*) past with the Earl of Angus to the field against the Laird of Buccleuch, who joyned and countered cruelly both the said parties in the field of Darne-linver, either against other, with uncertain victory. But at the last, the Lord Hume, hearing word of that matter how it stood, returned again to the King in all possible haste, with him the Lairds of Cessfoord and Fernyhirst, to the number of fourscore spears, and sat freshly on the lap and wing of the Laird of Buccleuch’s field, and shortly bare them backward to the ground; which caused the Laird of Buccleuch, and the rest of his friends, to go back and flee, whom they followed and chased; and especially the Lairds of Cessfoord and Fernyhirst followed furiouslie, till at the foot of a path the Laird of Cessfoord was slain by the stroke of a spear by an Elliot, who was then servant to the Laird of Buccleuch. But when the Laird of Cessfoord was slain, the chase ceased. The Earl of Angus

returned again with great merriness and victory, and thanked God that he saved him from that chance, and passed with the King to Melross, where they remained all that night. On the morn they past to Edinburgh with the King, who was very sad and dolorous of the slaughter of the Laird of Cessfoorl, and many other gentlemen and yeomen slain by the Laird of Buccleuch, containing the number of fourscore and fifteen, which died in defence of the King, and at the command of his writing.'

"In consequence of the battle of Melrose, there ensued a deadly feud betwixt the names of Scott and Kerr, which, in spite of all means used to bring about an agreement, raged for many years upon the Borders. Buccleuch was imprisoned, and his estates forfeited, in the year 1535, for levying war against the Kerrs, and restored by act of Parliament, dated 15th March, 1542, during the regency of Mary of Lorraine. But the most signal act of violence, to which this quarrel gave rise, was the murder of Sir Walter himself, who was slain by the Kerrs in the streets of Edinburgh in 1552. This is the event alluded to on page 17; and the poem is supposed to open shortly after it had taken place.

"The feud between these two families was not reconciled in 1596, when both chieftains paraded the streets of Edinburgh with their followers, and it was expected their first meeting would decide their quarrel. But, on July 14th of the same year, Colvil, in a letter to Mr. Bacon, informs him, 'that there was great trouble upon the Borders, which would continue till order should be taken by the Queen of England and the King, by reason of the two young Scots chieftains, Cesford and Baclugh, and of the present necessity and scarcity of corn amongst the Scots Borderers and riders. That there had been a private quarrel betwixt those two lairds on the Borders, which was like to have turned to blood; but the fear of the general trouble had reconciled them, and the injuries which they thought to have committed against each other were now transferred upon England: not unlike that emulation in France between the Baron de Biron and Mons. Jeverie, who, being both ambitious of honor, undertook more hazardous enterprises against the enemy than they would have done if they had been at concord together.' The place of conflict is still called Skinner's Field, from a corruption of *Skirmish Field*.

7.—**Dunedin.** The hill fortress of King Edwyn, whose kingdom of Northumbria reached to the shores of the Forth. The Keltic *dun*, a hill, is heard in many names, *e.g.*, Dundee, Dunkirk. The Saxon *burgh*, a fort, tower or town, gives the modern name Edinburgh. Poetry delights in old euphonious names. The cut on p. 17 represents Edinburgh as it was in 1715.

8.—**Falchions.** Curved swords; Lat. *falcio*, from *falc*, a scythe or sickle.

9.—**Slogan.** The war-cry of a Border clan, generally the name of some rallying-place, of some chief, or patron saint. (See p. 83, l. 29, “A home! A home!”)

12.—**death-feud.** War to the knife, which can only end with the death of those who take part.

13.—**lore**, learning. The aid of learned priests must be invoked.

16.—**In mutual pilgrimage.** “In 1529, three years after the battle of Melrose, the chiefs of the clans of Scott and Kerr, at the King’s special command, bound themselves over to keep the peace in a solemn ‘bond of alliance or feud-stanching.’ This curious document is printed in the *Border Minstrelsy*. The five subscribers on each side, Walter Scott of Branxholm at the head of one party, and Walter Kerr of Cessford of the other . . . agree to refer all outstanding disputes between them to the judgment of six chosen arbiters. They promise to be good friends in future, promising ‘by the faith and truth of their bodies’ to support one another in all quarrels. . . . The chief of each party is to say masses for those that fell on the other side in the field of Melrose, at the four head pilgrimages of Scotland, namely, Scone, Dundee, Paisley, and Melrose.”—MINTO.

“But either this indenture never took effect, or else the feud was renewed shortly after.”—SCOTT.

One of the articles is that “Walter Scott of Branxholm shall marry his son and heir upon one of the said Walter Kerr his sisters.” Scott might very properly have introduced into *The Lay* this proposal to stanch the feud by marriage.

**Page 18, 1.—the rule of Carr.** “The family of Ker, Kerr, or Carr, was very powerful on the Border. Fynes

Morrison remarks, in his Travels, that their influence extended from the village of Preston-Grange in Lothian, to the limits of England. Cessford Castle, the ancient baronial residence of the family, is situated near the village of Morebattle, within two or three miles of the Cheviot Hills. It has been a place of great strength and consequence, but is now ruinous. Tradition affirms, that it was founded by Halbert, or Habby Kerr, a gigantic warrior, concerning whom many stories are current in Roxburghshire. The Duke of Roxburghe represents Kerr of Cessford. A distinct and powerful branch of the same name own the Marquis of Lothian as their chief. Hence the distinction betwixt Kerrs of Cessford and Fairnihirst.”—SCOTT.

7.—**warlike foresters.** Ettrick forest was a large tract mostly held by the Scotts. See map for Ettrick-Water and Tweed.

18-19. These lines are quoted from an old ballad called “*Johnny Armstrong's Last Good Night*” :—

“ O then bespoke his little son,  
As he sat on his nurse's knee,  
‘ If ever I live to be a man  
My father's death revenged shall be.’ ”

33.—The battle of Melrose, 1526, Sir Walter slain by the Kerrs at Edinburgh, 1552—an interval of 26 years, which makes “ her lover ” rather elderly. But we must not hold the Minstrel too close to actual history.

**Page 19.** 4.—The Cranstouns are an ancient Border family, whose chief seat was at Crailing, in Teviotdale. They were at this time at feud with the clan of Scott, for it appears that the Lady of Buccleuch in 1557 beset the Laird of Cranstoun, seeking his life. Nevertheless, the same Cranstoun, or perhaps his son, was married to a daughter of the same lady.—SCOTT.

7.—**clerk.** Scholar; or one as learned as the *clergy* (Latin *clericus*).

8.—**Bethune's line of Picardie.** “ The Bethunes were of French origin, and derived their name from a small town in Artois. There were several distinguished families of the Bethunes in the neighboring province of Picardy; they numbered among their descendants the celebrated *Duc de Sully*;

and the name was accounted among the most noble in France, while aught noble remained in that country. The family of Bethune, or Beatoun, in Fife, produced three learned and dignified prelates; namely, Cardinal Beaton and two successive Archbishops of Glasgow, all of whom flourished about the date of the romance. Of this family was descended Dame Janet Beaton, Lady Buccleuch, widow of Sir Walter Scott of Branksome. She was a woman of masculine spirit, as appeared from her riding at the head of her son's clan, after her husband's murder. She also possessed the hereditary abilities of her family in such a degree that the superstition of the vulgar imputed them to supernatural knowledge. With this was mingled, by faction, the foul accusation of her having influenced Queen Mary to the murder of her husband. One of the placards, preserved in Buchanan's *Detection*, accuses of Darnley's murder 'the Erle of Bothwell, Mr. James Balfour, the persoun of Fliske, Mr. David Chalmers, black Mr. John Spens, who was principal deviser of the murder; and the Quene, assenting thairto, throw the persuasion of the Erle Bothwell, and the *witchcraft of Lady Buckleuch.*'”—SCOTT.

10.—**Padua.** “Padua was long supposed, by the Scottish peasants, to be the principal school of necromancy. The Earl of Gowrie, slain at Perth in 1600, pretended, during his studies in Italy, to have acquired some knowledge of the cabala, by which, he said, he could charm snakes and work other miracles.”—SCOTT.

14.—**Saint Andrew's cloistered hall.** The University of St. Andrew's, the oldest in Scotland. The cut on page 19 is from a photograph of the ruins. The cloister was a covered walk running round a court and open to a garden. The arches of its roof were supported on the outside by pillars. See plan of Melrose Abbey, p. 32.

**Page 20, 1.—no darkening shadow.** The shadow of a necromancer is independent of the sun. Glycas informs us that Simon Magus caused his shadow to go before him, making people believe it was an attendant spirit.—Heywood's *Hierarchie*, p. 475. The vulgar conceive that when a class of students have made a certain progress in their mystic studies they are obliged to run through a subterranean hall, where the devil literally catches the hindmost in the race.

unless he crosses the hall so speedily that the arch-enemy could only apprehend his shadow. In the latter case, the person of the sage never after throws any shade; and those who have *lost their shadow* always prove the best magicians.

6.—**The viewless forms of air.** “The Scottish vulgar, without having any very defined notion of their attributes, believe in the existence of an intermediate class of spirits, residing in the air or in the waters; to whose agency they ascribe floods, storms, and all such phenomena as their own philosophy cannot readily explain. They are supposed to interfere in the affairs of mortals, sometimes with a malevolent purpose, and sometimes with milder views. It is said, for example, that a gallant baron, having returned from the Holy Land to his castle of Drumelziar, found his fair lady nursing a healthy child, whose birth did not by any means correspond to the date of his departure. Such an occurrence, to the credit of the dames of the Crusaders be it spoken, was so rare that it required a miraculous solution. The lady, therefore, was believed, when she averred confidently that the Spirit of the Tweed had issued from the river while she was walking upon its bank, and compelled her to submit to his embraces: and the name of Tweedie was bestowed upon the child, who afterwards became Baron of Drumelziar and chief of a powerful clan. To those spirits were also ascribed, in Scotland, the

‘airy tongues, that syllable men’s names,  
On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses.’

“When the workmen were engaged in erecting the ancient church of Old Deer, in Aberdeenshire, upon a small hill called Bissau, they were surprised to find that the work was impeded by supernatural obstacles. At length, the Spirit of the River was heard to say,

‘It is not here, it is not here,  
That ye shall build the church of Deer;  
But on Taptillery,  
Where many a corpse shall lie.’

The site of the edifice was accordingly transferred to Taptillery, an eminence at some distance from the place where the building had been commenced.”—MACFARLANE’S MSS.

“I mention these popular fables, because the introduction of the River and Mountain Spirits may not, at first sight, seem to

accord with the general tone of the romance, and the superstitions of the country where the scene is laid.”—SCOTT.

The spirits mentioned in Border ballads are (1) elves or fairies such as are described on p. 21, lines 6-11; (2) wraiths who dwelt in air or water and produced storms and floods; (3) evil spirits like the Goblin Page described at p. 43.

8.—**Lord David.** “Branksome Castle was enlarged and strengthened by Sir David Scott, the grandson of Sir William, its first possessor. The Ladye sits in the western tower, where she could look up the Teviot to the fells where the moonbeams play.”—SCOTT.

12.—**Seaur.** The bare side of a rock or cliff; Scand. *sker*, properly applied, isolated rocks in the sea, here a precipitous bank beside the river. Compare shear, short, share, skirt, shire, shore, sheer, score, shred, etc.

19.—**Ban-dogs**, *i.e.* dogs fastened up with a band, chained up. Usually a mastiff.

The questions in 11-16 are echoed in these lines, which describe the disquiet of man and beast. The suspense is emphasized and we are prepared to hear the explanation that follows on the next page. The interrogations contain a suggestion of *Christabel*, from which Scott received many hints.

“ Is it the wind that moaneth bleak ?  
There is not wind enough in the air  
To move away the ringlet curl  
From the lovely lady’s cheek.”—ll. 44-8.

32.—**Fell.** Hill, moor; Scand. *fell*.

**Page 21, 4.—Craik-cross to Skelfhill-pen.** These are the high hills on the upper part of the Teviot between which the river flows. *Pen*, Keltic, a hill. Compare *Apen-nine*, *Pen-nine*, *Ben Lomond*, etc.

5.—**Morris-pacing.** Rustic dancing. Pacing their morris =dancing their dance, cognate accusative. The name is said to come from the Spanish *morisco*, a dance borrowed or imitated from the Moors, who at one time ruled a large part of Spain. A moonlight night was the favorite time for the morris-dance.

8.—**Emerald rings.** Fairy rings of brighter green than the surrounding verdure, supposed to be made by the feet of the fairies as they circled, hand in hand, in their merry dance. In reality these rings are produced by the growth of different

species of the fungus, *Agaricus*. As they exhaust the soil by one year's growth, their mycelium pushes into the richer portions around, and thus they extend the circle of their growth. Their decay furnishes a manure for the next year's grass, which thus assumes a darker green and grows more densely.

9.—**Trip it deft.** Dance neatly, cleverly, dexterously. A fine liquid alliteration runs through this passage, due to the accumulation of l, m, n, r. The effect harmonizes with the meaning very well.

13.—**polluted** by the tears which *mix* with the stream. The pollution is the result of the mixing, and thus we have an example of the *proleptic epithet*.

20.—**Arthur's wain.** The constellation of the Great Bear. *Areturus*, of which Arthur is merely a corruption, is the chief star in the constellation next to the *Ursa Major*. The



diagrams annexed will explain the situation of these stars and enable the student to identify them near the pole star. Pronounce O-ri'on.

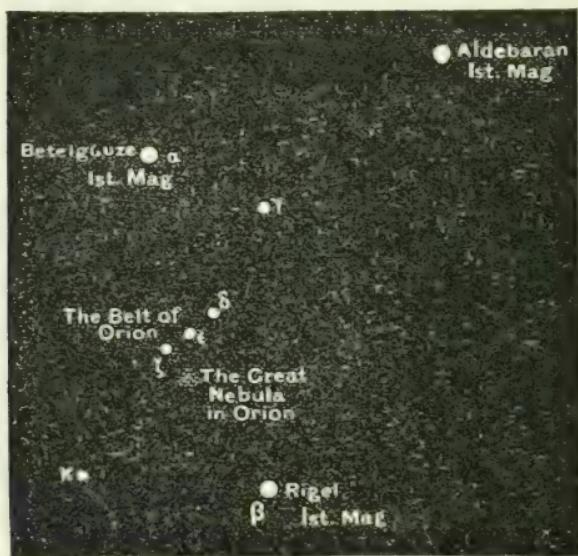
25.—**planet.** A member of the solar system. In the teaching of astrology these planets were supposed to exercise more power over human destinies than was possessed by other stars.

27.—**influence.** The power or energy that was supposed by the ancient astrologers to *flow into* men from the stars, and to mould their lives according to "their high decree."

29.—"This line gives the *motif*, the key-note, to the poem. There is to be no happiness, no good fortune, for those who dwell in Branksome tower, till the mother subdues her pride and sanctions the love of her daughter for the hereditary enemy

of her house: and the poem shows how this was destined to come about.”—STUART.

“This may be taken as the motto of *The Lay*. Notice how the plot advances. The Ladye’s resolution is too fixed to be broken by the threat of the Spirits: but this threat naturally leads her to feel there is a crisis in the history of her house coming; hence she sends to ask aid of the great magician of the family. This leads to the combat of Deloraine and Cranstoun, without which Cranstoun could not have acted his part in the 5th Canto.”—PHILLPOTTS.



**Page 22, 14.—Moss-trooper.** “This was the usual appellation of the marauders upon the Borders; a profession diligently pursued by the inhabitants on both sides, and by none more actively and successfully than by Buccleuch’s clan. Long after the union of the crowns, the moss-troopers, although sunk in reputation, and no longer enjoying the pretext of national hostility, continued to pursue their calling.

“Fuller includes, among the wonders of Cumberland, ‘The moss-troopers: so strange in the condition of their living, if considered in their *Original, Increase, Height, Decay, and Ruine*.

“‘1. *Original*. I conceive them the same called Borderers in Mr. Camden, and characterized by him to be *a wild and warlike*

*people.* They are called *moss-troopers*, because dwelling in the mosses, and riding in troops together. They dwell in the bounds, or meeting, of the two kingdoms, but obey the laws of neither. They come to church as seldom as the 29th of February comes into the kalendar.

“ 2. *Increase.* When England and Scotland were united in Great Britain, they that formerly lived by hostile incursions, betook themselves to the robbing of their neighbors. Their sons are free of the trade by their fathers’ copy. They are like to Job, not in piety and patience, but in sudden plenty and poverty; sometimes having flocks and herds in the morning, none at night, and perchance many again next day. They may give for their motto, *visitare ex ruplo*, stealing from their honest neighbors what they sometimes require. They are a nest of hornets; strike one, and stir all of them about your ears. Indeed, if they promise safely to conduct a traveller, they will perform it with the fidelity of a Turkish janizary; otherwise, woe be to him that falleth into their quarters!

“ 3. *Height.* Amounting, forty years since, to some thousands. These compelled the vicinage to purchase their security, by paying a constant rent to them. When in their greatest height, they had two great enemies — *the Laws of the Land*, and the *Lord William Howard of Naworth*. He sent many of them to Carlisle, to that place where the officer *doth always his work by daylight*. Yet these moss-troopers, if possibly they could procure the pardon for a condemned person of their company, would advance great sums out of their common stock, who, in such a case, *cast in their lots amongst themselves, and all have one purse*.

“ 4. *Decay.* Caused by the wisdom, valor, and diligence of the Right Honorable Charles Lord Howard, Earl of Carlisle, who routed these English Tories with his regiment. His severity unto them will not only be excused, but commended, by the judicious, who consider how our great lawyer doth describe such persons, who are solemnly outlawed (Bracton, lib. viii. trac. 2, cap. 11): “ *Ex tunc gerunt caput lupinum, ita quod sine judiciali inquisitione rite perent, et secum suum judicium portent; et merito sine lege perent, qui secundum legem virere reconsirunt.* ” — “ Thenceforward (after that they are outlawed) they wear a wolf’s head, so that they lawfully may be destroyed, without any judicial inquisition, as who carry their

own condemnation about them, and deservedly die without law, because they refused to live according to law."

"<sup>5</sup> *Ruine.* Such was the success of this worthy lord's severity that he made a thorough reformation among them; and the ringleaders being destroyed, the rest are reduced to legal obedience, and so, I trust, will continue.' (Fuller's *Worthies of England*, p. 216.)

"The last public mention of moss-troopers occurs during the civil wars of the 17th century, when many ordinances of Parliament were directed against them."—SCOTT.

17.—**Foray.** "A predatory inroad."—SCOTT.

24.—"This line, of which the metre appears defective, would have its full complement of feet according to the pronunciation of the poet himself—as all who were familiar with his utterance of the letter *r* will bear testimony."—LOCKHART.

Pronounce *Unicorn* as if U-ni-có-run.

25.—The arms of the Kerrs of Cessford bore three unicorns' heads, with a unicorn's head for the crest. Those of the Scotts of Buccleuch included a star of six points between two crescents.

31.—**William of Deloraine.** "The lands of Deloraine are joined to those of Buccleuch in Ettrick Forest. They were immemorially possessed by the Buccleuch family, under the strong title of occupancy, although no charter was obtained from the crown until 1545. Like other possessions, the lands of Deloraine were occasionally granted by them to vassals or kinsmen for Border service. Satchells mentions, among the twenty-four gentlemen-pensioners of the family, 'William Scott, commonly called *Cut-at-the-Black*, who had the lands of Nether Deloraine, for his service.' And again, 'This William of Deloraine, commonly called *Cut-at-the-Black*, was a brother of the ancient house of Haining, which house of Haining is descended from the ancient house of Hassendean.' The lands of Deloraine now give an earl's title to the descendant of Henry, the second surviving son of the Duchess of Buccleuch and Monmouth. I have endeavored to give William of Deloraine the attributes which characterized the Borderers of his day; for which I can only plead Froissart's apology, that, 'it behoveth, in a lynage, some to be folyshe and outrageous, to maynteyne and sustayne the peasable.' As a contrast to my Marchman, I beg leave to transcribe, from the same author,

the speech of Amergot Marcell, a captain of the Adventurous Companions, a robber, and a pillager of the country of Auvergne, who had been bribed to sell his strongholds, and to assume a more honorable military life under the banners of the Earl of Armagnac. But 'when he remembered alle this, he was sorrowful; his tresour he thought he wolde not mynyssh; he was wonte dayly to serche for newe pyllages, wherbye encresed his profyte, and then he sawe that alle was closed fro hym. Then he sayde and imagyned, that to pyll and to robbe (all thynge considered) was a good lyfe, and so repented hym of his good doing. On a tyme, he said to his old companyons, "Sirs, there is no sporte nor glory in this worlde amonge men of warre, but to use suche lyfe as we have done in tyme past. What a joy was it to us when we rode forth at adventure, and sometyme found by the way a rich priour or merchaunt, or a route of mulettes of Mountpellyer, of Narbonne, of Lymens, of Fongans, of Besyers, of Tholous, or of Carcasonne, laden with cloth of Brussels, or peltre ware comynge fro the fayres, or laden with spycery from Bruges, fro Damas, or fro Alysaundre; whatsoever we met, all was ours, or els ransoumed at our pleasures; dayly we gate new money, and thevyllaynes of Auvergne and of Lymosyn dayly provyded and brought to our castell whete mele, good wynes, beffes, and fatte mottons, pullayne, and wylde foule: We were ever fur- nyshed as tho we hid been kings. When we rode forthe, all the countrey trymbled for feare: all was ours goyng and comynge. How tok we Carlast, I and the Bourge of Companye, and I and Perot of Bernoys took Caluset; how dyd we scale, with lytell ayde, the strong castell of Marquell, pertayning to the Erl Dolphyn: I kept it nat past fyve days, but I receyved for it, on a feyre table, fyve thousande frankes, and forgave one thousande for the love of the Erl Dolphyn's children. By my fayth, this was a fayre and a good lyfe! wherefore I repute myselfe sore deceyved, in that I have rendered up the fortress of Aloys; for it wolde have kept fro alle the worlde, and the daye that I gave it up, it was founyshed with vytaylles, to have been kept seven yere without any re-vytayllinge. This Erl of Armynake hath deceyved me. Olyve Barbe, and Perot le Bernoys, shewed to me how I shulde repente myselfe: certayne I sore repente myselfe of what I have done."'" (Froissart, vol. ii., p. 195.)—SCOTT.

**Page 23, 2.**—A passage from Camden's *Britannia* explains why a knowledge of the safe paths through moors and bogs was an important qualification of “A stark moss-trooping Scott.” In his Introduction to the *Border Minstrelsy* Sir Walter quotes from this book as follows:—“What manner of cattle stealers they are, that inhabit these valleys in the marches of both kingdoms, John Lesley, a Scotcliman himself, and bishop of Ross, will inform you. They sally out of their own borders, in the night, in troops, through unfrequented byeways, and many intricate windings. All the day time, they refresh themselves and their horses, in lurking holes they had pitched upon before, till they arrive in the dark at those places they have a design upon. As soon as they have seized upon the booty, they, in like manner, return home in the night, through blind ways, and fetching many a compass. The more skilful any captain is to pass through those wild deserts, crooked turnings, and deep precipices, in the thickest mists and darkness, his reputation is the greater.”

4.—**Bloodhounds.** “The kings and heroes of Scotland, as well as the Border-riders, were sometimes obliged to study how to evade the pursuit of bloodhounds. Barbour informs us that Robert Bruce was repeatedly tracked by sleuth-dogs. On one occasion he escaped by wading a bow-shot down a brook, and ascending into a tree by a branch which overhung the water; thus, leaving no trace on land of his footsteps, he baffled the scent. The pursuers came up:—

‘Ryght to the burn that passyt ware,  
Bot the sleuth-hund made stinting ther,  
And waneryt lang tyme ta and fra,  
That he na certain gate couth ga ;  
Till at the last that John of Lorne  
Perseuit the hund the sleuth had lorne.’—*The Bruce*, Book vii.

“A sure way of stopping the dog was to spill blood upon the track, which destroyed the discriminating fineness of his scent. A captive was sometimes sacrificed on such occasions. Henry the Minstrel tells a romantic story of Wallace, founded on this circumstance:—The hero's little band had been joined by an Irishman, named Fawdoun, or Fadzean, a dark, savage, and suspicious character. After a sharp skirmish at Black-Erne Side, Wallace was forced to retreat with only sixteen followers. The English pursued with a Border *sleuth-hatch*, or bloodhound.

‘In Gelderland there was that bratchet bred,  
Siker of scent, to follow them that fled;  
So was he used in Eske and Liddesdail,  
While (i. e. *till*) she gat blood no fleeing might avail.’

“In the retreat, Fawdoun, tired, or affecting to be so, would go no farther. Wallace, having in vain argued with him, in hasty anger struck off his head, and continued the retreat. When the English came up their hound stayed upon the dead body:—

‘The sleuth stopped at Fawdon, still she stood,  
Nor farther would fra time she fund the blood.’

“The story concludes with a fine Gothic scene of terror. Wallace took refuge in the solitary tower of Gask. Here he was disturbed at midnight by the blast of a horn. He sent out his attendants by two and two, but no one returned with tidings. At length, when he was left alone, the sound was heard still louder. The champion descended, sword in hand; and, at the gate of the tower, was encountered by the headless spectre of Fawdoun, whom he had slain so rashly. Wallace, in great terror, fled up into the tower, tore open the boards of a window, leapt down fifteen feet in height, and continued his flight up the river. Looking back to Gask, he discovered the tower on fire, and the form of Fawdoun upon the battlements, dilated to an immense size, and holding in his hand a blazing rafter.”—SCOTT.

7.—**tide** has the same meaning as *time*. Emphatic repetition, as in “Time and tide wait for no man.” Generally *tide* denotes a special season, as eventide, yuletide, etc.

8.—**July.** Notice the accent. Scotticism.

10.—**matin prime.** Early morning. Lat. *Matuta*, the goddess of dawn.

14.—The Scottish Borderers were often as obnoxious to the government of their own country as to that of England. James V. of Scotland had proceeded against them with great severity about twenty-five years before the time of this tale.

The sovereigns meant were Edward VI. and Mary Queen of Scots.

15.—**Good at need.** The *permanent epithet*, common in Homer. Compare “azure-eyed” Minerva, “white-armed” Juno, “swift-footed” Achilles.

25.—Michaelmas, Sept. 29; the feast of St. Michael and All Angels.

21-34.—Note the monosyllabic language, the strong accent on every alternate syllable. The result is a certain air of impressive solemnity that accords well with the mystery of the midnight errand. The reply of Deloraine immediately following forms a perfect contrast of rhythm and movement. The anapestic feet here, as often, suggest the hoof-beats of a galloping horse. The dactyl is often used with a similar effect. Compare Tennyson's *Northern Farmer* (new style):—

“Doesn't thou 'ear my 'erse's legs, as they canters awaïï?  
Proputty, proputty, proputty—that's what I 'ears 'em saïï.

Proputty, proputty, proputty—canter an' canter awaïï.”

33.—*lorn*. Lost; old participle of lose, *loren*. Example of Verner's Law—*r* substituted for *s*. Compare *forlorn*, *frore*, (frozen), *iron* (A.S. *isen*), *are* (root *as*), *were* (root *was*).

**Page 24, 1.—dapple-gray.** Dapple is a spot on an animal. Icelandic *depill*, a spot, a dot; Norwegian *dapi*, a pool. Compare deep, dimple, dingle.

8.—**neck-verse at Hairibee.** “*Hairibee* was the place of executing the Border marauders at Carlisle. The *neck-verse* is the beginning of the 51st Psalm, *Miserere mei*, anciently read by criminals claiming the benefit of the clergy.”—SCOTT.

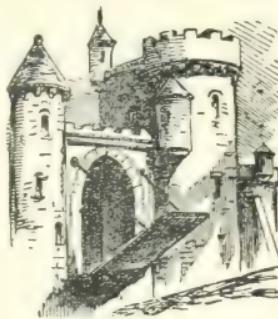
“The clergy originally obtained freedom from secular jurisdiction on the strength of the text, ‘Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm.’ In process of time this benefit of clergy was claimed for everybody that could read, all such persons being handed over to be dealt with by ecclesiastical authority. If not handed over to the church, the convicted criminal was burnt in the brawn of his left thumb, and not allowed the privilege a second time. The last remains of the privilege were not abolished till the reign of George IV.”—MINTO.

The passage therefore means, “I could not read a line even to save my neck from the rope.”

10.—**the steep descent.** Minto says:—“The entrance to a feudal castle from the grated portal inwards was generally steep, and paved with smooth pebbles, making the footing

uncertain. The first part of Deloraine's ride was not the least difficult."—MINTO.

**sounding barbican.** Scott explains that the barbican is "the defence of the outer gate of a feudal castle." On the epithet *sounding* Minto remarks:—"Scott probably took his idea of a barbican from Alnwick Castle, where there is a very fine gate and barbican of the Edwardian period (see Clark's *Mediaeval Military Architecture*, vol. i., p. 180). The barbican is 55 feet long, strong masonry protecting a passage to the gate about 10 feet broad. The outer part of the passage is vaulted to the length of about 20 feet, the rest open to the sky. This explains the *sounding*. The real Branksome Tower in all likelihood had no such magnificent adjunct. It is what Scott would have called a 'poetical ornament.'"



The barbican was originally an opening in the wall to let water run through; then a loopholed outwork defending a gateway; a tower over the gateway of a castle, defending the entrance to a castle or city, a sort of watch-tower, projecting before or rising above the gate. Alnwick in Scotland and Warwick in England have very good specimens.

**14.—basnet.** A light steel helmet in the form of a small basin and different from the helmet used in tilting, which had a high plume. Dim. of basin, Fr. *bacinet*, *bassinet*, from *bacin*, *bassin*, or *basin*.

**Page 25, 1.—Peel.** "A Border tower."—SCOTT. See the cut on page 64, which is from a photograph of Watt Tinlinn's *peel* or tower. The ground floor was used as a store-room, into which the cattle and sheep could be driven through a strong door and a strong gate. In the two upper stories dwelt the family, and through the windows or loopholes they defended themselves against raiders in case of attack. (See page 63, lines 25-30.) Some *peels* had a yard enclosed by a high wall, into which the flocks and herds were driven at night to protect them from the moss-troopers. (See page 63, lines 13-16.) On

the roof of the peel was an iron pan to hold the *bale*, or beacon-fagot. (See page 57, lines 13-14.)

Minto remarks:—"These simple square towers are characteristic of the Scottish Border. Borthwick Tower in Midlothian is the finest specimen. They depended for their powers of resistance on passive strength. The walls were so thick that very little damage could be done to them by parties of forayers, even if they were captured by surprise. By a Scottish statute of 1535 it was enacted that every barmkin wall must be at least a yard thick, six yards high, and must enclose at least sixty square feet. The tower was built within this outer work. Another name for the peel was 'bastle-house,' Fr. *bastille*."

The Peel of Goldiland is still standing.

2.—**Borthwick.** Borthwick Water, a small branch of the Teviot. (See map, p. 8.)

3.—**Moat-hill.** "This is a round artificial mount near Hawick, which, from its name (*Mot*, A.S. *Coucilium*, *Conventus*), was probably anciently used as a place for assembling a national council of the adjacent tribes. There are many such mounds in Scotland, and they are sometimes, but rarely, of a square form."—SCOTT.

4.—**Druid shades.** Ghosts of the Druids. The suggestion is that those priests of the old British religion had long ago performed their rites at the mound, which is still haunted by their ghosts.

8.—**Hazeldean.** This fortress belonged to a family of Scotts. (See Scott's song, *Jock o' Hazeldean*.)

"The description of Deloraine and his midnight ride is admirable. The rough Scottish names of the places he passes are so skilfully introduced, as rather to improve than injure the lines, while the details given about the different spots are sufficiently poetic in themselves to prevent the reader from feeling as though anything in the shape of an antiquarian catalogue were being inflicted on him."—PHILLPOTTS.

The map on page 8 shows the route of Deloraine

11.—**For Branksome, ho!** The slogan or battle-cry of the Scotts was "Mount for Branksome!" (See page 57, line 17, page 70, line 8, page 85, line 29, for examples of rallying cries that were used to identify the shouter.) Deloraine could not pass

Hazeldean without being challenged and returning a satisfactory reply.

**Page 26, 2.—the Roman way.** “An ancient Roman road, crossing through part of Roxburghshire.”—SCOTT.

**4.—breathed.** Slackened speed to rest his horse.

**5.—Drew saddle-girth, etc.** He now tightened his saddle-girth to make his seat secure, laced up his corselet, and made ready to meet, if necessary, the outlaw Barnhill, whose lair was close by.

**7.—Minto-craggs.** “A romantic assemblage of cliffs, which rise suddenly above the vale of Teviot, in the immediate vicinity of the family-seat from which Lord Minto takes his title. A small platform, on a projecting crag, commanding a most beautiful prospect, is termed *Barnhills' Bed*. This Barnhills is said to have been a robber, or outlaw. There are remains of a strong tower beneath the rocks, where he is supposed to have dwelt, and from which he derived his title. On the summit of the crags are the fragments of another ancient tower, in a picturesque situation. Among the houses cast down by the Earl of Hertford, in 1545, occur the towers of Easter Barnhills, and of Minto-crag, with Minto town and place. Sir Gilbert Elliot was the author of a beautiful pastoral song, of which the following is a more correct copy than is usually published:—

‘ My sheep I neglected, I broke my sheep-hook,  
And all the gay haunts of my youth I forsook :  
No more for Amynta fresh garlands I wove ;  
Ambition, I said, would soon cure me of love.  
But what had my youth with ambition to do !  
Why left I Amynta ! why broke I my vow !

‘ Through regions remote in vain do I rove,  
And bid the wide world secure me from love.  
Ah, fool, to imagine, that aught could subdue  
A love so well founded, a passion so true !  
Ah, give me my sheep, and my sheep-hook restore !  
And I'll wander from love and Amynta no more !

‘ Alas ! 't is too late at thy fate to repine !  
Poor shepherd, Amynta no more can be thine !  
Thy tears are all fruitless, thy wishes are vain,  
The moments neglected return not again.  
Ah ! what had my youth with ambition to do !  
Why left I Amynta ! why broke I my vow ! ”—SCOTT.

10.—**giddy.** Transferred epithet.

13.—**doubling.** The echoes from the cliffs repeat the sound of the robber's horn.

16.—The “Doric reed” signifies pastoral poetry; the musical instrument or pipe used by shepherds being made from a reed, and a modification of the Doric dialect having been used by Theocritus, the founder of Greek pastoral poetry.

19.—**Unchallenged**, because the robber was not at home, or at least did not appear.

20.—**Riddel's fair domain.** “The family of Riddel have been very long in possession of the barony called Riddel, or Ryedale, part of which still bears the latter name. Tradition carries their antiquity to a point extremely remote; and is, in some degree, sanctioned by the discovery of two stone coffins, one containing an earthen pot filled with ashes and arms, bearing a legible date, A.D. 727; the other dated 936 and filled with the bones of a man of gigantic size. These coffins were discovered in the foundations of what was, but has long ceased to be, the chapel of Riddel; and as it was argued, with plausibility, that they contained the remains of some ancestors of the family they were deposited in the modern place of sepulture, comparatively so termed though built in 1110. But the following curious and authentic documents warrant most conclusively the epithet of ‘ancient Riddel’: 1st, A charter by David I. to Walter Rydale, Sheriff of Roxburgh, confirming all the estates of Liliesclive, etc., of which his father, Gervasius de Rydale, died possessed. 2dly, A bull of Pope Adrian IV., confirming the will of Walter de Ridale, knight, in favor of his brother Anschittil de Ridale, dated 8th April, 1155. 3dly, A bull of Pope Alexander III., confirming the said will of Walter de Ridale, bequeathing to his brother Anschittil the lands of Liliesclive, Whittunes, etc., and ratifying the bargain betwixt Anschittil and Huctredus, concerning the church of Liliesclive, in consequence of the mediation of Malcolm II., and confirmed by a charter from that monarch. This bull is dated 17th June, 1160. 4thly, A bull of the same Pope, confirming the will of Sir Anschittil de Ridale, in favor of his son Walter, conveying the said lands of Liliesclive and others, dated 10th March, 1170. It is remarkable that Liliesclive, otherwise Rydale, or Riddel, and the Whittunes, have de-

scended, through a long train of ancestors, without ever passing into a collateral line, to the person of Sir John Buchanan Riddel, Bart. of Riddell, the lineal descendant and representative of Sir Anschittil. These circumstances appeared worthy of notice in a Border work.”—SCOTT.

21.—**Aill.** A branch of the Teviot draining several lakes in the hills. (See map, page 8.)

**tawny.** A well-chosen word to describe both the color of the foaming, muddy stream in time of flood and the chestnut mane to which the waves are compared in the next line.

**chestnut.** The word is from the name of a city. See Dict. Compare *diaper, calico, bayonet, damson*, etc.

31.—**counter.** The chest of a horse.

32.—**armed complete.** Fully equipped.

**Page 27, 1.—heavier.** Professor Minto states that a complete suit of armor would weigh 150 to 200 pounds, but remarks that Scott allows Deloraine four hours to ride the twenty miles from Hawick to Melrose. (See page 27, lines 25, 26.) Flather thinks “no man and horse would wear such heavy armor on such an errand, or could have forded so strong a stream in it.” But he adds that no one could be more fully aware of this fact than was Scott. Such passages are written after the spirit of the heroic descriptions in the ancient ballads and romances.

4.—**daggled.** Frequentative from Scand. *dagg*, dew. Compare *dew* and *dank*, which are from the same root.

5.—Through courage and the favor of the Virgin Mary. Compare Macaulay’s *Horatius* swimming for his life, but

“Borne up bravely by the brave heart within,  
And our good Father Tiber bare bravely up his chin.”

**march-man.** A border-man. A.S. *meare*, a border, a boundary, a mark. The Marchers of English history lived along the frontiers of Wales, and to keep the marches was at times a serious business.

**Halidon.** Was an ancient seat of the Carrs about a quarter of a mile south of the battlefield of Melrose, mentioned on page 19, and still called Skinner’s Field, a corruption of Skirmish Field. The castle has been demolished.

14.—**royal James.** James V., then a minor under the control of the Earl of Angus. (See note on line 4, page 17.)

17.—**dear.** Either precious or costly in view of the long feud, with its bloodshed.

22.—**Old Melros'.** Melrose Abbey, older form Melross; Gaelic *maol-ros*, *i.e.*, bald promontory. The abbey was built on a peninsula formed by the Tweed.

Scott writes as follows:—"The ancient and beautiful monastery of Melrose was founded by King David I. Its ruins afford the finest specimen of Gothic architecture and Gothic sculpture which Scotland can boast. The stone of which it is built, though it has resisted the weather for so many ages, retains perfect sharpness, so that even the most minute ornaments seem as entire as when newly wrought. In some of the cloisters, as is hinted in the next Canto, there are representations of flowers, vegetables, etc., carved in stone, with accuracy and precision so delicate that we almost distrust our senses, when we consider the difficulty of subjecting so hard a substance to such intricate and exquisite modulation. This superb convent was dedicated to St. Mary, and the monks were of the Cistercian order." The cut on page 30 is from a photograph of the ruins.

23.—**gray** with lichens.

24.—**Abbaye.** French form, with accent on second syllable.

25.—**Curfew.** "The name is still given to the eight o'clock bell rung every evening in Scotch towns."—MINTO.

26.—**lauds.** "The midnight service of the Catholic Church."—SCOTT.

28.—**fail.** Die away upon the wind.

29.—**wild harp.** The *Æolian* harp played by the wind, so named from *Æolus*, the wind-god.

31.—**Melrose he reached.** There was a real William Deloraine, but the character and this midnight ride are the product of Scott's vivid imagination.

Compare Browning's *How we Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix*, which is wholly imaginary and is said to have been written on the deck of a sailing ship becalmed under the equator. The poet can truly say "My mind to me a kingdom is," for his rich fancy creates new worlds or re-creates old ones.

**Silence all.** Completely silent.

**Page 28.**—The interlude announces the end of the Canto, and holds the action of the poem in suspense for a time. A few more touches are added to the character of the minstrel, and the metre reverts to the regular beat of the prelude.

15.—**His hand was true.** Indirect quotation with ellipsis. *They said that* his hand, etc. Compare page 12, line 4; and page 60, line 29 *et seq.*, where the question is given in this form.

Had Scott been writing an epic poem proper instead of a metrical romance, it would have been necessary for him to give an explanation of the clan feud. As it is, however, he proceeds with the narrative and leaves us to realize the true state of affairs gradually. The complication arises from the Ladye's hatred of the Carrs and her opposition to the marriage of Margaret of Branksome with Henry, Lord Cranstoun. The suspense turns on the question "What shall be the maiden's fate?" and is well-sustained till the resolution of the difficulties. The action begins with Deloraine's ride. The descriptions of this number are worthy of study.

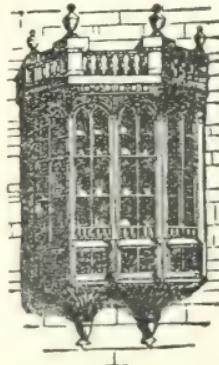
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## CANTO II.

**Page 29.** This description of Melrose Abbey is one of the most admired passages in Scott's poems. Yet it is stated that at the time he wrote it he had never seen the ruins by moonlight. "In the description of Melrose the reader will observe how skilfully the author calls in the aid of sentimental associations to heighten the effect of the picture which he presents to the eye."—JEFFREY.

6.—**Oriel.** Properly a window projecting outward. But Scott was often rather inaccurate in the use of architectural terms. Here he evidently means a large church window divided by shafts of stone, but not projecting, called a mullioned window. (See cut, page 30, which shows several.) The pattern of these windows is very elegant.

9.—**When buttress and buttress, alternately.** "The buttresses ranged along the sides of the ruins of Melrose



Abbey are, according to the Gothic style, richly carved and fretted, containing niches for the statues of saints, and labelled with scrolls bearing appropriate texts of Scripture. Most of these statues have been demolished.”—SCOTT. The word *alternately* is dislocated by the exigencies of the metre. It refers, of course, to “ebon and ivory” and not to “buttress and buttress.” One side of the buttress is in the shade, the other in the moon-light

11.—**imagery.** The statues of the saints mentioned above.

16.—**St. David.** “David I. of Scotland purchased the reputation of sanctity by founding and liberally endowing not only the monastery of Melrose but those of Kelso, Jedburgh, and many others; which led to the well-known observation of his successor (James I., that he was a *sore saint for the crown*.”—SCOTT. David founded Melrose in 1136 to take the place of a monastery planted by Aidan in 635. The English destroyed the abbey in 1322, but it was gradually rebuilt by Robert Bruce and David II. In it was buried the heart of Bruce.

**soothly.** Truly. Compare *forsooth*.

21.—**wicket.** A small gate forming part of a larger one.

28.—**fence.** Defend.

29.—**living.** The income or benefice of a clergyman

30.—**gifted.** To the shrine the lands and livings. Gifted in the sense of presented is confined to Scotland.

**Page 31, 9.—aventayle.** The visor or movable part of the helmet.

10.—Note the contrast between the “humble head” and “noiseless step” of the barefooted monk, and the haughty bearing of the messenger. The soft alliteration of the monk’s speech and the abrupt style of Deloraine heighten the contrast.

15.—**sackcloth.** Coarse, rough cloth. It was often worn next the skin as penance. The monk enumerates the various sorts of penance he has undergone.

23.—The meaning is, “My breast being pent in belt of iron, with shirt . . . . and scourge, my knees for threescore years have worn . . . . in penance; yet,” etc. The condensation is extreme, and the construction not uniform.

30.—**drie.** Suffer, endure.

**Page 32,** 1.—The irregular and tumbling verse carries on the line of contrast after the old monk's ghostly manner and solemn warning.

**will.** Desire, wish.

3.—“The Borderers were, as may be supposed, very ignorant about religious matters. Colville, in his *Paranesis* or *Admonition*, states that the reformed divines were so far from undertaking distant journeys to convert the Heathen, ‘as I wold wis at God that ye wold only go bot to the Hielands and Borders of our own realm, to gain our awin countreymen, who, for lack of preaching and ministracion of the sacraments, must, with tyme, becom either infideells, or atheists.’ But we learn, from Lesly, that, however deficient in real religion, they regularly told their beads, and never with more zeal than when going on a plundering expedition.”—SCOTT.

**prayer.** Seems to be a monosyllable in this line.

**patter.** Gabble over without regard to the meaning.

**can.** Know.

**speed me.** Accomplish quickly for me

11.—in Spain and Italy. The last Moorish kingdom in Spain was overthrown by Ferdinand and Isabella in 1492, and Ferdinand drove the French out of Italy in 1504. In these wars the monk may have fought.

15.—The cloister was a covered walk around a court.

“The cloisters were frequently used as places of sepulture. An instance occurs in Dryburgh Abbey, where the cloister has an inscription bearing *Hic jacet frater Archibaldus.*”—SCOTT.

**Page 33,** 9.—streamers. Northern Lights, Aurora borealis.

13.—**jennet.** A small Spanish horse.

14.—**unexpected dart.** ““By my faith.” sayd the Duke of Lancaster (to a Portuguese squire), “of all the feates of armes that the Castellyans, and they of your countrey doth use, the castynge of their dertes best pleaseth me, and gladly I wolde se it: for, as I hear say, if they strike one aryghte, without he be well armed, the dart will pierce him thrughe.” “By my fayth, sir,” sayd the squyer, “ye say trouth; for I have seen many a grete stroke given with them, which at one

time cost us derely, and was to us great displeasure; for, at the said skyrmishe, Sir John Laurence of Coygne was striken with a dart in such wise, that the head perced all the plates of his cote of mayle, and a sacke stopped with sylke, and passed thrughe his body, so that he fell down dead.” (Froissart, vol. ii., ch. 44.) This mode of fighting with darts was imitated in the military game called *Jengo de las canas*, which the Spaniards borrowed from their Moorish invaders. A Saracen champion is thus described by Froissart: ‘Among the Sarazyns, there was a yonge knight called Agadinger Dolyferne; he was always wel mounted on a redy and a lyght horse; it seemed, when the horse ranne, that he did fly in the ayre. The knighe seemed to be a good man of armes by his dedes; he bare always of usage three fethered darteres, and rychte well he could handle them; and, according to their custome, he was clene armed, with a long white towell about his heed. His apparell was blacke, and his own colour browne, and a good horseman. The Crysten men say, they thought he dyd such deeds of armes for the love of some young ladye of his countrey. And true it was, that he loved entirely the King of Thunes daughter, named the Lady Azala; she was inherytour to the realme of Thunes, after the discease of the kyng, her father. This Agadinger was sone to the Duke of Olyferne. I can nat telle if they were married together after or nat; but it was shewed me, that this knyght, for love of the sayd ladye, during the siege, did many feates of armes. The knyghtes of France wold fayne have taken hym; but they colde never atrape nor inclose him; his horse was so swyft, and so redy to his hand, that alwaies he escaped.’—SCOTT.

17.—**postern.** Back door, private entrance.

**chancel.** The east end of a church. From Lat. *cancellus*, a grating. A screen or railing separated the chancel from the rest of the church. Compare *cancel*. (See line 29 below, and Plan, p. 32.)

21.—**aisle.** Wing of the abbey. Lat. *ala*, wing.

“The rhyme is not good and is dearly bought at the expense of architectural exactness. The carved bosses at the intersection of the ribs of a vaulted ceiling cannot fairly be called **keystones**. If they could be so called, it is not the **aisles** that they lock. By **quatre-feuille** the poet means the four-leaved flower which is so common an ornament in the Decorated

style. I do not know any authority for this use of the word. *Quatre-foil* is applied to an opening pierced in four foils, but quite different from a four-leaved boss."—MINTO.

A **Corbel** is a projecting stone or piece of timber supporting a superincumbent weight, such as the shaft or small column which supports the ribs of a vault. They are carved and moulded in a great variety of ways, often, as in Melrose Abbey, in the form of heads and faces.

Grose (*Antiq. of Scotland*, i. 129) thus describes the Abbey: "We entered at the south door, and no expression can convey an idea of the solemn magnificence which struck the eye. The roof of the north and south ends of the transepts remains, supported by intersecting groins, of the lightest order; the joinings ornamented with knots, some sculptured with figures, and others of pierced work in flowers and foliage; the arching of the interstices constructed of thin stones, closely jointed; over the choir, part of the roof of like workmanship still remains. The side aisles are formed by light clustered pillars, richly capitalled, with garlands of flowers and foliage dispersed delicately in the mouldings; in some the figures of animals are interspersed."—MINTO.

22.—**fleur-de-lys.** An ornament in the form of a lily.

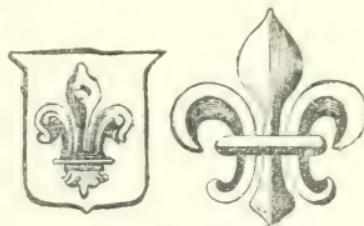
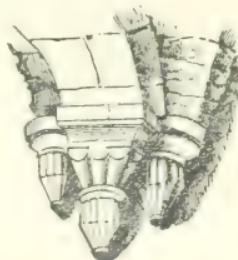
24.—**clustered.** Carved in a cluster of small shafts.

25.—**flourished.** Covered with carved flowers.

27.—**scutcheon.** A painted shield. Lat. *scutum*, Fr. *escutcheon*. Compare *squire*.

**riven.** Torn in battle.

32.—**Chief of Otterburne.** "The famous and desperate battle of Otterburne was fought 15th August, 1388, betwixt Henry Percy, called Hotspur, and James, Earl of Douglas. Both these renowned champions were at the head of a chosen body of troops, and they were rivals in military fame; so that Froissart affirms, 'Of all the battayles and encounteryngs that



FLEUR-DE-LYS.

I have made mencion of here before in all this hystory, great or smalle, this battayle that I treat of nowe was one of the sorest and best foughten, without cowardes or faynte hertes: for there was neyther knyghte nor squyer but that dyde his devoyre, and foughte hande to hande. This batayle was lyke the batayle of Becherell, the which was valiauntly fought and endured.' The issue of the conflict is well-known: Percy was made prisoner, and the Scots won the day, dearly purchased by the death of their gallant general, the Earl of Douglas, who was slain in the action. He was buried at Melrose beneath the high altar. His obsequye was done reverently, and on his bodye layde a tombe of stone, and hys baner hangyng over hym.'”—SCOTT

Ballads commemorating this famous battle may be found in Percy's *Reliques*, and in Scott's *Border Minstrelsy*.

33.—**Knight of Liddesdale.** “William Douglas, called the Knight of Liddesdale, flourished during the reign of David II., and was so distinguished by his valor that he was called the Flower of Chivalry. Nevertheless, he tarnished his renown by the cruel murder of Sir Alexander Ramsay of Dalhousie, originally his friend and brother in arms. The King had conferred upon Ramsay the sheriffdom of Teviotdale, to which Douglas pretended some claim. In revenge of this preference, the Knight of Liddesdale came down upon Ramsay, while he was administering justice at Hawick, seized and carried him off to his remote and inaccessible castle of Hermitage, where he threw his unfortunate prisoner, horse and man, into a dungeon, and left him to perish of hunger. It is said the miserable captive prolonged his existence several days by the corn which fell from a granary above the vault in which he was confined. So weak was the royal authority, that David, although highly incensed at this atrocious murder, found himself obliged to appoint the Knight of Liddesdale successor to his victim, as Sheriff of Teviotdale. But he was soon after slain, while hunting in Ettrick Forest, by his own godson and chieftain, William, Earl of Douglas, in revenge, according to some authors, of Ramsay's murder; although a popular tradition, preserved in a ballad quoted by Godscroft, and some parts of which are still preserved, ascribes the resentment of the Earl to jealousy. The place where the Knight of Liddesdale was killed is called, from his name, William-Cross, upon the ridge

of a hill called William-hope, betwixt Tweed and Yarrow. His body, according to Godscroft, was carried to Lindean church the first night after his death, and thence to Melrose, where he was interred with great pomp, and where his tomb is still shown.”—SCOTT.

**Page 34, 3-18.**—Scott's note on these lines helps to explain the references to *osier*, *knot*, *willow*, *wreaths*. “It is impossible to conceive a more beautiful specimen of the lightness and elegance of Gothic architecture, when in its purity, than the eastern window of Melrose Abbey. Sir James Hall of Dunglas, Bart., has, with great ingenuity and plausibility, traced the Gothic order through its various forms and seemingly eccentric ornaments to an architectural imitation of wicker work; of which, as we learn from some of the legends, the earliest Christian churches were constructed. In such an edifice, the original of the clustered pillars is traced to a set of round posts, begirt with slender rods of willow, whose loose summits were brought to meet from all quarters, and bound together artificially, so as to produce the framework of the roof; and the tracery of our Gothic windows is displayed in the meeting and interlacing of rods and hoops, affording an inexhaustible variety of beautiful forms of open work. This ingenious system is alluded to in the romance. Sir James Hall's Essay on Gothic Architecture is published in *The Edinburgh Philosophical Transactions*.”

15.—**Michael.** The central light of the east oriel window contained a representation in colored glass of the archangel Michael triumphant over Satan the apostate angel: see *Paradise Lost*, Bk. vi. The moonlight, passing through the red cross held by Michael, cast a red shade upon the pavement.

20.—**A Scottish monarch.** “A large marble stone in the chancel of Melrose is pointed out as the monument of Alexander II.” (king of Scotland, 1216 to 1249).—SCOTT.

22.—**Man of woe.** A penitent doing penance for his sins.

23.—**paynim.** Pagan, heathen. Lat. *paganus*. O. Fr. *païenisme*, from Lat. *pagus*, a village, a country district where the old religions lingered longest.

24.—**fought** as a Crusader. The Crusades were eight in number and extended over a period of 177 years. Most of them

were expeditions undertaken against Saracens with the object of recovering the Holy Sepulchre. As the eighth crusade ended in 1272, the Monk must here refer to the expulsion of the Moors from Spain. They were Mahomedans and the wars were regarded as crusades. (See note on 32, 11.)

28.—**Michael Scott.** “Sir Michael Scott of Balwearie flourished during the 13th century. . . . By a poetical anachronism, he is here placed in a later era. He was a man of much learning, chiefly acquired in foreign countries. He wrote . . . several treatises upon natural philosophy, from which he appears to have been addicted to the obtruse studies of judicial astrology, alchymy, physiognomy, and chiromancy. Hence he passed among his contemporaries for a skilful magician. Denipster (1627) informs us, that he remembers to have heard in his youth, that the magic books of Michael Scott were still in existence, but could not be opened without danger, on account of the malignant fiends who were thereby invoked. . . . Dante also mentions him as a renowned wizard. . . . A personage thus spoken of by biographers and historians loses little of his mystical fame in vulgar tradition. Accordingly, the memory of Sir Michael survives in many a legend; and in the south of Scotland any work of great labor and antiquity is ascribed either to the agency of *Auld Michael*, of Sir William Wallace, or of the devil. Tradition varies concerning the place of his burial. . . . But all agree that his books of magic were interred in his grave, or preserved in the convent where he died.”—SCOTT.

30.—**Salamanca's cave.** “Spain, from the relics, doubtless, of Arabian learning and superstition, was accounted a favorite residence of magicians. . . . There were public schools, where magic, or rather the sciences supposed to involve its mysteries, were regularly taught, at Toledo, Seville, and Salamanca. In the latter city they were held in a deep cavern, the mouth of which was walled up by Queen Isabella, wife of King Ferdinand.”—SCOTT.

31.—**Him listed.** When it pleased him. Compare *methinks*, *meseems*, etc.

32.—**Notre Dame.** The cathedral of Paris.

**bells would ring.** “‘Tantamne rem tam negligenter?’ says Tyrwhitt, of his predecessor, Speight; who, in

his commentary on Chaucer, had omitted, as trivial and fabulous, the story of Wade and his boat Guingelot, to the great prejudice of posterity, the memory of the hero and the boat being now entirely lost. That future antiquaries may lay no such omission to my charge, I have noted one or two of the most current traditions concerning Michael Scott. He was chosen, it is said, to go upon an embassy, to obtain from the King of France satisfaction for certain piracies committed by his subjects upon those of Scotland. Instead of preparing a new equipage and splendid retinue, the ambassador retreated to his study, opened his book and evoked a fiend in the shape of a huge black horse, mounted upon his back, and forced him to fly through the air towards France. As they crossed the sea, the devil insidiously asked his rider what it was that the old women of Scotland muttered at bed-time. A less experienced wizard might have answered that it was the *Pater Noster*, which would have licensed the devil to precipitate him from his back. But Michael sternly replied, ‘What is that to thee? Mount, *Diabolus*, and fly!’ When he arrived at Paris, he tied his horse to the gate of the palace, entered, and boldly delivered his message. An ambassador, with so little of the pomp and circumstance of diplomacy, was not received with much respect, and the king was about to return a contemptuous refusal to his demand, when Michael besought him to suspend his resolution till he had seen his horse stamp three times. The first stamp shook every steeple in Paris, and caused all the bells to ring; the second threw down three of the towers of the palace; and the infernal steed had lifted his hoof to give the third stamp, when the king rather chose to dismiss Michael, with the most ample concessions, than to stand to the probable consequences. Another time, it is said that when residing at the Tower of Oakwood, upon the Ettrick, about three miles above Selkirk, he heard of the fame of a sorceress, called the Witch of Falsehope, who lived on the opposite side of the river. Michael went one morning to put her skill to the test, but was disappointed by her denying positively any knowledge of the necromantic art. In his discourse with her, he laid his wand inadvertently on the table, which the hag observing suddenly snatched up, and struck him with it. Feeling the force of the charm, he rushed out of the house; but, as it had conferred on him the external appearance of a hare,

his servant, who waited without, hallooed upon the discomfited wizard his own greyhounds, and pursued him so close, that, in order to obtain a moment's breathing to reverse the charm, Michael, after a very fatiguing course, was fain to take refuge in his own *jurhole* (*Anglice*, common sewer). In order to revenge himself of the witch of Falsehope, Michael, one morning in the ensuing harvest, went to the hill above the house with his dogs, and sent down his servant to ask a bit of bread from the good wife for his greyhounds, with instructions what to do if he met with a denial. Accordingly, when the witch had refused the boon with contumely, the servant, as his master had directed, laid above the door a paper which he had given him, containing, amongst many cabalistical words, the well-known rhyme,—

· Maister Michael Scott's man  
Sought meat, and gat nane.·

“Immediately the good old woman, instead of pursuing her domestic occupation, which was baking bread for the reapers, began to dance round the fire, repeating the rhyme, and continued this exercise till her husband sent the reapers to the house, one after another, to see what had delayed their provision; but the charm caught each as they entered, and, losing all idea of returning, they joined in the dance and chorus. At length the old man himself went to the house; but as his wife's frolic with Mr. Michael, whom he had seen on the hill, made him a little cautious, he contented himself with looking in at the window, and saw the reapers at their involuntary exercise, dragging his wife, now completely exhausted, sometimes round, and sometimes through, the fire, which was, as usual, in the midst of the house. Instead of entering, he saddled a horse, and rode up the hill, to humble himself before Michael, and beg a cessation of the spell; which the good-natured warlock immediately granted, directing him to enter the house backwards, and, with his left hand, take the spell from above the door; which accordingly ended the supernatural dance. This tale was told less particularly in former editions, and I have been censured for inaccuracy in doing so. A similar charm occurs in *Huon de Bourboun*, and in the ingenious Oriental tale called the *Caliph Vathek*.

“Notwithstanding his victory over the witch of Falsehope, Michael Scott, like his predecessor, Merlin, fell at last a victim

to female art. His wife, or concubine, elicited from him the secret, that his art could ward off any danger except the poisonous qualities of broth made of the flesh of a *brene* sow. Such a mess she accordingly administered to the wizard, who died in consequence of eating it; surviving, however, long enough to put to death his treacherous confidante.”—SCOTT.

**Page 35, 2.—Eildon Hills.** Near Melrose. (See map, page 8.) There is a Border tradition that here sleep King Arthur and his knights of the Round Table. Scott’s note explains the word *cleft*:—

“ Michael Scott was, once upon a time, much embarrassed by a spirit, for whom he was under the necessity of finding constant employment. He commanded him to build a *cauld*, or dam-head, across the Tweed at Kelso; it was accomplished in one night, and still does honor to the infernal architect. Michael next ordered that Eildon hill, which was then a uniform cone, should be divided into three. Another night was sufficient to part its summit into the three picturesque peaks which it now bears. At length the enchanter conquered this indefatigable demon, by employing him in the hopeless and endless task of making ropes out of sea-sand.”

**15.—massy nave.** (See ground plan of Melrose, page 32.) The nave is the body of the church and extends from the inner door to the choir, and includes the part between the wings, or aisles.

**Page 36, 4.—his Chief.** The Lord of Branksome, who was also a Scott.

**11.—his patron.** Saint Michael, whose name he bore.

**27.—burn unquenchably.** “Baptista Portia and other authors who treat of natural magic talk much of eternal lamps pretended to have been found in ancient sepulchres. . . . One of these perpetual lamps is said to have been discovered in the tomb of Tulliola, the daughter of Cicero.”—SCOTT. He then goes on to quote from an old book the story about the attempt of the magician Virgil to renew his life by “a very extraordinary process in which one of these lamps was employed”

**28.—eternal doom.** Doomsday, the Day of Judgment. (See p. 122.)

**Page 37, 3.—amain.** With main strength.

5.—passing. Surpassing, remarkable.

**Page 38, 8.—cowl.** A monk's hood. Observe the contrast of color in these lines. The description here given follows the order of time. Note the details.

11.—**the wizard.** The very wise man, the enchanter who had power to command evil spirits supposed to be due to a compact with the devil, who at last claimed the soul of the magician. The serene aspect of Michael Scott's face seems to indicate that he had in some way escaped the usual fate of wizards.

13.—**in silver rolled.** His long white beard flows down like a silvery stream.

14.—**some** seventy. About seventy. Compare the Greek *κατά* before numerals.

15.—**palmer.** A pilgrim to the Holy Land, who brought back branches of palm in proof of his mission.

**amice.** A fur-lined cape; a square linen cloth tied round the neck and hanging over the shoulders. The former is meant here as the one worn by pilgrims, who wore a flowing cloak called by this name which "wrapped him round."

16.—**wrought.** Embroidered with needlework.

**baldrie.** A belt of Spanish leather.

22.—**fell.** Cruel, fierce.

**Page 39, 3.—so brotherly.** In so brotherly a way. Usually an adjective.

10.—Compare this passage with the character of Deloraine given on page 23.

13.—**He thought.** "William of Deloraine might be strengthened in this belief by the well-known story of the Cid Ruy Diaz. When the body of that famous Christian champion was sitting in state by the high altar of the cathedral church of Toledo, where it remained for ten years, a certain malicious Jew attempted to pull him by the beard; but he had no sooner touched the formidable whiskers, than the corpse started up and half unsheathed his sword. The Israelite fled, and so permanent was the effect of his terror, that he became Christian."—SCOTT.

16-30.—Observe the Nature Sympathy. (Compare page 83, line 3.) The suggestions of the strange noises, loud sols, laughter and voices are more effective than any detailed description could be. The undefined terrible is more dreadful than that which has lost its vagueness. Compare Burns'

"Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu'  
Which ev'n to name wad be unlawfu'."

—*Tam o' Shanter.*

**Page 40, 4.—sped.** Accomplished, performed.

5.—**Convent.** The society of monks. Lat. *conventus*, assembly.

6.—**dead.** The sudden death of the Monk adds to the mystery of the "black art."

13.—**mystie.** Full of the mysteries of magic. The word comes from the root *mu*, to bind, and a mystery means primarily the secret rite in which only the initiated (Gr. *μύστης*) can participate.

15.—**nerves.** Muscles, sinews. Gr. *νεῦρον*, a string.

18.—**Cheviot.** The principal peak in the Cheviot range, south-east from Melrose.

22.—**the Carter's side.** Carter Fell is another peak farther west.

23-32.—Observe the change on this page in the metric movement, as compared with that of page 39. Observe the steps in the description—"morning wind, dawn, cheerful light, the sun, the rising day, wild birds, every flower." All lead up to "fairest maid" in the last line.

After the midnight scene at the wizard's tomb the contrast is pleasing, and we seem to breathe in the fresh air and feel the genial sunshine of the September morning.

26-28.—**Flower, violet, rose** are the subjects of *wakened, peeped, and spread.* **Blows**, blossoms.

**Page 41, 2.—kirtle.** A sort of gown worn by women and by men. (See page 53, line 20.)

3.—**she would make.** *Shield* is the reading required by the metre.

12.—**tread.** Footstep. Compare the effects of the interrogatory form on pages 17 and 41.

**Page 42, 2.—foster-father.** Her nurse's husband.

9-18.—The construction is:—He was stately, and she—where would you find her peer? *Anacoluthon*.

12.—*livelier*. Very lively or bright. Compare the Latin idiom.

17.—*fair*. Used as a noun by the poets of the 18th century. Supply who. The ellipsis is common in old Scotch ballads.

23.—*ween*. Expect, think.

**melting.** Affecting, touching.

**Page 43, 6.**—The old Minstrel professes that he cannot sing of love. But on pages 46, 91, and 92 we find some fine passages describing true, true love. He only objects to tedious descriptions of the interviews, not to the subject itself.

8.—**The Baron's dwarf.** “The idea of Lord Cranstoun's Goblin Page is taken from a being called Gilpin Horner, who appeared, and made some stay, at a farmhouse among the Border-mountains. A gentleman of that country has noted down the following particulars concerning his appearance:—

“The only certain, at least most probable account, that ever I heard of Gilpin Horner, was from an old man, of the name of Anderson, who was born, and lived all his life, at Todshaw-hill, in Eskdale-muir, the place where Gilpin appeared and staid for some time. He said there were two men, late in the evening, when it was growing dark, employed in fastening the horses upon the uttermost part of their ground (that is, tying their forefeet together, to hinder them from travelling far in the night), when they heard a voice, at some distance, crying “*Tint! tint! tint!*” One of the men, named Moffat, called out, “What deil has tint you? Come here.” Immediately a creature, of something like human form, appeared. It was surprisingly little, distorted in features, and misshapen in limbs. As soon as the two men could see it plainly, they ran home in a great fright, imagining they had met with some goblin. By the way Moffat fell, and it ran over him, and was home at the house as soon as either of them, and staid there a long time; but I cannot say how long. It was real flesh and blood, and ate and drank, was fond of cream, and, when it could get at it, would destroy a great deal. It seemed a mischievous creature; and any of the children whom it could

master, it would beat and scratch without mercy. It was once abusing a child belonging to the same Moffat, who had been so frightened by its first appearance; and he, in a passion, struck it so violent a blow upon the side of the head, that it tumbled upon the ground; but it was not stunned; for it set up its head directly, and exclaimed, "Ah hah, Will o' Moffat, you strike sair!" (viz. *sore*). After it had staid there long, one evening when the women were milking the cows in the loan, it was playing among the children near by them, when suddenly they heard a loud shrill voice cry three times, "Gilpin Horner!" It started and said, "That is me. I must away," and instantly disappeared, and was never heard of more. Old Anderson did not remember it, but said he had often heard his father, and other old men in the place who were there at the time, speak about it; and in my younger days I have often heard it mentioned, and never met with anyone who had the remotest doubt as to the truth of the story; although, I must own, I cannot help thinking there must be some misrepresentation in it.' To this account I have to add the following particulars from the most respectable authority. Besides constantly repeating the word *tint! tint!* Gilpin Horner was often heard to call upon Peter Bertram, or Be-te-ram, as he pronounced the word; and when the shrill voice called Gilpin Horner, he immediately acknowledged it was the summons of the said Peter Bertram: who seems therefore to have been the devil who had *tint*, or lost, the little imp. As much has been objected to Gilpin Horner on account of his being supposed rather a device of the author than a popular superstition, I can only say, that no legend which I ever heard seemed to be more universally credited, and that many persons of very good rank and considerable information are well known to repose absolute faith in the tradition."

—SCOTT.

On the introduction of this being into *The Lay*, Jeffrey remarks: "The page is a perpetual burden to the poet and to the reader; it is an undignified and improbable fiction, which excites neither terror, admiration, nor astonishment, but needlessly debases the strain of the whole work. He is not a 'tricksy spirit' like Ariel, with whom the imagination is irresistibly enamoured. He rather appears to us to be an awkward sort of a mongrel between Puck and Caliban. . . . limited in his powers to the indulgence of petty malignity and

the infliction of despicable injuries. Fairies and devils, ghosts, angels, and witches are creatures with whom we are all familiar; but the story of 'Gilpin Horner' can never have been believed out of the village where he is said to have made his appearance, and has no claims upon the credulity of those who were not originally of his acquaintance."

Against this narrow criticism stand the following considerations:—(a) The goblin story was the prime cause of the poem. The Countess of Dalkeith suggested the story to Scott as the subject of a ballad which grew into *The Lay*. (b) Scott says: "Many persons of very good rank and considerable information are well known to repose absolute faith in the tradition." It is a genuine legend, not an invention of the poet. (c) Before the goblin page is brought forward the reader has been prepared to receive the marvellous creature. The wonders of the midnight at Melrose Abbey make the goblin a credible possibility.

14.—**Reedsdale.** The Reed rises in Carter Fell, runs south and empties into the North Tyne.

15.—The Dwarf's explanation seems an enigma at the present stage of the narrative. The Dwarf himself had been lost by his master, but the whole secret does not come out for many pages.

18.—**gorse.** Furze or whin, a low shrub that bears a yellow flower.

**whit**—A.S. *wiht*, a creature, or thing; some whit, something.

32.—**waspish.** Irritable or vindictive; **arch**, sly, *litherlie*, lazy, A.S. *lither*, idle.

**Page 44, 3.—an, if.** Weakened form of *and*. Sometimes we find *an if*.

4.—**between Home and Hermitage.** This means all along the Border. Hermitage Castle is in Liddesdale (see map, p. 8); Home Castle is in Berwick, at the eastern end of the Border.

8.—See map. The Loch of Lowes is connected with St. Mary's Loch, out of which flows the Yarrow. The site of the church may still be traced.

12.—Scott here quotes from an old law record to show that in 1557 "Dame Janet Beatoun, Lady Buccleuch, and a great

number of the name of Scott" were accused "for coming to the Kirk of St. Mary of the Lowes to the number of 200 persons arrayed in armour, and breaking in the door of the said kirk in order to apprehend the Laird of Cranstoun for his destruction."

13.—**would ride.** Go on a raid.

14.—**Lee.** Meadow.

15.—**Wat of Harden.** (See Life of Scott, page 126.)

16.—**Thirlestane.** A trisyllable here.

19.—**burn.** A brook, called a *beck* farther south.

33.—**cushat-dove.** Wild pigeon, stock-dove.

**Page 45,** 3.—**pondering.** Weighing, reflecting.

9.—**crowned.** Brimming with strong wine.

10.—**Velez.** On the south coast of Spain, in the province of Malaga.

20.—**nectar.** In mythology the gods drink nectar.

**cordial.** Cheering, exhilarating.

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### CANTO III.

**Page 46,** 1.—**And.** The Minstrel bethinks himself of what he said in Canto II., page 43, line 6. This unexpressed thought is connected with the thought now uttered and a certain degree of surprise indicated by the introductory **and**.

"The Minstrel is drawn with so much spirit that he must rank high amongst characters invented simply in order to set off a story; indeed he seems even more real than the historical personages of whom he sings. The simple, moving passages on the emotions dearest to Scott's heart are called forth by some remark of his audience, or are addressed directly to them, and they are among the best known passages in Scott's poetry."—FLATHER. Observe how naturally the introduction of the Minstrel always arises out of narrative itself.

"The power of love has been shown by the superhuman powers who have favored it, by those who have been summoned to oppose it; Cranstoun is risking his life for it. Deloraine's mission is to thwart it: this is the meeting-point of

the two streams, and though it may seem that only the lives of the combatants are at stake, the sequel shows that further issues are involved.”—PHILLPOTTS.

3.—**Kindly.** A. S. *cynd*, kind, nature, natural.

8.—**recreant.** First vowel short. False, traitorous, cowardly. Low Lat. phrase *se recrudere*, to own oneself beaten in a combat, to be disgraced. Compare *miscreant*.

11.—**shepherd's reed.** (See page 26, line 16 and note.) In pastoral and bucolic poetry lovers are often represented as shepherds.

**Page 47, 3.—grove.** Poets, hermits, people in retirement, away from the bustle of *camp* and *court*.

“In times of peace the shepherd sings of love; in war love inspires the warrior's bravest deeds; the power of love is seen in the halls of the rich and the hamlets of the poor; on earth below, and in heaven above.”—STUART.

10.—**don.** Do on, as *doff* is to do off. An example of *Crasis*, called also *Syneresis*, *Symplytism*, or *Coalition*. In the earlier stages of English we find *chill* for I will, *nill* for we will, *wultu* for wilt thou. These agglomerate forms were numerous. “Two symbolics would run together like two drops of water on a pane of glass.”—EARLE.

21.—**The crane on the Baron's crest.** “The crest of the Cranstouns, in allusion to their name, is a crane dormant, holding a stone in his foot, with an emphatic Border motto, *Thou shalt want ere I want*.”—SCOTT.

22.—**ready spear.** Proleptic epithet which anticipates the action of the verb—to hurl, to strike, thrust, etc.—which is here suppressed.

23.—**high.** Stern, angry.

24.—**feudal.** Arising from a feud or quarrel.

**debate.** Strife, contest.

28.—**other's.** The other's. A Scotticism.

30.—**vantage-ground.** Before the horses could be brought to full speed, a certain distance was necessary. Hence the knights “wheeled around,” line 29.

**Page 48, 5.—couched.** Fixed the spear horizontally in the *rest*, which was a projection on the right side of the coat of

mail, and served to support the butt of the lance. Fr. *couche*, to lay down, to fix.

9.—**dint.** Blow; lent, gave.

14.—**Flinders.** Splinters, fragments. The white ash of Britain is famous for its toughness.

17.—**jack and acton.** *Jack*, “a jacket, or short coat, plated or institched with small pieces of iron, and usually worn by the peasantry of the Border in their journeys from place to place, as well as in their occasional skirmishes with the moss-troopers, who were most probably equipped with the same sort of harness.”—RITSON.

The *acton* was a stuffed jacket, originally made of quilted cotton, as its name implies: it was worn under the mail armor. Spelt also *aketoun*, *haquetooun*: from Fr. *auqueton*, Spanish *alcoton*, Arabic *al-qūtn*, the cotton.

19.—**saddle-fast.** Fast in his saddle. Compare *rootfast*, *steadfast*, *shamefast*, *soothfast*.

20.—**mortal.** Deadly.

23.—**passed.** Continued on his course.

33.—**inly.** Deeply, secretly.

**Page 49, 2.—myself.** Old emphatic form, I myself.

3.—**the swifter.** This appears to be an obscure use of the old instrumental dative as seen in “*The more the merrier*.” Here, *the* means by that, by that much. Compare Lat. *tantum-quantum*. The meaning seems to be, In any case I must move swiftly and so much the swifter by reason of this combat.

4.—**shrift.** Time for making confession and receiving absolution.

11.—**pride.** A proud knight. Deloraine showed his contempt for learning. (See page 24, lines 5-8.) Hence the Dwarf marvels to see him riding with a book under his corslet.

12.—**book-bosomed.** “At Unthank, two miles N.E. from the church (of Ewes), there are the ruins of a chapel for divine service in time of Popery. There is a tradition that friars were wont to come from Melrose, or Jedburgh, to baptize and marry in this parish; and from being in use to carry the mass-book in their bosoms, they were called by the inhabitants

*Book-a-bosom.*—*Account of Parish of Ewes, apud Macfarlane's MSS.*—SCOTT.

20.—**unchristened hand.** Those who had been baptized had power to resist enchantment and to overcome magical spells. (See the *Ballad of Alice Brand* in *The Lady of the Lake* :—)

“For thou wert christened man;  
For cross or sign thou wilt not fly,  
For muttered word or ban.”

The blood of the wounded knight is equally effective.

25.—**glamour might.** The power of enchantment. *Glamour*, in the legends of Scottish superstition, means the magic power of imposing on the eyesight of the spectators, so that the appearance of an object shall be totally different from the reality. The transformation of Michael Scott by the witch of Falsehope was a genuine operation of glamour. To a similar charm the ballad of *Johnny Fa'* imputes the fascination of the lovely Countess who eloped with that gypsy leader:—

“Sae soon as they saw her weel-far'd face,  
They cast the *glamour* o'er her.”

30.—**sheeling.** A shepherd's hut.

In this scene Cranstoun's action is quite simple and natural. Yet mark how it seems to complicate the plot later on—the loss of Branksome's heir—the challenge to combat—Cranstoun's substitution of himself for Deloraine—out of all which comes the resolution of the plot in the consent of the Ladye to the marriage. It is evident that the central unity of the story is contained in the *rôle* of this very page against whom the critics have often cried out. The Dwarf's intervention proves to be the pivot on which the rest of the story depends for coherence and unity.

**Page 50, 2.—buffet.** Stroke, blow.

**7.—word.** Saying, sentence.

14.—**Who gave the stroke.** In explanation of this mystery Scott quotes a letter by Dr. Henry More. It tells of a certain old magistrate who had studied magic so imperfectly that he could not raise any devil or familiar spirit, except one who always came uncalled, and, with unseen hand, gave him a clap upon the back that made all ring again.

15.—**mote.** May or can. Present *mot.*, past tense, *mote*, our auxiliary *must*.

30.—**gramarye.** Magic.

34.—**welled.** Bubbled out, flowed.

“ Thus far the Ladye’s expedient of sending Deloraine for the book has brought nothing but disaster on all; the Monk is dead; Deloraine has been unhorsed and wounded; his encounter with Cranstoun has made the lovers’ prospects more hopeless than ever; the Ladye loses her son, who falls a hostage into her enemies’ hands; Michael Scott’s Book is lost, and the Dwarf has gained from it a spell with which he does mischief to all he meets.”—FLATHER.

**Page 51, 1.** —**repassed.** Passed again through.

3.—**train.** Allure, entice, draw away. Lat. *trahere*, to draw.

6.—**seemed.** The subject is the clause “ some comrade led,” etc.

9.—**lurcher.** A dog that *lurches*, lurks or lies in wait and seizes hares, rabbits, etc.

12.—**The running stream dissolved the spell.** “ It is a firm article of popular faith, that no enchantment can subsist in a living stream. Nay, if you can interpose a brook between you and witches, spectres, or even fiends, you are in perfect safety. Burns’ imitable *Tom o’ Shanter* turns entirely upon such a circumstance. The belief seems to be of antiquity. Brompton informs us that certain Irish wizards could, by spells, convert earthen clogs or stones into fat pigs, which they sold in the market; but which always reassumed their proper form when driven by the deceived purchaser across a running stream. But Brompton is severe on the Irish for a very good reason. ‘Gens ista spureissima non solvunt decimas’—*Chronicon Johannis Brompton apud decim Scriptores*, p. 1076.”—SCOTT.

14.—**vilde.** Corrupt form of *vile*, common in Spenser and old editions of Shakspere.

17.—**spleen.** Anger, hatred. Compare the use of *heart*, *gall*, *bile*, *liver*, etc., to denote certain feelings or passions. The spleen was supposed to be the location of anger and melancholy, or, as some physicians held, the seat of spite and laughter, which would suit this line.

18, 20.—**but.** The first *but* is adversative, the second means only, just.

32.—**grisly.** Hideous, terrible; A.S. *gryslie*, horrible; allied to gruesome, but entirely different from grizzly, grayish.

**Page 52, 3.—aye.** Ever; A.S. á, ever, which indicates the pronunciation.

12.—**wildered.** Bewildered, lost in the woodland.

13.—**furiouslie.** An imitation of Spenser's artificial archaisms.

17.—**wet.** With tears.

19.—**bat.** Staff for walking with.

23.—**in act to spring.** Couched ready to spring.

**Page 53, 4.—fellow.** Taken with "a rough voice," in line 1. This word seems to be used for servant or inferior. (See Dict.)

5.—**Ban-dog.** The bloodhound was held by a leash (see line 29), and was therefore also a ban-dog. At page 60, line 8, Sir Walter seems to speak of them as two different kinds of dogs.

9.—**him fro.** An example of *apocope* and *hyperbaton* combined. Compare "to and fro."

15.—**barret-cap.** A small flat cap formerly worn by archers. The same word as *birretta*, a square cap worn by priests. Dim. of Lat. *birrus*, a woollen cloak or waterproof.

18.—**clear.** Shining, bright.

20.—**forest green.** Commonly called Lincoln green or Kendal green from the places where the green cloth worn by the foresters was made. Chaucer's Yeman

"was clad in cote and hood of grene;  
A sheef of peck arwes bright and kene  
Under his belt he bar ful thriftily."—*Prologue*, 103.

23.—**furbished.** Polished. Fr. *foubir*, to polish.

25.—**fence.** Defence. The English yeoman's buckler or shield was very small. It was often made four feet long and covered the whole body.

29.—**leash.** A thong of leather, or a long line. Lat. *taxa* (*restis*), a loose rope.

Of this fine word-picture Scott says:—“Imitated from Drayton’s account of Robin Hood and his followers:—

‘A hundred valiant men had this brave Robin Hood,  
Still ready at his call, that bowmen were right good:  
All clad in Lincoln green, with caps of red and blue,  
His fellow’s winded horn not one of them but knew.  
When setting to their lips their bugles shrill,  
The warbling echoes waked from every dale and hill;  
Their bauldries set with studs athwart their shoulders cast,  
To which under their arms their sheafs were buckled fast,  
A short sword at their belt, a buckler scarce a span,  
Who struck below the knee not counted then a man.  
All made of Spanish yew, their bows were wondrous strong,  
They not an arrow drew but was a cloth-yard long.  
Of archery they had the very perfect craft,  
With broad arrow, or but, or prick, or roving shaft.’

*Polyolbion, Song 26.*

Scott also quotes two passages from Froissart, showing that it was considered unfair to wound an antagonist in the thigh or leg. A similar rule is observed by modern pugilists, among whom a blow given “below the belt” is considered to be a foul stroke.

**Page 54, 10.—Southron.** Denoting the contempt of the Scotch for their English foes.

17.—**gramerey.** French *grand merci*, great thanks, many thanks.

21.—**command.** Chieftainship.

24.—I will wager my bow, etc.

25.—Give them trouble enough.

33.—**much annoy.** Poetic diction—annoyance.

**Page 55, 4.—Dame maudlin.** Dame Magdalen; middle English, *Maudelein*. The stem is Heb. *migdál*, a tower.

**tire.** Head-dress, curt form of attire.

5.—**Simon Hall.**

6.—**match.** The old-fashioned musket was fired by means of a fuse or match. This was a slow-burning cord saturated with saltpeter. *Bandelier*, a shoulder-belt containing ammunition.

7.—**hackbuteer.** Musketeer, armed with the *hackbut*, also spelled *arquebus*. Dutch *haakbus*, a gun with a hook. The

bent stock was a great improvement on the original *buss* or gun. Compare *blunderbuss*.

11.—possessed by an evil spirit.

25.—charm. Incantation, a formula of words with magic power. The old charm for stanching blood runs thus:—

“ in the blood of Adam death was taken,  
In the blood of Christ it was all-to shakēn,  
And by the same bloud I doo thee charge  
That thou doo rune no longer at large.”

30.—This is the celebrated “ sympathetic ” cure of Sir Kenelm Digby. It consisted in applying a certain “ sympathetic powder ” to the weapon that had caused the wound instead of the wound itself: the latter was merely kept clean and cool. Sir Kenelm pretended that he had learned this method of cure from a Carmelite friar who had learned it in Armenia or Persia. “ I presume that the success ascribed to the sympathetic mode of treatment might arise from the pains bestowed in washing the wound, and excluding the air, thus bringing on a cure by the first intention. It is introduced by Dryden in the *Enchanted Island*, a (very unnecessary) alteration of the *Tempest* :—

‘ *Ariel*. Anoint the sword which pierced him with this  
Weapon-salve, and wrap it close from air,  
Till I have time to visit him again.’—*Act v. sc. 2.*

“ Again, in scene 4th, Miranda enters with Hippolito’s sword wrapt up:—

‘ *Hip.* O my wound pains me !  
*Mir.* I am come to ease you. [She unwraps the sword.  
*Hip.* Alas, I feel the cold air come to me ;  
My wound shoots worse than ever.  
*Mir.* Does it still grieve you ? [She wipes and anoints the sword.  
*Hip.* Now, methinks, there’s something laid just upon it.  
*Mir.* Do you find no ease ?  
*Hip.* Yes, yes ; upon the sudden all this pain  
Is leaving me. Sweet heaven, how I am eased ! ”—SCOTT.

**Page 56, 2.**—A night and a day. (See Scott’s Preface, page 146, and the Time-Analysis, page 147.)

Deloraine no doubt recovered at the end of the night and day. On page 92, line 16, the Ladye believes the charm has been successful; and on page 97 he appears “ a half-naked ghastly man.” who has rather overslept himself. But on page 100 he is well enough to compose a 24-line epitaph.

5.—The following are the chief time-marks that indicate the “Three nights and three days” :—

Page 14.—“The feast was over in Branksome tower.”  
 “ 27.—“When Hawick he passed had curfew rung,  
     Now midnight lauds were in Melrose sung.”  
 “ 40.—“The Knight breathed free in the morning wind.”  
 “ 56.—“So passed the day, the evening fell.”  
 “ 60.—“And welcome was the peep of day.”  
 “ 88.—“The sun’s declining ray.”  
 “ 89.—“She viewed the dawning day.”  
 “ 106.—“It was now the merry hour of noon.”  
 “ 117.—“Long before the sinking day.”

20.—western star. Venus, the evening star. Venus was goddess of love.

This page and the first eight lines on page 57 are chosen by Jeffrey for special remark as an example of the “prodigious improvement which the style of the old romance is capable of receiving from a more liberal admixture of pathetic sentiments and gentle affections. The effect of the picture is finely assisted by the contrast of its two compartments, peace and alarm.”

As parallel passages, the opening lines of Byron’s *Parisina*, the stanzas near the close of *Don Juan*, Canto III., Campbell’s verses *To the Evening Star*, and the song in Chapter IV. of Scott’s *Quentin Durward*. In the Latin poet Catullus, LXI., 99, there is a bridal-song beginning “Vesper adest,” etc.

**Page 57, 1.**—cresset. An open pot or cup at the top of a pole, used as a lamp. Compare *cruise*, *cruicible*, *cruet*, *crock*.

9.—seneschal. Stewart, chief servant. Gothic *sin-s*, old, and *skalk*, a servant. Compare marshal.

13.—bale of fire. A *bale* is a beacon-fire. Originally it meant any great fire, a blazing pile; A.S. *buel*, Scand. *bål*, a blazing fire. Entirely distinct from *bale*, a package, bale, evil, and bale, to empty.

“The Border beacons, from their number and position, formed a sort of telegraphic communication with Edinburgh. The Act of Parliament 1455, c. 48, directs that one bale or fagot shall be warning of the approach of the English in any manner; two bales, that they are *coming indeed*; four bales,

blazing beside each other, that the enemy are in great force. . . . These beacons (at least in latter times) were a 'long and strong tree set up, with a long iron pole across the head of it, and an iron brander fixed on a stalk in the middle of it, for holding a tar-barrel.'—Stevenson's *History*, vol. ii. p. 701."—SCOTT.

16.—**scout.** To spy, to reconnoitre; Lat. *auscultare*, to listen, Fr. *écoutier*.

17.—**Mount for Branksome** was the gathering word of the Scotts. The whole description of the gathering of the Scotts and their allies may be compared with that in the Border ballad of *Jamie Telfer*, given in the *Border Minstrelsy* :—

" Gar warn the water, braid and wide,  
Gar warn it sune and hastilie !  
They that winna ride for Telfer's kye,  
Let them never look in the face o' me !

Warn Wat o' Harden and his sons,  
Wi' them will Borthwick Water ride ;  
Warn Gaudilands, and Allanhaugh,  
And Gilmanscleugh, and Commonside.

Ride by the gate at Priesthaughswire,  
And warn the Curors o' the Lee ;  
As ye cum down the Hermitage Slack,  
Warn doughty Willie o' Gorrinberry.

The Scotts they rade, the Scotts they ran,  
Sae starkly and sae steadilie !  
And aye the ower-word o' the thrang  
Was—'Rise for Branksome readilie !'"

24.—**the warden** of the Scotch Marches, not the warden of the castle, as on the preceding page, line 29.

26.—"The speed with which the Borderers collected great bodies of horse, may be judged of from the following extract, when the subject of the rising was much less important than that supposed in the romance. It is taken from Carey's *Memoirs* :—

"Upon the death of the old Lord Scroop, the Queen gave the west wardenry to his son, that had married my sister. He having received that office, came to me with great earnestness, and desired me to be his deputy, offering me that I should live with him in his house; that he would allow me half a dozen men, and as many horses, to be kept at his charge; and his fee

being 1000 merks yearly, he would part it with me, and I should have the half. This his noble offer I accepted of, and went with him to Carlisle; where I was no sooner come, but I entered into my office. We had a stirring time of it; and few days past over my head but I was on horseback, either to prevent mischief, or take malefactors, and to bring the Border in better quiet than it had been in times past. One memorable thing of God's mercy shewed unto me, was such as I have good cause still to remember it.

'I had private intelligence given me, that there were two Scottishmen that had killed a churchman in Scotland, and were by one of the Græmes relieved. This Græme dwelt within five miles of Carlisle. He had a pretty house, and close by it a strong tower, for his own defence in time of need. About two o'clock in the morning, I took horse in Carlisle, and not above twenty-five in my company, thinking to surprise the house on a sudden. Before I could surround the house, the two Scots were gotten in the strong tower, and I could see a boy riding from the house as fast as his horse could carry him; I little suspecting what it meant. But Thomas Carleton came to me presently, and told me, that if I did not presently prevent it, both myself and all my company would be either slain or taken prisoners. It was strange to me to hear this language. He then said to me, "Do you see that boy that rideth away so fast? He will be in Scotland within this half hour; and he is gone to let them know that you are here, and to what end you are come, and the small number you have with you; and that if they will make haste, on a sudden they may surprise us, and do with us what they please." Hereupon we took advice what was best to be done. We sent notice presently to all parts to raise the country, and to come to us with all the speed they could; and withal we sent to Carlisle to raise the townsmen; for without foot we could do no good against the tower. There we staid some hours, expecting more company; and within short time after the country came in on all sides, so that we were quickly between three and four hundred horse; and, after some longer stay, the foot of Carlisle came to us, to the number of three or four hundred men; whom we presently set to work to get to the top of the tower, and to uncover the roof; and then some twenty of them to fall down together, and by that means to win the tower. The Scots, seeing their

present danger, offered to parley, and yielded themselves to my mercy. They had no sooner opened the iron gate, and yielded themselves my prisoners, but we might see 400 horse within a quarter of a mile coming to their rescue, and to surprise me and my small company; but of a sudden they stayed, and stood at gaze. Then had I more to do than ever; for all our Borderers came crying, with full mouths, "Sir, give us leave to set upon them; for these are they that have killed our fathers, our brothers, and uncles, and our cousins; and they are coming, thinking to surprise you, upon weak grass nags, such as they could get on a sudden; and God hath put them into your hands, that we may take revenge of them for much blood that they have spilt of ours." I desired they would be patient a while, and bethought myself, if I should give them their will, there would be few or none of the Scots that would escape unkill'd (there were so many deadly feuds among them); and therefore I resolved with myself to give them a fair answer, but not to give them their desire. So I told them, that if I were not there myself, they might then do what they pleased themselves; but being present, if I should give them leave, the blood that should be spilt that day would lie very hard upon my conscience. And therefore I desired them, for my sake, to forbear; and, if the Scots did not presently make away with all the speed they could, upon my sending to them, they should then have their wills to do what they pleased. They were ill satisfied with my answer, but durst not disobey. I sent with speed to the Scots, and bade them pack away with all the speed they could; for if they stayed the messenger's return, they should few of them return to their own home. They made no stay; but they were returned homewards before the messenger had made an end of his message. Thus, by God's mercy, I escaped a great danger; and, by my means, there were a great many men's lives saved that day.''"—SCOTT.

**Page 58.** 3.—Veitch tells us that a bale-fire lighted in the evening carried its tidings so swiftly that "at the Fireburn near Coldstream, by early morning ten thousand armed men have been known to meet together at a single place of rendezvous."

**Page 59.** 7.—*tarn*. A small lake among the mountains, often without outlet.

8.—**earn.** The golden eagle or the osprey.

9.—**cairn.** “The cairns, or piles of loose stones, which crown the summit of most of our Scottish hills, and are found in other remarkable situations, seem usually, though not universally, to have been sepulchral monuments. Six flat stones are commonly found in the centre, forming a cavity of greater or smaller dimensions, in which an urn is often placed. The author is possessed of one, discovered beneath an immense cairn at Roughlee, in Liddesdale. It is of the most barbarous construction; the middle of the substance alone having been subjected to the fire, over which, when hardened, the artist had laid an inner and outer coat of unbaked clay, etched with some very rude ornaments, his skill apparently being inadequate to baking the vase when completely finished. The contents were bones and ashes, and a quantity of beads made of coal. This seems to have been a barbarous imitation of the Roman fashion of sepulture.”—SCOTT.

12.—**Law.** Hill; A.S. *hlaw*, a mound. These were two beacon hills in Berwick.

13.—**the Regent's order.** The Earl of Arran was Regent for Mary Queen of Scots until 1554, during her absence in France, which lasted from 1548 to 1561. After 1554 her mother, Mary of Guise, was the Regent. Mary Queen of Scots was born 1542, became Queen of France 1559, a widow 1560, Queen of Scotland 1561, she fled to England 1568, and was executed 1587.

**bowne**, or boun, to make ready, prepare. It still survives in such expressions as “homeward bound,” “bound for London,” etc.

**Page 60, 2.—massy stone and iron bar.** These were piled up on the walls to be hurled down on assailants. Sometimes they were shot from springalds, huge crossbows that resembled the Roman catapults.

3.—**keep.** The strongest part of the castle, designed to withstand a long siege.

19.—The Leven is on the west, the Tyne on the east side of England. Tynedale, valley of the Tyne: M.E. *dale*. Dan. *dal*. Ger. *thal*. Compare dollar and thaler.

**black-mail.** Money exacted by outlaws from landowners along the Border in return for protection from robbery. *Black*,

evil, sinister, as seen in black-leg, black-guard; *mail*, rent, A.S. *mail*.

Note the condensation, simplicity and pathos of the Interlude. The soft alliteration suits the touch of pity excited by the sadness and isolation of the aged Bard.

"Nothing can excel the simple concise pathos of the close of this Canto—nor the touching picture of the Bard, when, with assumed *business*, he tries to conceal real sorrow. How well the poet understands the art of contrast—and how judiciously it is exerted in the exordium of the next Canto, where our mourning sympathy is exchanged for the thrill of pleasure!"—MISS SEWARD.

After Deloraine's combat and the loss of the young heir of Buccleuch, the attack of the English hastens the catastrophe and brings us to the main turning point in the action of the poem.

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In reviewing the preceding part of the poem, which comprises within it most of the author's salient characteristics, it may be useful to read it once for a special study of the

### VOCABULARY.

1.—*The proportion of classical words to native words* may be noted. Some of Scott's numbers are almost pure Saxon and nearly monosyllabic. Examples: Page 11, line 15 and following verses; page 16, lines 5-25; and pp. 53 and 54. At other times, when he is describing the arms, customs, officers, etc., brought over from France, his vocabulary grows largely classical. The same thing happens when the rites of the church have to be mentioned or when law terms are required. Examples, page 17, lines 11 and following; page 33, from line 17. Compare Deloraine's words on page 21 with his utterance on page 32. Architectural details are given chiefly in words of classical origin.

The laws, customs, ceremonies, military and ecclesiastical systems of the Normans account for most of these words. The usual proportion of classical words in modern English is from 20 to 30 per cent.

2.—*The archaisms and obsolete words* used by Scott are numerous and evidently meant to give the poem an antique air.

Some of them are merely archaic spellings imitated from Spenser, such as *Ladys*, *idlesse*, *heartlie*; others are completely obsolete, such as *whenas*, *withal*, *rood*, *bashew*, *mot*, *arch*, etc.

3.—We find a copious use here and there of *words confined to poetic diction*, such as *brand*, *steed*, *sires*, *main*, *gau*, *tide*, etc.

4.—Besides these we have a *distinctly Scottish element* which apparently consists of *Saxon words* that have survived in the old kingdom of Strathclyde, where a large proportion of the people are “more English than the English,” never having suffered from foreign invasions to any extent. Such are *behest*, *bowne*, *keep*, *drie*, *burn*, *tryst*, etc.

5.—*Keltic words*, such as *Ben*, *slogan*, *galliard*, *claymore*, *glen*, etc., which come from the Highlands of the north.

### CONDENSATION AND DIFFUSENESS.

In connection with the language employed in the poem, we may note examples of marked brevity and of studious amplification and repetition. There is an economy in brevity as well as an impressive effect that is often artistic. At page 23, lines 29-34, and page 29, lines 1-18, we find terse passages which we may compare with others that are obviously lengthened out for a purpose. (See pages 24 and 41.) This deliberate conciseness is often the result of (a) *A happy choice of a single word*, (b) *Compounding words*, (c) *The use of co-ordinating, proleptic, and other epithets*, (d) *The use of the participial construction*, (e) *The use of the abridged sentence and of condensing figures of speech*. We may easily select examples as we review the poem.

Sometimes a pleasing effect is secured in oratory and in poetry by intentional difuseness and the iteration of the same or of similar thoughts and shades of meaning. The text on pages 45 and 46 will serve to exemplify several of the artifices that produce amplification. The chief modes are the use of (f) *Synonymous words and phrases* which are sometimes bilingual, (g) *Redundant and pleonastic expressions*, (h) *Phrases, long clauses or even whole sentences where a single word or a very few words would suffice to convey the literal meaning*. Occasionally this leads to a slight digression and introduces details not strictly necessary to the matter under consideration, but still serving to attract attention and give pleasure by creating a secondary interest. We find examples for study on pages 56 and 59.

## ART EMOTIONS.

The various aesthetic interests of the poem deserve attention. We may give the preceding cantos a special reading to observe carefully how Scott handles (*k*) *light, colour, and sound*. It is generally believed that his ear for music was rather defective and that his eye for light and shade and delicate tones of color was one of the very best. We can easily cull passages that will help us to study these three points. (*l*) *The music of poetry*, which includes melody and harmony. Music excludes discord and harshness except under very rare circumstances. In poetry the satisfaction of the ear demands the elimination of letters, syllables, and words or their combinations that are not euphonious. Good metre and perfect rhymes support the general melody. Of course, the proper test is to read the poem aloud and continuously. In *The Lay* it is often necessary to give the Scotch "burr" to bring out the proper effect; but the music is very unequal. In a few passages the melody is nearly perfect, the metre and the rhythm being wedded to the thought and the feeling. Even where harsh combinations and bad rhymes occur the dissonance is often relieved by the energetic flow and masculine force of the narration. Pages 56, 40, and 21 afford examples of Scott's melody at its best.

Harmony implies adaptation and includes intentional discord as well as music. A few notes of discord are sometimes thrown in to heighten by contrast the finest passages of music; but our greatest composers of music and poetry carefully avoid harsh sounds unless for the purpose of contrast or of imitation. The principal examples of harmony in poetry occur when (*m*) *the sound echoes the sense*, as on pages 20, 31, 52, and 57.

(*n*) *The movement of the verse imitates motion, ease or difficulty, gladness or sorrow, and the like.* Thus on page 21 we have dancing and mourning, and on page 25 the galloping of a horse. On page 59 the clang of armor and the peal of the alarm-bell, and on page 43 the "dwarfish ape," are described in words that are intentionally discordant, and in lines that keep time to the bell and to the patter of the goblin's feet. So also on page 52 we have a movement suggesting the rapid bounds of the dog as well as his punctuated baying.

(p) *The movement and the sound of the verse, fitly combine to suggest certain tones of feeling.* Thus the first lines of the prelude move slowly in harmony with the loneliness, poverty, and sadness that excite our pity. On pages 46 and 47 again we find a light and joyous movement combined with the rising inflection and melodious words which exactly suits the description of victorious love.

As we go on studying Scott's art we meet with (q) *The interest of character*, which includes among other things delineation, development with time, contrast and interaction with other personages in the poem.

(r) *The interest of plot and suspense.* The first requires complication, resolution, and a satisfactory close, while the second demands skilful distribution of the details, proper light and shade, and, most difficult of all, successful transitions from one unit of the narrative to the next.

(s) *Various feelings excited*, such as compassion, love, sorrow, sympathy with nature, admiration of beauty, courage and strength, contempt of ugliness, cowardice and weakness; fear, joy, patriotism and reverential awe. The Minstrel, Lord Walter, the Ladye, Margaret, the young heir, Deloraine, and Cranstoun supply a rich study in action and feeling.

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## CANTO IV.

**Page 62.**—“Some of the most interesting passages of the poem are those in which the author drops the business of his story to moralize, and apply to his own situation the images and reflections it has suggested. After concluding one Canto with an account of the warlike array which was prepared for the reception of the English invaders, he opens the succeeding one with the following beautiful verses. . . . There are several other detached passages of equal beauty, which might be quoted in proof of the effect which is produced by this dramatic interference of the narrator.”—JEFFREY.

“The first two stanzas may serve as a reminder of the change that Scott introduced upon the reflective poetry of the eighteenth century. The Minstrel's strain of reflection is an echo of Rogers' *Pleasures of Memory*, whose elegant musings on the past

had some share in forming Scott's historic sentiment. But the reflections of Rogers are abstract, detached from individual human interest, common to humanity. Here, on the other hand, we have not merely reflections in general on the changes that time brings, but personal emotion, the touching retrospect of an individual man, with joys and griefs of his own to remember, awakened as in real life by casual incidents. This exhibition of warm personal emotion, set in a moving stream of life, was one of the novelties of *The Lay*, and one of the main secrets of its effect."—MINTO.

Observe the contrast between the calm serenity of these first two numbers and the stir and bustle that follow. The *liquid alliteration* of the opening lines is a sample of the workmanship Scott could produce when he took the necessary time and pains—which he seldom did. These fine overtures in *The Lay*, *Marmion*, *The Lady of the Lake*, and *The Lord of the Isles* are highly appreciated by most of Scott's readers.

**Page 63, 3.—Great Dundee.** "The Viscount of Dundee, slain in the battle of Killiecrankie" (July 27, 1689).—SCOTT. This was John Graham of Claverhouse, a zealous royalist, celebrated as a relentless opponent of the Scottish Covenanters. He was killed by a musket-ball. Lines 2, 3 supply an answer to the question of lines 1, 2, page 61.

11.—**pathless marsh and mountain cell.** "The morasses were the usual refuge of the Border herdsmen on the approach of an English army. Caves hewn in most dangerous and inaccessible places also afforded an occasional retreat."—SCOTT.

23.—**Watt Tinlinn.** "This person was, in my younger days, the theme of many a fireside tale. He was a retainer of the Buccleuch family, and held for his Border service a small tower on the frontiers of Liddesdale. Watt was, by profession, a *sutor* (cobbler), but, by inclination and practice, an archer and warrior."—SCOTT.

27.—**Saint Barnabright.** The festival of St. Barnabas, June 11th, which in the old style, before the revision of 1582, was taken as the longest day in the year.

**Page 64, 1.—yeoman.** Accented on the second syllable here. "The dawn displays the smoke of ravaged fields, and shepherds, with their flocks, flying before the storm. Tidings

brought by a tenant of the family, not used to seek a shelter on light occasion of alarm, disclose the strength and object of the invaders. This man is a character of a lower and rougher cast than Deloraine. The portrait of the rude retainer is sketched with the same masterly hand. Here again, Mr. Scott has trod in the footsteps of the old romancers, who confine themselves not to the display of a few personages who stalk over the stage on stately stilts, but usually reflect all the varieties of character that marked the era to which they belong. The interesting example of manners thus preserved to us, is not the only advantage which results from this peculiar structure of their plan. It is this, amongst other circumstances, which enables them to carry us along with them, under I know not what species of fascination, and to make us, as it were, credulous spectators of their most extravagant scenes. In this they seem to resemble the painter, who, in the delineation of a battle, while he places the adverse heroes of the day combating in the front, takes care to fill his background with subordinate figures, whose appearance adds at once both spirit and an air of probability to the scene."—*The Critical Review* (1805).

5.—**Hag.** "The broken ground in a bog."—SCOTT.

6.—**Billhope.** In Liddesdale, famous for game.

9.—**silver brooch and bracelet.** "As the Borderers were indifferent about the furniture of their habitations, so much exposed to be burned and plundered, they were proportionately anxious to display splendor in decorating and ornamenting their females."—SCOTT.

13.—**Morion.** An open helmet without a visor.

**Page 65, 7.—Belted Will Howard.** "Lord William Howard, third son of Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, succeeded to Naworth Castle, and a large domain annexed to it, in right of his wife Elizabeth, sister of George Lord Dacre, who died without heirs-male in the 11th of Queen Elizabeth. By a poetical anachronism, he is introduced into the romance a few years earlier than he actually flourished. He was warden of the Western Marches; and, from the rigor with which he repressed the Border excesses, the name of Belted Will Howard is still famous in our traditions."—SCOTT.

8.—**Lord Daere.** The name is derived from the exploits of one of his ancestors at the siege of Acre, or Ptolemais, under Richard I., 1191. (See page 78, 21, *et seq.*)

9.—**The German.** “In the wars with Scotland, Henry VIII. and his successors employed numerous bands of mercenary troops. At the battle of Pinky, there were in the English army six hundred hackbutters on foot and two hundred on horseback, composed chiefly of foreigners.”—SCOTT.

14.—Watt evidently thinks it remarkable that his house has not been burnt for a year, which gives a glimpse of the free-booting that was carried on in Liddesdale.

20.—**Serogg.** A thicket of scraggy bushes, a *shaw*.

23-24.—**Eastern's night.** The eve of the great Fast of Lent, Shrove Tuesday, or day of *shriving*. The day was kept as a carnival, and Fergus had evidently been improving the time to finish his depredations before the sanctities of the Fast commenced. Line 23 implies that from Shrove Tuesday (March or April) to Michaelmas (Sept. 29th), is a long time to delay retaliation. (See page 23, line 25, and page 36, line 8.)

**Page 66, 3.—silver wave.** (See page 44, line 9.) The Yarrow drains the lake. See Wordsworth's three poems on that stream of the Scottish muse. For a fine description of the lake we may turn to Scott's *Marmion*, introduction to Canto II. :

“Oft in my mind such thoughts awake,  
By lone St. Mary's silent lake;  
Thou know'st it well,—nor fen, nor sedge,  
Pollute the pure lake's crystal edge;  
Abrupt and sheer, the mountains sink  
At once upon the level brink;  
And just a trace of silver sand  
Marks where the water meets the land.  
Far in the mirror, bright and blue,  
Each hill's huge outline you may view;  
Shaggy with heath, but lonely bare.  
Nor tree, nor bush, nor brake, is there,  
Save where, of land, yon slender line  
Bears thwart the lake the scattered pine.  
Yet even this nakedness has power,  
And aids the feeling of the hour.”

7.—**tressured.** The pseudo-participle. The *tressure* was a laced border round a shield, a flat binding of threads interlaced (tressed, plaited).

Compare this gathering of the clans to protect Branksome with the gathering in *The Lady of the Lake*, Canto III :—

“ Each valley, each sequestered glen,  
 Mustered its little horde of men,  
 That met as torrents from the height  
 In Highland dales their streams unite,  
 Still gathering, as they pour along,  
 A voice more loud, a tide more strong,  
 Till at the rendezvous they stood  
 By hundreds, prompt for blows and blood  
 Each trained to arms since life began,  
 Owing no tie but to his clan,  
 No oath, but by his chieftain’s hand,  
 No law, but Roderick Dhu’s command.”

19.—**An aged knight.** Walter Scott, Watt of Harden, ancestor of the poet. He was a renowned freebooter.

**Page 67, 1.—azure.** Blue color on a shield; *field*, the surface of the shield, which in this case was yellow.

**3.—bend.** In the arms of Buccleuch the *field* was golden; a blue *bend* or stripe crossed this diagonally from upper right to lower left; and on the bend was a golden star of six points between two golden crescents. (See page 22, line 25, which does not agree exactly with line 2 here.) The meaning is that the cognizance of the Scotts was emblazoned in blue on the bright yellow surface of the shield.

**11.—The Flower.** Mary Scott, daughter of Philip Scott of Dryhope. (See page 126.)

From page 67, line 24, to page 70, line 2, we have an episode or digression which tells how the Scotts became lords of Eskdale. Such digressions occur in epic poetry, and sometimes occupy large space. These lines were not in the first edition, and Phillpotts thinks “ both style and measure are far below the rest of the Canto.”

**Page 68, 2.—liege-lord.** Free or independent lord, which came later to mean faithful, loyal lord, and also feudal lord. The latter is the meaning here and on page 69, line 4.

**4.—Homage.** The acknowledgment of a feudal tenant made to his feudal lord, that he was his *man* or vassal.

**seigniory.** The power and right of a feudal lord.

**5.—galliard.** A bold and gay gallant.

**heriot.** A tribute exacted by a lord on the death of his tenant. A.S. *here*, an army; *geatu*, apparel; hence literally military apparel, equipment, which upon the death of the tenant escheated to his lord. Afterwards this included horses, etc. It is one form of tenure by copyhold.

9.—**trow.** Believe, think. Compare *true*, *truth*, *troth*, *truce*, *trust*, *tryst*.

23.—**east.** A flight of hawks, as many as would be loosed upon the game at the same time.

25.—**beshrew.** Curse.

33.—**merrymen.** Archers, foresters, outlaws, who were believed to lead a gay and merry life.

**Page 69**, 20.—Anapestic line.

29.—**bore.** Thrust.

31.—**Haugh.** A hill, particularly a beacon-hill.

**Page 70**, 5.—**swair.** The steep slope of a hill, also written *swire*. (See page 57, 14.)

8.—**Bellenden.** “Situated near the head of Borthwick water, and, being in the centre of the possessions of the Scotts, was frequently used as their place of rendezvous and gathering word.”—SCOTT.

11.—**aids.** Clans, bands, reinforcements.

24.—**wily page.** The goblin who had assumed the appearance of the Ladye's son.

**Page 71**, 6.—Pronounce *bur-en*. *Rangle*, a heap of stones; *burn*, a brook, a spring; stony creek.

13.—**mickle.** Great, much; A.S. *micel*.

19.—**urchin.** Goblin, mischievous spirit; originally a hedgehog.

23.—**imp.** A graft, scion, a youth, a little mischievous spirit. Formerly used in a good sense. Spenser calls the Muses “sacred imps.”

In describing the arrival of the English forces at Branksome and what followed, we get a specimen of Scott's narrative power. This word-painting of active bustle and conflict shows Scott at his best, and later on made him famous.

**Page 72,** 4.—Almayn. German mercenaries. (See line 24.) Fr. *Allemand*, Lat. *Allemani*, a German tribe of Caesar's time.

9.—**forayers.** Skirmishers sent out to reconnoitre; primarily raiders.

12.—**Kendal.** In Westmoreland, celebrated for its archers and its green cloth.

16.—**bill-men.** Infantry armed with long-handled axes or bills.

27.—**bill and bow.** Billmen and bowmen. The bill had a broad hook-shaped blade with a sharp spike at the back.

28.—**sold their blood.** “These mercenaries, or ‘free-companies,’ as they were called, composed of men from all countries, sold their services to the highest bidder, and spent their lives in fighting. Scott quotes from Froissart an account of one such band of mercenary adventurers who described themselves as ‘frendes to God and enemies to all the worlde.’”—STUART.

“The mercenary adventurers, whom, in 1380, the Earl of Cambridge carried to the assistance of the King of Portugal against the Spaniards, mutinied for want of regular pay. At an assembly of their leaders, Sir John Soltier, a natural son of Edward the Black Prince, thus addressed them: ‘‘I counsayle let us be alle of one alliance, and of one accord, and let us among ourselves reyse up the baner of St. George, and let us be frendes to God, and enemyes to alle the worlde; for without we make ourselfe to be feared, we gette nothyng.’’ “By my fayth,” quod Sir William Helmon, “ye saye right well, and so let us do.” They all agreed with one voyce, and so regarded among them who shulde be their capitayne. Then they advysed in the case how they coude nat have a better capitayne than Sir John Soltier. For they sulde then have good leyser to do yvel, and they thought he was more metelyer thereto than any other. Then they raised up the penon of St. George, and cried, “A Soltier! a Soltier! the valyaunt bastarde! frendes to God, and enemys to all the worlde!” (Froissart, vol. i. ch. 393).”—SCOTT.

32.—**levin.** Lightning. A.S. *legen*, flaming.

33.—**frounced.** Flounced, plaited. Scott here follows what he read in *A Mirrour for Magistrates*, a collection of poems

written by Sackville and others celebrating unfortunate but illustrious men who figure in English history. The book was begun in the reign of Mary and published in that of Elizabeth. Scott refers to page 121 :—“ Their plaited garments theirwith well accord, all jagged and *frounst* with divers colors decked.” Thus he made use of his antiquarian knowledge to fill out the details of his pictures of ancient times.

34.—**morsing-horns.** Flasks, powder-horns for holding the powder with which the hand-guns were primed. These were first used instead of bows about 1471. Compare *morsel*.

**Page 73, 1.—better knee.** Right knee. “ From the battle-pieces of the ancient Flemish painters we learn that the German soldiers marched to an assault with their right knees bared.”—SCOTT.

“ The stanzas describing the march of the English forces, and the investiture of the Castle of Branxholm, display a great knowledge of ancient costume, as well as a most picturesque and lively picture of feudal warfare.”—*Critical Review*.

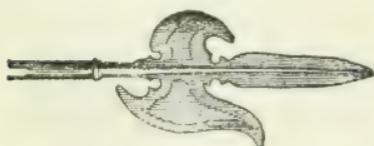
2.—**escalade.** The scaling of a wall; Lat. *scala*, ladder.

4.—**Teutonic.** German; Lat. *Teutones*.

9.—**glaive.** Sword; Lat. *gladius*. Compare *claymore*, *gladiator*.

13.—**favor.** A love-token, such as a ribbon or a scarf, given to a knight by his sweet-heart; worn on the sleeve or the helmet.

**Page 74, 9.—bartizan.** A small tower projecting from an angle of a wall.



10.—**partisan.** A kind of battle-axe with a long handle, used like a bayonet.

11.—**Falcon.** A cannon; a metaphor from the destructive hawk of that name.

**culver.** Also called *culverin*, a small cannon or hand-gun long and thin. Fr. *couleuvre*, an adder; Lat. *colubra*, a serpent. Metaphor in a word.

16.—The machicolated towers had openings in their projecting galleries, through which the pitch and lead could be thrown upon the assailants below.

30—"A glove upon a lance was the emblem of faith among the ancient Borderers, who were wont, when any one broke his word, to expose this emblem, and proclaim him a faithless villain at the first Border meeting. This ceremony was much dreaded."—SCOTT.

**Page 75, 3.—Border tide.** A truce proclaimed by the English and Scotch Wardens, a time for settling disputes, during which no feud was to be carried on.

**8.—reads.** Advises, counsels; A.S. *raedan*, to advise.

**swith.** Quickly, instantly; A.S., *swith*, strong.

18.—**pursuivant.** An attendant on a herald, who sometimes, as here, acted as herald.

24.—Minto doubts whether Scott was right in dressing the pursuivant in Lord Howard's livery, since he was a state officer.

25.—**argent.** Silver, white; Lat. *argentum*. The figure of a lion was embroidered on the breast of his uniform or *livery* to show that he was one of Howard's retinue.

31.—**irks.** Pains, vexes.

**Page 76, 4.—flemens-firth.** "An asylum for outlaws."—SCOTT. A.S. *glaeminger*, outlaw, and *firth*, a shelter, a refuge.

6.—**march-treason.** "Several species of offences peculiar to the Border constituted what was called march-treason. Among others was the crime of riding, or causing to ride, against the opposite country during time of truce."—SCOTT. This serves to make clear the lines following.

7.—**Saint Cuthbert's eve.** The evening before March 20th. St. Cuthbert, born 635, was monk, prior of Melrose, bishop of Lindisfarne, and died in 687.

10.—**by dint of glaive.** A stroke of his sword.

11.—**harried.** Laid waste, plundered.

15.—**warrison.** Trumpet-blast, note of assault; used in this sense by Scott alone. The old writers use *warison* in the sense of reward, guerdon, protection.

18.—This line shows the date of the story, 1552 or 1553.

23.—The struggle between maternal affection and the Ladye's duty, and the triumph of the latter, serves to exhibit the stern stuff in her character. Our sympathy is aroused by "her sobbing breast" and the final "struggling sigh," which is the note of victory for will over emotion.

31.—**emprise.** Enterprise, undertaking. Irony.

**Page 77,** 16.—**lyke-wake dirge.** The signal for death. The watching of a dead body before its burial (A.S. *līc*, corpse, and *wacan*, to wake, to watch) is the lyke-wake.

21.—**Pensils.** A ribbon-shaped flag, with swallow-tail end, borne on a spear or lance. Lat. *penna*, feather.

33.—What are you doing here? What are you about?

**Page 78,** 3.—**Ruberslaw.** A mountain east of Hawick.

4.—**weapon-schaw.** A muster or show of the military array of a county.

10.—Lord Maxwell's banner bore an eagle and a cross embroidered upon it.

13.—**Merse.** The plain stretching along the south of Berwick.

34.—**Blanche Lion.** Silver lion. (See page 75, line 25.)

**Page 79,** 5.—**Certes.** The French form of Lat. *certe*, certainly.

7.—Scott quotes instances of trial by single combat in 1558 and in 1602.

23.—**parleying.** A parley or conference was demanded by sounding a trumpet.

25.—**defied.** Challenged.

33.—**foil.** To disgrace, defeat.

**Page 80.**—“The trial by combat seems to promise nothing to the lovers. Yet it is destined to lead to their union, and therefore it is necessary to the story that it should take place. It is not easy, however, to understand the conduct of the various parties in the parley. Why does the Ladye propose a combat (page 77, line 1), and gainsay it (page 80, line 7)?

Surely the answer must be that she gained 'the secret presence' (line 12) in the interval; for (1) the description of her emotion (page 76) loses its interest if she knew of the coming help at the time, and the calm dignity and faith of her noble speech (page 77) is turned into a hypocritical attempt to gain time; (2) we shall see in the next Canto that the knowledge which she gains from her magic is limited, for she is deceived with regard to the Scotch champion. Again, does Howard show his 'sageness' in so suddenly abating his claims? On page 76 the demand is, 'Admit an English garrison into Branksome, or we will storm it, and the Heir shall be carried off to London'; on page 79 the proposal is, 'If Musgrave wins, we will keep what we have already got; if he falls, we will surrender the Heir and bargain only for our personal safety.' Would not this sudden change have aroused the suspicions of the shrewd Scottish chiefs?"—FLATHER.

**Page 81, 3.—whenas.** When that, when. The word *when* was originally interrogative, and was made relative by the addition of the particle *as* or *that*.

**5.—the jovial Harper.** An ancient Border minstrel, called "Rattling, Roaring Willie." He quarrelled with the bard of Rule Water, bearing the name of "Sweet Milk," and killed him. For this Willie was executed at Jedburgh.

**9.—Lord Archibald.** The framer of statutes or points of Border warfare in the middle of the fifteenth century.

**23.—Ousenam.** Now called Oxnam, near Jedburgh, the seat of the Cranstouns.

**26.—Jedwood Air.** Means Jedburgh assizes. Air is the same as *eire* or *eyre*. Lat. *iter*, a journey. The phrase "justices in Eyre" means judges on circuit.

**Page 82, 15.—minion.** Favorite.

18. **Marble hearse.** Tomb.

## CANTO V.

**Page 83, 1.**—*it.* The belief that nature mourns, etc.

Scott here for a few lines rises to the level of imaginative poetry of feeling. Such elevation made his great contemporary, Wordsworth, famous.

**Page 84, 12.**—*thanedom.* The thane was lord or chief and held jurisdiction over a country or land where he lived.

**Page 85, 14.**—In the fourteenth century the frontier was divided into the East, West, and Middle Marches, and wardens over each were appointed both by English and Scotch.

**15.—The Bloody Heart.** “The well-known cognizance of the house of Douglas, assumed from the time of good Lord James, to whose care Robert Bruce committed his heart to be carried to the Holy Land.”—SCOTT.

**The Seven Spears.** The seven sons of Sir David Home of Wedderburne.

**22.—Clarence's Plantagenet.** “At the battle of Beauge, in France, Thomas, Duke of Clarence, brother to Henry V., was unhorsed by Sir John Swinton of Swinton, who distinguished him by a coronet set with precious stones, which he wore around his helmet. The family of Swinton is one of the most ancient in Scotland, and produced many celebrated warriors.”—SCOTT.

**Page 86.** In several different ways the poet endeavors to make us realize the peculiar feelings of the English and the Scotch as they meet at the feast. Compare pages 86, 87, 88 with page 100.

**Page 87, 8.**—*The football play.* “The football was anciently a very favorite sport all through Scotland, but especially upon the Borders. Sir John Carmichael of Carmichael, Warden of the Middle Marches, was killed in 1600 by a band of the Armstrongs, returning from a football match. Sir Robert Carey, in his Memoirs, mentions a great meeting, appointed by the Scotch riders to be held at Kelso for the purpose of playing at football, but which terminated in an incursion upon England. At present, the football is often played

by the inhabitants of adjacent parishes, or of the opposite banks of a stream. The victory is contested with the utmost fury, and very serious accidents have sometimes taken place in the struggle."—SCOTT.

**Page 88,** 1.—**whinger.** A knife used for carving or as a dagger.

10.—**wassail.** Revel, carouse, riotous festivity.

**Page 89,** 13.—**By times.** Betimes, early.

**Page 90,** 1.—**Queen Mary.** Probably Mary of Guise, widow of James V. Mary Queen of Scots was only ten years old, and was at this time over in France.

12.—**the vassalage.** The body of vassals.

18.—Lord Cranstoun no doubt felt an impulse to see Margaret once more before the conflict. As it might possibly be their last meeting, he probably told her of his intention to fight the combat instead of Deloraine, whom he had wounded.

**Page 91,** 12.—**shrill port.** Scott says *port* is "a martial piece of music adapted to the bagpipes" Gaelic, a catch, a lively tune.

**Page 92,** 30.—**Bilboa blade.** Bilboa, in the north of Spain, was long famous for iron and steel manufactures.

**Page, 93,** 3.—**footcloth.** The cloth or housings covering the horse's body.

4.—**wimple.** A plaited linen cloth, or a covering of silk for the neck, chin, and sides of the face, such as is often worn by nuns.

13.—This line makes it pretty certain that Cranstoun disclosed his plan to Margaret. She would hardly have felt "terror" on Deloraine's account.

26.—**like vantage.** The marshals took care that neither of the combatants received any advantage with regard to sun and wind.

"The whole scene of the duel or judicial combat is conducted according to the strictest ordinances of chivalry, and delineated with all the minuteness of an ancient romancer."—JEFFREY.

**Page 94, 4.**—despiteous scathe. Malicious wrong.

**Page 96, 14.**—gorget. The piece of armor that protected the throat. Fr. *gorge*, the throat.

20.—We may compare the death of Musgrave as here described with the death of Marmion, given in Canto VI. of Scott's *Marmion*.

**Page 97, 9.**—Beaver. The lower part of the helmet, which is let down to allow the wearer to drink.

**Page 98, 27.**—The story is now practically finished ; but the next canto is added to give an account of the marriage feast, and particularly to dispose of the Goblin Page.

**Page 99, 27.**—wraith. The spectral apparition of a person seen shortly before or after his death.

**Page 100, 18.**—mark. A coin worth 13s. 4d. Old plural without inflection, as often found with nouns denoting time, weight, value, measure, etc.

19.—long of. On account of.

27.—Snaffle, spur, and spear was the motto of all those who lived in the northern counties. *Snaffle*, a bit or bridle for a horse, a snaffle-piece, or nose-piece.

28-32.—gear. Musgrave used to be the foremost man in pursuit of Deloraine and his Scotch Borderers when they were returning home from an English raid loaded with stolen booty. He tracked their winding course with the bloodhound, and often sounded his bugle to rally his men to attack the marauders.

“ The style of the old romancers has been very successfully imitated in the whole of this scene ; and the speech of Deloraine, who, roused from his bed of sickness, rushes into the lists and apostrophizes his fallen enemy, brought to our recollection, as well from the peculiar turn of expression in its commencement as in the tone of sentiments which it conveys, some of the *funèbres orationes* of the *Morte d'Arthur*.”—*Critical Review*.

**Page 101, 2.**—bowning. Going, wending their way.

9.—sable stole. A long scarf, or a long, loose robe reaching to the feet.

10.—**requiem.** A mass for the repose of the soul of the dead person.

**Page 102.**—“The Minstrel ends with a burst of music in which many different notes are mingled together, like the comingling of many voices and many instruments. He imitates the sound of the voices of the full choir of singers singing the funeral service as the body is lowered into the grave in the Abbey.”—**STUART.**

22.—**misprised.** Despised.

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#### CANTO VI.

Some few critics have argued that the sixth Canto lies beyond the plot of the *Lay*. It is true that the feud of the clans has been composed and that the destiny of the lovers has been settled, but the Goblin Page and the Book of Magic still remain on hand and require some satisfactory disposal. Nor would it be quite safe to accept too literally Scott's letter to Miss Seward, as quoted by Lockhart:—

“The sixth Canto is altogether redundant; for the poem should certainly have closed with the union of the lovers, when the interest, if any, was at an end. But what could I do? I had my book and my page still on my hands, and must get rid of them at all events. Manage them as I would, their catastrophe must have been insufficient to occupy an entire canto; so I was fain to eke it out with the songs of the minstrels.”

As Professor Stuart correctly observes, “It is just possible that Scott was not quite in earnest when he so expressed himself, and that whatever he may have *said* afterwards from modesty or from a desire to deprecate the wrath of critics, he did feel, and must have felt at the time he wrote it, that the story required for its completion some account of the betrothal festivities and of the fate of the Goblin Page. However this may be, no one can regret the necessity he felt of eking it out, as he said, with the songs of the minstrels.”

Professor Minto's remarks are in a similar strain:—“I have already argued that the last Canto is no more redundant than

the first; that it is a necessary part of the scheme of the poem, essential to carrying it out with the proportion assigned to the supernatural element at the beginning. But if Scott himself said that it was redundant, surely he must have known best. The answer to this is, that we must not attach too much importance to a writer's half-serious criticism of his own work, when he is called upon to defend it, in answer to the objections of so pertinacious a lady as the good Miss Seward. Scott at least must have been of a different opinion about the sixth Canto when he wrote it, and we must take the work as it stands, not as seen by the author himself through the colored medium of a casual passing mood.

“George Ellis, the editor of *Specimens of Early English Poetry and Metrical Romances*, one of the most learned of Scott's contemporaries in mediæval poetry and romance, ‘entertained some doubts about the propriety of dwelling so long on the minstrel songs in the last Canto,’ but this was because he was not aware of any ‘ancient authority for such a practice.’ To the canto on its own merits he did not object. It is to be remarked that, although the songs are episodical as regards the action of the poem, they are closely interwoven with the sentiment. The subjects of them are such as would naturally occur at the close of a tale in which three of the moving powers are love, magic, and supernatural agency. The first is a love ballad, a congratulation of the happy lovers, and serves to dismiss them gracefully from the stage; the last two put the reader in tune for the wonders of the final incident.”

“Scott's works are grounded on actual tradition. Goethe continually urged young poets to study the real world, and reproduce that instead of merely trying to speak out those few and limited feelings which are theirs as individuals. In the one case they are fresh and inexhaustible, in the other they have soon talked out their limited knowledge, and are ruined by mannerism. Speaking of a new epic he said it failed because it was not grounded in reality, what lay in past ages was not painted with proper truth, it had no pith or kernel; the life and actions of the characters were described in that mere general way which young people consider poetic or romantic, whereas the writer should have adhered strictly to the chronicles. ‘When I remember,’ Goethe concludes, ‘how Schiller studied tradition, what trouble he gave himself about

Switzerland when he wrote his *William Tell*, and how Shakspere used the chronicles, copying into his plays whole passages word for word (e.g. *Coriolanus*), I am inclined to prescribe the same to a young poet.' Goethe was a great admirer of the vivid and varied life in Scott's novels. Scott had in his youth filled his memory with the stories in the ballads and chronicles; these the play of his imagination made his own, and thus in his later years he could throw off in a moment descriptions of the most varied scenes with all the accurate lifelike touches which generally imply accurate study."—PHILLPOTTS.

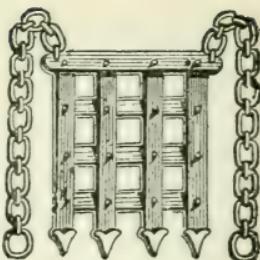
**Page 103.**—If Scott had never written any other poetry than the first two numbers of this Canto he would still have been known round the world as the author of this famous outburst of patriotism. Observe how the last number of Canto V. leads on naturally to the subject.

Scott uses the rhetorical question and answer almost to excess, and often combined with exclamation to give dramatic effect, or to mark strong emphasis on an energetic passage or on one expressing deep emotion.

**Page 104.**—In the closing verses the Minstrel recalls with affection the valleys occupied by his own clan, and the closing days of Scott's own life supplied a touching example of the intense affection with which he viewed "each well-known scene." Hastening home from Italy to die, he lay in the carriage in a dull stupor on the journey from London northward. But he revived at the sight of his beloved Borderland, and Lockhart has recorded the effect. "As we descended the vale of the Gala he began to gaze about him, and by degrees it was obvious that he was recognizing the features of that familiar landscape. Presently he murmured a name or two—*Gala Water, surely, Buckholm, Tormwoodlee*. As we rounded the hill at Ladhofe, and the outline of the Eildons burst on him, he became greatly excited; and when turning himself on the couch his eye caught at length his own towers, at the distance of a mile, he sprang up with a cry of delight."

24.—**Teviot-stone** appears to have been a rough boulder on the Rashie-grain height at the watershed between the counties of Roxburgh and Dumfries; it may have marked a parish boundary or a bridle-path. It has long since disappeared. This line was not in the first edition.—FLATHER.

**Page 105, 2.—porteullis.** A sort of door or gate sliding vertically. It was made of bars of wood or iron studded with spikes, and hung over the gateway of a castle suspended by chains so that it could be let down or drawn up at will.



PORTCULLIS.

10.—**owches.** Ornaments of gold set with precious stones, also called *ouches*; properly the socket in which the jewel is set. O.F. *nouche*, Ger. *nusea*, a buckle, clasp, brooch. The true form *nouch* appears in Chaucer; the *n* was lost by being wrongly attached to the article, an *owch* for a *nouch*. Compare apron for *napron*, orange for *norange*, adder for *nadder*, umpire for *numpire*, auger for *nauger*.

12.—**miniver.** The fur of the miniver, ermine, white fur with black spots. O.F. *menu*, small, *vair*, fur.

**Page 106, 4.—forbidden spell.** “Popular belief, though contrary to the doctrines of the Church, made a favorable distinction between magicians and necromancers, or wizards; the former were supposed to command the evil spirits, and the latter to serve, or at least to be in league and compact with those enemies of mankind. The arts of subjecting the demons were manifold; sometimes the fiends were actually swindled by the magicians.”—SCOTT. The Ladye did not use any unholy spells or charms. She was, therefore, not afraid to approach holy places or sacred objects.

6.—**planetary hour.** Each planet exercised a special influence when it was in the ascendant. In the Middle Ages astrological beliefs were mixed up with the practice of almost every art, and the stars had to be consulted at every turn. The astrologer was a person of great importance.

14.—**guarded.** Edged, bordered.

15.—**A merlin**, “or sparrowhawk, was actually carried by ladies of rank, as a falcon was, in time of peace, the constant attendant of a knight or baron. Godscroft relates, that when Mary of Lorraine was regent, she pressed the Earl of Angus to admit a royal garrison into his castle of Tantallon. To this he returned no direct answer; but, as if apostrophizing a gos-

hawk, which sat on his wrist, and which he was feeding during the Queen's speech, he exclaimed, 'The devil's in this greedy glede, she will never be full.'—Hume's *History of the House of Douglas*, 1743, vol. ii., p. 131. Barclay complains of the common and indecent practice of bringing hawks and hounds into churches."—SCOTT.

25.—**heron-shew.** Or heron-shaw, a young heron.

"The peacock, it is well known, was considered, during the times of chivalry, not merely as an exquisite delicacy but as a dish of peculiar solemnity. After being roasted it was again decorated with its plumage, and a sponge dipped in lighted spirits of wine was placed in its bill. When it was introduced on days of grand festival, it was the signal for the adventurous knights to take upon them vows to do some deed of chivalry 'before the peacock and the ladies.' The boar's head was also a usual dish of feudal splendor. In Scotland it was sometimes surrounded with little banners displaying the colors and achievements of the baron at whose board it was served."—SCOTT.

28.—**cygnet.** A young swan; Low Lat. *coenius*, a swan.

29.—**ptarmigan.** A kind of grouse Gaelic *tarmachan*.

34.—**shalm.** Or shawn, a reel-pipe like a clarionet; O. Fr. *chalemie*, a reed pipe, Lat. *calamus*, a reed.

**Psaltery.** A stringed instrument like a harp.

**Page 107, 5.—hooded.** The hawks wore leather caps or hoods over the head and eyes when on the perch. The hood was removed when the hawk was let fly at game, and small bells were fastened to the wings to frighten the quarry.

11.—**sewers.** Servants who set the table and arranged the dishes.

17.—**Conrad.** (See page 72, line 26.)

**Page 108, 2.—Smote with his gauntlet.** "The Rutherfords of Hunthill were an ancient race of Border Lairds whose names occur in history, sometimes as defending the frontier against the English, sometimes as disturbing the peace of their own country. Dickon Draw-the-Sword was son to the ancient warrior called in tradition the Cock of Hunthill, remarkable

for leading into battle nine sons, gallant warriors, all sons of the ancient champion.”—SCOTT.

10.—**bit his glove.** “To bite the thumb or the glove seems not to have been considered, upon the Border, as a gesture of contempt, though so used by Shakespeare, but as a pledge of mortal revenge. It is yet remembered that a young gentleman of Teviotdale, on the morning after a hard drinking-bout, observed that he had bitten his glove. He instantly demanded of his companion with whom he had quarrelled? And, learning that he had had words with one of the party, insisted on instant satisfaction, asserting that though he remembered nothing of the dispute, yet he was sure he never would have bit his glove unless he had received some unparlonable insult. He fell in the duel, which was fought near Selkirk, in 1721.”—SCOTT.

11.—**lyme-dog.** A hound, a hunting dog led by a lyme or leam, that is, a leash. Compare *ban-dog*.

18.—**Cologne.** Accent on first syllable. The old English name was *Cólen*.

21.—**buttery.** The pantry, a place for provisions, especially beer and wine. Corrupted from M.E. *botelerie*, the place for bottles, not connected with butter.

24.—**selle.** Seat. Fr. *selle*, Lat. *sella*. Usually a saddle.

**Page 109.** 5.—**Remembered him of.** Reflexive use of personal pronoun, common in Old English, especially with words describing motion or mental action. Compare “Mount thee,” etc.

10.—**Solway strife.** The battle of Solway Moss, 1542, at which ten thousand Scots fled before three hundred English horsemen whom they mistook for the English army, which was really thirty miles away. The affair preyed upon the spirits of James V. so much that he died broken-hearted a few days after the disaster, at Falkland Palace, Dec. 13, 1542.

14.—**trencher.** A wooden plate.

19.—**bodkin.** A small dagger. Dimin. of W. *bidog*, Gaelic *biodag*.

20.—**spurned.** Kicked; A.S. *speornan*, to kick against.

22.—**Riot and clamor.** These quarrels were common enough among the Borderers, and are characteristic of the

society and manners of the times. The poet, however, is here preparing the way for the Dwarf's sudden disappearance.

"The appearance and dress of the company assembled in the chapel, and the description of the subsequent feast, in which the hounds and hawks are not the least important personages of the drama, are again happy imitations of those authors from whose rich but unpolished ore Mr. Scott has wrought much of his most exquisite imagery and description. A society such as that assembled in Branxholm Castle, inflamed with national prejudices and heated with wine, seems to have contained in itself sufficient seeds of spontaneous disorder; but the Goblin Page is well introduced, as applying a torch to this mass of combustibles. Quarrels, highly characteristic of Border manners, both in their cause and the manner in which they are supported, ensue, as well among the lordly guests as the yeomen assembled in the buttery."—*The Critical Review*, 1805.

26.—**By this** (time).

29.—**old Albert Græme.** "John Græme, second son of Malice, Earl of Monteith, commonly surnamed John with the Bright Sword, upon some displeasure risen against him at court, retired with many of his clan and kindred into the English Border, in the reign of King Henry the Fourth, where they seated themselves; and many of their posterity have continued ever since. Mr. Sandford, speaking of them says (which indeed was applicable to most of the Borderers on both sides): "They were all stark moss-troopers, and arrant thieves: Both to England and Scotland outlawed; yet sometimes connived at, because they gave forth intelligence of Scotland, and would raise 400 horse at any time upon a raid of the English into Scotland. A saying is recorded of a mother to her son (which is now become proverbial), 'Ride, Rowley, hough's i' the pot': that is, the last piece of beef was in the pot, and therefore it was high time for him to go and fetch more."—SCOTT.

32.—**the Land Debatable.** "The residence of the Græmes being chiefly in the Debatable Land, so called because it was claimed by both kingdoms, their depredations extended both to England and Scotland, with impunity; for as both warlords accounted them the proper subjects of their own prince, neither inclined to demand reparation for their excesses from the opposite officers, which would have been an acknowledgment

of his jurisdiction over them. The Debatable Land was finally divided betwixt England and Scotland, by commissioners appointed by both nations.”—SCOTT.

**Page 110, 4.—His simple song.** “It is the author’s object, in these songs, to exemplify the different styles of ballad narrative which prevailed in this island at different periods, or in different conditions of society. The first (Albert’s) is conducted upon the rude and simple model of the old Border ditties, and produces its effect by the direct and concise narrative of a tragical occurrence.”—JEFFREY.

“The three succeeding songs are each a type of different styles of the poetry of the period. That of Albert Græme is ‘the simple song of a Borderer.’ He is without the Italian culture of Fitztraver, or the skill shown by ‘Harold’ in heightening interest by touches of softer feeling—sentimental in the better sense of the word. His ballad is Homeric in its directness; not a line (except the simple refrain) but is plain, unadorned narrative up to the last verse, where we are reminded of the listeners.”—PHILLPOTTS.

**Page 111, 21.—roundelay.** A kind of ballad in which the first line is repeated, a dancing song.

All three of the songs introduced are love-songs, notwithstanding what the aged Minstrel said on page 43.

**25.—The gentle Surrey.** “The gallant and unfortunate Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, was unquestionably the most accomplished cavalier of his time; and his sonnets display beauties which would do honor to a more polished age. He was beheaded on Tower Hill in 1546—a victim to the mean jealousy of Henry VIII., who could not bear so brilliant a character near his throne.

“The song of the supposed bard is founded on an incident said to have happened to the Earl in his travels. Cornelius Agrippa, the celebrated alchemist, showed him in a looking-glass the lovely Geraldine, to whose service he had devoted his pen and his sword. The vision represented her as indisposed, and reclining upon a couch, reading her lover’s verses by the light of a waxen taper.”—SCOTT.

**Page 112.—**“The second song, that of Fitztraver, the bard of the accomplished Surrey, has more of the richness and polish

of the Italian poetry, and is very beautifully written in a stanza resembling that of Spenser.”—JEFFREY.

“Fitztraver does not tell us a story, as do the other two minstrels; he gives an elaborately finished picture of a single scene. In language as well as metre this song imitates the school of English poets who were influenced by Petrarch and other Italian models, and of whom Surrey was one of the earliest, and Spenser is the most famous. As compared with the other two songs, it cannot be said to bring out Scott’s characteristic excellence as a song writer.”—FLATHER.

“Fitztraver’s song is a little picture in itself. The stanza resembles that of Spenser. It has nine lines, rhyming in three sets, (a) 1 and 3, (b) 2, 4, 5, 7, (c) 6, 8, 9. The first eight lines are of five feet; the last, of six feet, marking the close of the stanza, is an *Alexandrine*.”—PHILLPOTTS.

25.—*hight*. Promised; past participle of A.S. *hótan*.

33.—**talisman**. A magical spell or image, on which are mystic characters as charms against enchantments.

34.—**almagest**. “The Great Collection,” a celebrated book on astronomy composed by Claudius Ptolemy about A.D. 140. Arabic corruption of Gr. *μέγιστος*, greatest, largest.

**Page 113**, 17.—**eburnine**. Made of ivory; Lat. *ebur*. *eburnus*.

**Page 114**, 2.—**Orcades**. Ancient name of the Orkneys.

8.—**Odin**. The chief god of the Norsemen. Compare Wednesday.

22.—**Seald**. A Norse or Scandinavian bard.

23.—**Runic**. Inscribed with Norse *runes*, old letters cut on stone.

26.—**Saga**. Norse tale or epic containing myths, legends, and traditions of the ancient Scandinavians.

27.—**Sea-Snake**. “The *jormungandr*, or Snake of the Ocean, whose folds surround the earth, is one of the wildest fictions of the Edda. It was very nearly caught by the god Thor, who went to fish for it with a hook baited with a bull’s head. In the battle betwixt the evil demons and the divinities of Odin, which is to precede the *Ragnarokr*, or Twilight of the Gods, this Snake is to act a conspicuous part.”—SCOTT.

29.—**dread Maids.** “These were the *Valkyriur*, or Selectors of the Slain, despatched by Odin from Valhalla, to choose those who were to die, and to distribute the contest. They are well known to the English reader as Gray’s Fatal Sisters.”—SCOTT.

31.—**Of chiefs.** “The Northern warriors were usually entombed with their arms and their other treasures. . . . Indeed, the ghosts of the Northern warriors were not wont tamely to suffer their tombs to be plundered; and hence the mortal heroes had an additional temptation to attempt such adventures; for they held nothing more worthy of their valor than to encounter supernatural beings.”—SCOTT.

32.—**pale death-lights.** According to the Sagas, fires burnt within the tombs of dead warriors similar to the “wondrous light” mentioned on page 36, line 25.

**Page 115.**—“The third song is intended to represent that wild style of composition which prevailed among the bards of the northern continent, somewhat softened and adorned by the minstrel’s residence in the south. We prefer it upon the whole to either of the two former, and shall give it entire to our readers, who will probably be struck by the poetical effect of the dramatic form into which it is thrown, and of the indirect description by which everything is most expressively told, without one word of distinct narrative.”—JEFFREY.

“The supreme virtue of this ballad is the simple vigor with which its pictures are drawn. There is no personal intrusion; there are no vain cries and groans; there is no commenting and explaining. The pictures tell their own story, and tell it so vividly and thrillingly that nothing more is needed. The intensity of the piece would be destroyed by any words of commiseration. The deepest feelings are not the most garrulous. When the dreadful news reached Macduff that his castle was surprised and his wife and babes savagely slaughtered, he pulled his hat over his brows, and gave sorrow no words; a less manly grief would have played ‘the woman with its eyes and braggart with its tongue.’ This is the true secret of what power the old ballad poetry possesses. The writers conceive the situations so forcibly that they cannot indulge in any idle moanings; they cannot play with their agony; their sympathy is too profound for melodious sighs; their hands are so para-

lysed with woe that they cannot tear their hair and beat their breasts.”—HALES.

We may observe the four distinct parts of the ballad, each contributing its own share to the total result. The two distinct pictures presented form a perfect contrast separated by a break which we are left to fill up from our own imagination. The story is tragic, but the suspense is so well sustained that we reach the last stanza before the whole truth comes out. Not a line or a word is superfluous, not a syllable is wasted in explanation, and yet the secret motive that prompts Rosabelle to “tempt the stormy firth” becomes perfectly manifest. The dramatic effect of the whole is perfect. As Mr. Hales observes, “‘The good knights are dust,’ the ladies gay have long since passed, the seer has become a part of that world into which he was ever curiously gazing; the torches of the priests burnt out ages ago; but the sights and sounds of nature are still fresh and vivid; waves still blacken foam-edged, winds still moan and wail.”

15.—**Castle Ravensheuch.** “A large and strong castle, now ruinous, situated between Kirkaldy and Dysart, on a steep crag washed by the Frith of Forth. It was conferred on Sir William St. Clair as a slight compensation for the earldom of Orkney, by a charter of King James III., dated in 1471, and is now the property of Sir James St. Clair Erskine (now Earl of Rosslyn), representative of the family. It was long a principal residence of the Barons of Roslin.”—SCOTT.

18.—**inch.** Island, Gaelic *insh*.

30.—**the ring.** In this sport a ring hung from a beam and the performer endeavored to thrust his lance through it and bear it off on the point as he rode past at full speed. It required a good eye and a steady hand to do this successfully. The modern military sport of tent-pegging is somewhat similar.

“The lady betrays herself here. Jealous of her maiden modesty, she does not wish it to be suspected why she is so anxious to return, but the eagerness with which she makes excuses lets it be seen that her real motive is the very one which she disavows.”—STUART.

**Page 117.** It is often assumed that the prime motive of *The Lay* and its principal inspiration came to Scott from the

“Christabel” of Coleridge. He did indeed gather some hints from a private copy of Coleridge’s poem which supplied some suggestions in regard to the metre, but on the whole his obligations to that source are scant. Professor J. C. Shairp states the case very fairly:—“The earlier cantos of *The Lay* were touched by some remembrances of ‘Christabel,’ which, however, died away before the end of the poem and did not reappear in any subsequent one.”

It would be difficult to point out anything in Cantos V. and VI. that bears a trace of Coleridge’s dreamy melody. The ballad of “Rosabelle” is widely different in tone and atmosphere from anything Coleridge ever wrote. It has the flavor and aroma of the middle age. Professor Thomas Arnold hits it off happily in a few words:—“*The Lay* . . . exhibits the influence of the old romances much more decidedly than those of later date. Expressions and half lines constantly occur in it, which are transferred unaltered from the older compositions; and the vivid minute description of Branksome Hall, with which the poem opens, is quite in the style of the old Trouvères.”

The truth is that Scott owed very little to any of his contemporaries. “When his mind addressed itself to original creation, it was not with any mere literary or simulated fervor, but out of the fulness of an overflowing heart that he poured forth his first immortal *Lay*. In that poem the treasured dreams of years first found a voice; the stream that had been so long pent up at last flowed full and free.” Some one may ask, “Why are these three songs at the betrothal feast steeped with a tragic sadness that seems out of harmony with the rejoicing natural to the occasion?” It is true that “all three are stories of unhappy love”; two of them introduce a supernatural element; and the whole series serves admirably to prepare our minds for the sudden thunder-burst amid which the Goblin Page and the Magical Book disappear from our view. The proper answer to the question is that we have here an example of skilful dramatic shading which lends probability to the sequel and reveals the consummate art of the poet through the veil of apparent simplicity.

19-26.—The contrast is striking. The twenty barons lie calm and still in consecrated ground within the “holy vault”; the lovely Rosabelle lies deep down beneath the waters of the stormy

firth among the dark sea-caves. The effect is to heighten the tragic sadness of Rosabelle's death, to create greater sympathy for the heroine, and show that "Love will still be lord of all."

**the darkened hall.** The eclipse of the light "long before the sinking of day," and the oncoming of darkness mark the approach of an evil spirit. This is a common artifice in the old romances. The ballad of "King Henrie" in the *Border Minstrelsy* contains the following instructive passage:—

"He's ta'en him to his hunting ha',  
 For to make burly cheir;  
 When loud the wind was heard to sound,  
 And an earthquake rock'd the floor.  
 And darkness cover'd a' the hall,  
 Where they sat at their meat;  
 The gray dogs howling left their food  
 And crept to Henrie's feet.  
 And louder howl'd the rising wind,  
 And burst the fasten'd door;  
 And in there came a griesly ghost,  
 Stood stamping on the floor."

**Page 118, 6.—Found!** This queer page has been repeating at intervals the cry "Lost ! lost ! lost !" ever since his introduction on page 43. These enigmatical words were in keeping with the mysterious origin of this same Gilpin Horner. Now, however, the enigma is solved, and we perceive that he had been lost by his master, the great wizard, Michael Scott, who now (see page 119, lines 22, 23) with "dreadful voice" gives the "loud summons, 'Gyblin, come !'"

It seems odd that after reading pages 118, 119, and 120 any critic could be in doubt as to what was *lost* and *found*. (See notes, pages 194, 195.)

**Page 120, 2.—spectre-hound.** According to the legend quoted by Scott, the castle of Peele in the Isle of Man was anciently haunted by a large black spaniel with curled shaggy hair. This brute was the embodiment of an evil spirit, and came and lay down in front of the fire in the guard-room just as soon as the candles were brought in. At length a soldier in a drunken fit swore that he would find out whether the creature was dog or devil. What passed is unknown, but the man was sobered in an instant, never spoke again, and died on the third day in great agony.

6-8.—On comparing this description with that given on page 38, lines 15-18, we at once identify the wizard.

15.—**plight.** Condition, promise, vow ; A.S. *pligt*, risk, danger, pledge.

16.—**Saint Bride.** “A favorite saint of the house of Douglas, and of the Earl of Angus in particular.”—SCOTT.

22.—**St. Modan.** A traditionary abbot of Dryburgh, which was near Melrose. (See cut, page 185.)

24.—**Rood of Lisle.** The holy cross at Lille in France.

**Page 121, 12**—**uneath.** Hardly, scarcely. From *un*, not, *éathe*, easy.

13.—**high-drawn.** The expression is obscure, and has been interpreted to mean “drawn so as to be audible,” and “drawn so faintly as not to be heard.” The first agrees best with “might hear uneath.”

28.—**owl.** (See page 38, line 8, note.)

**scapular.** Lat. *scapulae*, the shoulder-blades ; two bands of woollen stuff, one crossing the back or shoulders and the other hanging down the breast.

29.—**stoles.** (See page 101, line 9, note.) The passage means that the Cistercian order of monks at Melrose wore black hoods and scapulars with white robes.

**in order due came.**

32.—**Taper and host and book.** Candle, consecrated wafer, and missal.

**Page 122, 2.**—**mitred.** Wearing the mitre, a kind of pointed cap worn on solemn occasions by bishops, archbishops, cardinals and abbots.

8.—**requiem.** (See page 101, line 10, note.)

11.—**the office close.** The close of the office. An “office” is a form of prayer or service set down for a particular occasion ; the reference here is to “the Office for the Dead.”

12.—**hymn of intercession.** It is not very clear what hymn is meant. It may be the intercessional prayer which is repeated at the close of each division of the service for the dead.

14.—**burden.** Refrain repeated at the end of each stanza. It generally gives the theme or subject of the song. Here the term may be loosely applied to the whole song.

14.—**song.** This famous Latin hymn of Thomas, a Franciscan friar of the Neapolitan village of Celano, was composed in 1230. The original consists of seventeen three-line stanzas and an eighteenth of four, all with double rhymes. Scott's "Hymn for the Dead" is only a free paraphrase of three stanzas. The hymn was one of Scott's favorites, and in his last illness he was often heard repeating it to himself.

The following lines from Macaulay's version will be useful for comparison :—

" On that great, that awful day,  
 This vain world shall pass away,  
 Thus the sibyl sang of old,  
 Thus hath holy David told.  
 There shall be a deadly fear  
 When the Avenger shall appear,  
 And unveiled before His eye,  
 All the works of men shall lie.  
 Hark ! to the great trumpet's tones—  
 Pealing o'er the place of bones ;  
 Hark ! it waketh from their bed  
 All the nations of the dead,—  
 In a countless throng to meet  
 At the eternal judgment seat.

• • • •  
 Oh, the horrors of that day !  
 When this frame of sinful clay,  
 Starting from its burial place,  
 Must behold Thee face to face.  
 Hear and pity, hear and aid,  
 Spare the creatures Thou hast made :  
 Mercy, mercy, save, forgive,  
 Oh, who shall look on Thee and live ? "

15, 16.—" The day of wrath, that (great) day shall dissolve the world in ashes." (See *Zephaniah* i. 15, 16; *2 Peter* iii. 10-12; *Ps.* 1. 3.)

28.—**high trump.** (See *1 Cor.* xv. 25.)

" In the closing lines Scott has embodied what was, at the time when he penned them, the chief day-dream of Ashestiel. . . . . He pleased himself with the idea of buying a mountain farm, and becoming not only the 'sheriff,' but the

*laird of the cairn and the scaur.” . . . . During the recess of 1804, circumstances rendered it next to certain that the small estate of *Broadmeadows*, situated just over against the ruins of Newark on the northern bank of the Yarrow, would be exposed for sale; and many a time did he ride round it . . . . surveying the beautiful little domain with wistful eyes. . . . . I consider it as, in one point of view, the greatest misfortune of his life that this vision was not realized; but the success of the poem itself changed ‘the spirit of his dream.’”—Lockhart, vol. ii.*

Scott became business partner with Ballantyne and invested the purchase money of *Broadmeadows* in the publishing concern. Later on this investment turned out to be the cause of the great financial disaster that overtook Sir Walter in 1826. (See page 137.)

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### OPINIONS AND CRITICISMS.

The following paragraphs give a few additional points of information and a number of critiques from standard authorities which will assist the student in forming his own judgment as he reviews the whole poem. It will be seen that several conflicting opinions have been quoted.

“ *The history of the English metrical romance* appears shortly to be, that at least the first examples of it were translations from the French;—that there is no evidence of any such having been produced before the close of the *twelfth* century;—that in the *thirteenth* century were composed the earliest of those we now possess in their original form;—that in the *fourteenth*, the English took the place of the French metrical romance with all classes, and that this was the era alike of its highest ascendancy and of its most abundant and felicitous production;—that in the *fifteenth* it was supplanted by another species of poetry among the more educated classes, and had also to contend with another rival in the prose romance, but that, nevertheless, it still continued to be produced, although in less quantity and of inferior fabric for the use of the common people;—

and that it did not altogether cease to be read and written till after the commencement of the *sixteenth* century. From this time the taste for this earlier form of poetical literature (at least counting from the Norman Conquest) lay asleep in the national heart till it was reawakened in our own day by Scott, after the lapse of three hundred years."—CRAIK.

"It is curious to trace the *small beginnings and gradual development of his design*. The lovely Countess of Dalkeith hears a wild rude legend of Border *diablerie*, and sportively asks him to make it the subject of a ballad. He had been already laboring in the elucidation of the "quaint Inglis" ascribed to an ancient seer and bard of the same district, and perhaps completed his own sequel, intending the whole to be included in the third volume of the *Minstrelsy*. He assents to Lady Dalkeith's request, and casts about for some new variety of diction and rhyme which might be adopted without impropriety in a closing strain for the same collection. Sir John Stoddart's casual recitation, a year or two before, of Coleridge's unpublished 'Christabel,' had fixed the music of that noble fragment in his memory; and it occurs to him, that by throwing the story of Gilpin Horner into somewhat of a similar cadence he might produce such an echo of the later metrical romance as would serve to connect his *Conclusion* of the primitive Sir Tristram with his imitations of the common popular ballad in the 'Grey Brother' and 'Eve of St. John.' A single scene of feudal festivity in the hall of Branksome, disturbed by some pranks of a nondescript goblin, was probably all that he contemplated; but his accidental confinement in the midst of a volunteer camp gave him leisure to meditate his theme to the sound of the bugle; and suddenly there flashes on him the idea of extending his simple outline so as to embrace a vivid panorama of that old Border life of war and tumult and all earnest passions with which his researches on the *Minstrelsy* had by degrees fed his imagination, until even the minutest feature had been taken home and realized with unconscious intenseness of sympathy, so that he had won for himself in the past another world, hardly less complete or familiar than the present. Erskine or Cranstoun suggests that he would do well to divide the poem into cantos, and prefix to each of them a motto explanatory of the action, after the fashion of Spenser in the 'Faery Queen.'" He pauses for a moment

—and the happiest conception of the framework of a picturesque narrative that ever occurred to any poet—one that Homer might have envied—the creation of the ancient harper starts to life. By such steps did the *Lay of the Last Minstrel* grow out of the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*.—LOCKHART.

“ *The secret of the success of Scott’s poetry* lay partly in his subjects, partly in his mode of treating them, and partly in his versification. He loves to sketch knighthood and chivalry, baronial castles, the camp, the court, the grove, with antique manners and institutions. To these he adds beautiful descriptions of natural scenery and graphic delineations of passion and character. His personages he takes sometimes from history and sometimes from imagination, the former idealized by fancy and the latter made the more real by being associated with men and women already familiar to us on the page of history or in actual life. The knights of Spenser, the everyday life of Chaucer, the ladies of Shakespeare, the antiquarian lore of Drayton, all meet on canvas, and everything capable of life seems endowed with it. In his power of vivifying and harmonizing all his characters, Scott is second only to Shakespeare. For background he has magnificent groupings of landscape and incident, which acquire additional charm from the power he gives them of exciting human sentiment and emotion. *His versification*, moreover, is ever appropriate to his purpose; it is based upon the eight-syllabled rhyming metre of the Trouvères, which was admirably adapted by its easy flow for narrative powers. But that metre alone would have been very monotonous; Scott has, therefore, blended with it a frequent mixture of other kinds of English verse, trochaic, dactylic, and anapestic; his most common expedient is to employ a short six-syllabled line after octo-syllabic couplets or triplets—a variety that gives at once melody and strength. At other times he makes the third and sixth lines rhyme, forming a six-line stanza. The idea of this versification, Scott himself says, was taken from the example of Coleridge, and especially from the ‘Christabel.’”—ANGUS.

“ The only poetical form which could possibly have comprehended Scott’s genius in all its breadth was the *Dramatic. Dramatic power, in the untechnical sense, he possessed in the highest*

*degree.* It is difficult to believe that, had he lived in the Elizabethan age, he would not have ranked high amongst the 'old masters' of our drama, to whom as towards his spiritual brothers he felt himself always strongly drawn in his sympathies. He is one of the very few who since Shakespeare's time have seemed to be endowed with something of Shakespeare's nature. But, as it proved, he could express himself in the dramatic form even less worthily than in the metrical romance. It would seem as if every great age and every great genius have their own form of expression which dies with them. The Drama in Scott's time was an obsolete thing, incapable of resuscitation ; with all Scott's dramatic faculties *he could not write dramas.* The one shape in which all the richness of his genius was to be revealed was the Novel. The Novel was for his day and for him what the Drama was for Shakespeare and his age. There all his various talents were to find free play—his shrewd observation, his tragic intensity, his lyrical excellence, his infinite humour."—HALES.

" From the various extracts we have given, our readers will be enabled to form a tolerably correct judgment of the poem ; and, if they are pleased with those portions of it which have now been exhibited, we may venture to assure them that they will not be disappointed with the perusal of the whole. The whole-night journey of Deloraine—the opening of the Wizard's tomb—the march of the English battle—and the parley before the walls of the castle, are all executed with the same spirit and poetical energy which we think is conspicuous in the specimens we have already extracted, and a great variety of short passages occur in every part of the poem which are still more striking and meritorious, though it is impossible to detach them, without injury, in the form of a quotation. It is but fair to apprise the reader, on the other hand, that he *will meet with very heavy passages, and with a variety of details which are not likely to interest any one but a Borderer or an antiquary.* We like very well to hear of ' the gallant Chief of Otterburne,' or ' the Dark Knight of Liddesdale,' and feel the elevating power of great names when we read of the tribes that mustered to the war, ' beneath the crest of old Dunbar and Hepburn's mingled banners.' But *we really cannot so far sympathize with the local partialities of the author* as to feel any glow of patriotism or ancient

virtue in hearing of the Todrig or Johnston clans, or of Elliots, Armstrongs and Tinlinns ; still less can we relish the introduction of Black Jock of Athelstane, Whitslade the Hawk, Arthur-Fire-the-Braes, Red Roland Forster, or any other of those worthies, who

"Sought the beeves that made their broth,  
In Scotland and in England both,"

into a poem which has any pretensions to seriousness or dignity. The ancient metrical romance might have admitted these homely personalities, but the present age will not endure them ; and Mr. Scott must either sacrifice his Border prejudices or offend all his readers in the other parts of the empire."—  
JEFFREY, 1805.

"The large quotations we have made from this singular poem must have convinced our readers that it abounds equally with poetical description and with circumstances curious to the antiquary. These are further illustrated in copious and very entertaining notes ; they, as well as *the poem*, must be particularly interesting to those who are connected with Scottish families, or conversant in their history. The author has managed the versification of the poem with great judgment and the most happy effect. If he had aimed at the grave and stately cadence of the epic, or any of our more regular measures, it would have been impossible for him to have brought in such names as Wat Tinlinn, Black John, Priesthaugh, Scrogg, and other Scottish names, or to have spoken of the *lykewake*, and the *slogan*, and *driving of cattle*, which Pope and Gray would have thought as impossible to introduce into serious poetry as Boileau did the names of towns in the campaigns of Louis IV. Mr. Scott has, therefore, very judiciously thrown in a great mixture of the familiar, and varied the measure ; and if it has not the finished harmony which, in such a subject, it were in vain to have attempted, it has great ease and spirit and never tires the reader. Indeed we think we see a tendency in the public taste to go back to the more varied measures and familiar style of our earlier poets ; a natural consequence of having been satiated with the regular harmony of Pope and his school, and somewhat wearied with the stiffness of lofty poetic language."—*The Annual Review*, 1804.

"Then his powers of description were unequalled—certainly never surpassed. His landscapes, his characters and situations, were all real delineations; in general effect and individual details, they were equally perfect. None of his contemporaries had the same picturesqueness, fancy, or invention; none so graphic in depicting manners and customs; none so fertile in inventing incidents; none so fascinating in narrative, or so various and powerful in description."—CHAMBERS.

"*Scott's romance is like his native scenery*—bold, bare and rugged, with a swift deep stream of strong pure feeling running through it. There is plenty of color in his pictures, as there is on the Scotch hills when the heather is out. And so there is plenty of intensity of simple, natural, unsophisticated, hardy, and manly characters. But as for subtleties and fine shades of feeling in his poems, or anything like the manifold harmonies of the richer arts, they are not to be found; it is only at the expense of the higher qualities of his romantic poetry that even in this small measure it is supplied."—HUTTON.

"Friends to precision of epithet will probably deny *his title to the name of great*. One knows not what idea worthy of the name of great, what purpose, instinct, or tendency that could be called great, Scott was ever inspired with. His life was worldly, his ambitions were worldly. There is nothing spiritual in him; all is economical, material of the earth earthly. A love of picturesque, of beautiful, vigorous, and graceful things; a genuine love, yet not more genuine than has dwelt in hundreds of men, named minor poets—this is the highest quality to be discerned in him . . . . It were a long chapter to unfold the difference in drawing a character between Scott and a Shakespeare or Goethe. Yet it is a difference literally immense; they are of a different species; the value of the one is not to be counted in the coin of the other. We might say in a short word, which covers a long matter, that your Shakespeare fashions his characters from the heart outwards: your Scott fashions them from the skin inwards, never getting near the heart of them. The one set become living men and women; the other amount to little more than mechanical cases, deceptively painted automatons."—CARLYLE.

"*The tests of greatness are*—1) humility ; Scott never talks about the dignity of literature ; he has no affectation, and although a mannerist, no assumption of manner ; and (2) the ease with which he does his work. But in his faults, likewise, Ruskin finds him a representative of his age—1. In faithfulness ; 2. In the habit of looking idly back on the past without understanding it, without a real wish to recall it ; 3. In ignorance of true art ; 4. In the melancholy which underlies his scepticism. Observe, further, the way in which he looks at Nature, 'as having an animation and pathos of its own, wholly irrespective of human presence or passion,' and his preference for colour over form in landscape painting."—MORRIS, *quoting Ruskin*.

" Yet on the other hand, the surliest critic must allow that *Scott was a genuine man*, which itself is a great matter. No affectation, fantasticality, or distortion dwelt in him ; no shadow of cant. Nay, withal, was he not a *rightbrave and strong man*, according to his kind ? What a load of toil, what a measure of felicity, he quietly bore along with him ; with what quiet strength he both worked on this earth, and enjoyed it ; invincible to evil fortune and to good ! A most composed invincible man ; in difficulty and distress knowing no discouragement ; in danger and menace laughing at the whisper of fear. And then, with such a sunny current of true humor and humanity, a free, joyful sympathy with so many things ; what of fire he had, all lying so beautifully *latent*, as fruitful internal warmth of life ; a most robust, healthy man ! . . . If no great man, then something much pleasanter to be, a robust, thoroughly healthy and withal very prosperous and victorious man "—CARLYLE.

" He has dazzled the reader with the splendor, and even warmed him with the transient heat of various affections ; but *he has nowhere fairly kindled him with enthusiasm or melted him into tenderness*. Writing for the world at large, he has wisely abstained from attempting to raise any passion to a height to which worldly people could not be transported, and contented himself with giving his reader the chance of feeling, as a brave, kind, and affectionate gentleman must often feel in the ordinary course of his existence, without trying to breathe into him either that lofty enthusiasm which disdains the ordinary business and amusements of life, or that quiet and deep sensibility

which unfits for most of its pursuits. With regard to diction and imagery, too, it is quite obvious that *Mr. Scott has not aimed at writing either in a very pure or a very consistent style.* He seems to have been anxious only to strike, and to be easily and universally understood; and, for this purpose, to have culled the most glittering and conspicuous expressions of the most popular authors, and to have interwoven them in splendid confusion with his own nervous diction and irregular versification. Indifferent whether he coins or borrows, and drawing with equal freedom on his memory and his imagination, he goes boldly forward, in full reliance on a never-failing abundance, and dazzles, with his richness and variety, even those who are most apt to be offended with his glare and irregularity. There is nothing, in Mr. Scott, of the severe and majestic style of Milton—or of the terse and fine composition of Pope—or of the elaborate elegance and melody of Campbell—or even of the flowing and redundant diction of Southey.”—JEFFREY.

“ *Byron and Scott are not easily compared.* Scott is the poet of romantic history. Byron of actual and every-day life. Scott develops his characters through his plot, Byron by direct description of their thoughts and speech. Scott is seldom seen in his lines, Byron is the chief figure in his. Scott is ever trustful, gentle, unselfish, chivalrous: in Byron we have lofty genius and generous impulses in strangest combination with misanthropy, scepticism, and licentiousness. Scott is intensely human, Byron ‘Satanic.’ Both, however, are man-trists, and both are writers of animated poetry. Both excel in painting strong passion in contrast with feminine softness and delicacy (Scott’s skill in passion-painting being shown chiefly in his novels), but the softness of Byron’s beauties is sensual and Eastern.”—ANGUS.

“ *They are distinctively poets of active life.* They portray, in spirited narrative, idealized resemblances of the scenes of reality; events which arise out of the universal relations of society, hopes and fears, and wishes which are open to the consciousness of all mankind. They neither aspired to the praise of wedding poetry with abstract thought, nor ascended into those secluded walks of fanciful musing in which none delight but minds very finely tuned. Both of them have described some of

their works as tales ; and it has been said of Scott, while it might with not less truth have been said of Byron, that his works are romances in verse. It is unquestionable that they have neither the elevation nor the regularity belonging to the highest kinds of narrative poetry ; and, while the poems of the one are in many points strikingly analogous to his historical novels, those of the other often derive their popular attractiveness from sources of interest nearly akin to that which prevails in less worthy works of fiction. But the model of both poets was something different from the regular epic, and if there must be a comparison the standard is to be sought elsewhere. Scott, fondly attached to the early literature of the land, began his authorship on *The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* with the reduplication and imitation of ancient ballads ; and he avowedly designed his poems as restorations, with changes suited to modern tastes, of a very interesting class of poems with which he was not less familiar. His originals were the Romances of Chivalry ; and, after the extraordinary success of his attempts at embodying the chivalrous and national idea, nothing was more natural than that the example should be applied, by Byron as well as others, in the construction of narratives founded on a different kind of sentiment.”—SPALDING.

“Wordsworth is reported to have said in conversation that, as a poet, *Scott cannot live, for he has never written anything addressed to the immortal part of man.* This he said of his poetry, while speaking more highly of his prose writings. Carlyle, on the other hand, has included both under the same condemnation. He has said that our highest literary man had no message whatever to deliver to the world ; wished not the world to elevate itself, to amend itself, to do this or that, except to give him for the books he kept writing, payment, which he might button into his breeches pocket. All this moralizing bears somewhat hard on Scott. Is it true ? Is it the whole truth ? Is there nothing to be set over against it ? On Scott’s side may it not be said, that *it is no small thing to have been the writer who, above all others, has delighted childhood and boyhood,* delighted them and affected them in a way that the self-conscious moralizing school of writers never could do ? *There must be something high or noble in that which can so take unsophisticated hearts.* In his later days Scott is reported to have asked Laidlaw what he

thought the moral influence of his writings had been. Laidlaw well replied that his works were the delight of the young, and that to have so reached their hearts was surely a good work to have done. Scott was affected almost to tears, as well he might be. . . . . Poetry refuses to be made over as the handmaid of any one philosophy or view of life or system of belief. But it is equally true that it naturally allies itself only with what is highest and best in human nature. . . . . Naturally it is the ally of all things high and pure; among these is its home."—SHAIRP.

"It were late in the day to write criticisms on those Metrical Romances: at the same time, we may remark, the great popularity they had seems natural enough. In the *first* place, there was the indisputable impress of worth, of genuine human force, in them. This which lies in some degree, or is thought to lie, at the bottom of all popularity, did to an unusual degree disclose itself in these rhymed romances of Scott's. Pictures were actually painted and presented, human emotions conceived and sympathized with. Scott was as preferable to what he displaced as the substance is to wearisomely repeated shadow of a substance. But, in the *second* place, we may say that the kind of worth which Scott manifested was especially fitted for the then temper of men. We have called it an age fallen into spiritual languor, destitute of belief yet terrified at scepticism; reduced to live a stinted half-life under strange new circumstances. Now vigorous whole-life, this was what of all things these delineations offered. The reader was carried back to rough strong times, wherein these maladies of ours had not yet arisen. Brawny fighters, all cased in buff and iron, their hearts, too, sheathed in oak and triple brass, caprioled their huge war-horses, shook their death-doing spears, and went forth in the most determined manner, nothing doubting. The reader sighed, yet not without a reflex solacement: 'Oh, that I too had lived in those times, had never known these logic-cobwebs, this doubt, this sickliness, and been and felt myself alive among men alive!' And, *lastly*, that in this new-found poetic world there was no call for effort on the reader's part; what excellence they had, exhibited itself at a glance. It was for the reader, not the El Dorado only, but a beatific land of Cockaigne and Paradise of Donothings! The reader was

allowed to lie down at his ease and be ministered to. The languid imagination fell back into its rest; an artist was there who could supply it with high-painted scenes, with sequences of stirring action, and whisper to it, 'Be at ease, and let the tepid element be comfortable to thee.' 'The rude man,' says a critic, 'requires only to see something going on. The man of more refinement must be made to feel. The man of complete refinement must be made to reflect.'"—CARLYLE.

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## SCOTT'S PLACE IN LITERATURE,

BY

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WE have here to deal, not with the history of him who has been styled the Wizard of the North, nor with the production of his works during the time of his literary activity, but with the distinguishing characters of his genius, with the place which may be properly assigned to him in the literature of Great Britain or even in the literature of the world.

It is never quite easy to determine the relative position of a great writer; but in the case of Scott there are peculiar difficulties. The subjects in which he was most deeply interested, the beauty, purity, and simplicity of his character, the connection of his principal writings with the past history of his country in some of its most romantic aspects, and the manner in which his works were produced—all combine to invest him with an interest which almost forbids a calm judgment of his works. Around his own native land he has thrown such a charm, such a glamour, that to every Scotchman at least he has become the object of a kind of worship.

On the other hand, we must not forget that a sort of chill has been thrown over our estimate of Scott by the grudging praise bestowed upon him by another Scotchman, certainly one of the foremost Scottish names in literature, namely,

Thomas Carlyle, from whose judgments men do not easily differ—not easily, yet sometimes quite definitely, even in regard to Scottish authors with reference to whom Carlyle had best right to speak. Thus we cannot agree with all Carlyle's utterances in regard to Tam o' Shanter, and in differing from him we have Walter Scott and Burns himself on our side. So, with regard to his famous essay on Scott, we might perhaps say that it would form an excellent text for the study of our great poet and novelist, the student being duly admonished to note carefully the points in which he was constrained to agree or differ with the essayist.

Shaking ourselves free alike from the influences of partiality and unfavorable prejudice, we have no hesitation in assigning to Scott the first place among Scottish literary men and a very high place among all writers of English, or indeed of any human language.

To begin with his poetry, we cannot claim for him the name of a great poet; yet surely the place recently and somewhat grudgingly assigned to him is lower than that which he may rightfully claim. If you will listen to some of our modern critics you will efface half of the names of our British poets from the roll. Dryden and Pope must go, to say nothing of the later poets of the eighteenth century, and then Scott, of course, and even Byron. Before we fall in with these peremptory decisions, it would be as well to look out the meaning of the word Poetry in our dictionaries, and ask whether these rejected poets fulfil the requirements of the word. For one thing, Poetry is Song, and it is song expressed in words that hold the ear and the heart and stir the pulses. It seems to us that Scott does all this and more. The man who can read some of the Introductions in *The Lay*, and the Battle in *Marmion*, to go no further, and can find no poetry in them, must not only be difficult to please but somewhat perverse in his judgments. Let us grant that Scott does not rank with Milton in sublimity, or with Coleridge in profundity, or with Spenser in elevation of thought, or with Shakespeare and Chaucer in strength, there is yet a large area in the realm of poetry, outside these limits, and Scott may fairly claim a place in it.

It was from the old Ballads that Scott received his poetical inspiration and impulse; and it will require a new definition of

poetry before we can acquiesce in the banishment of those glorious old compositions from that realm. Well, we do not hesitate to declare that some of the ballads of Walter Scott will bear comparison with the very best of those which he so lovingly collected in his *Border Minstrelsy*. They are full of life, action, passion, and all those elements that go to form a great ballad. If, however, we must refuse to claim the highest place for Scott as a poet, we have no hesitation in putting him at the head of all the novelists, and in doing so we are not forgetful that in certain qualities he has his superiors. For example, as a *litterateur*, or in simpler words as a writer of English, we should place Fielding or Thackeray before him. But, taking into consideration all the qualities which constitute a living, attractive, permanently interesting story-teller, he is at the head of them all.

Scott's chief interest lay in the past history of his people, and more particularly the Borderers, to whom his ancestors belonged. One might almost say that his ideal of human social life was the feudal system. It ran in his very blood and it expressed itself in all his literary work and, one might say, in all his aims. Here lay the strength and the weakness of his character. If ever it could be said of any one—that which is true of almost every one—it could be said emphatically of Scott: he had the defects of his qualities. His ambition was to be a feudal lord. There was nothing mean, selfish, sordid in this ambition: it was the aspiration of a noble, generous disposition, which showed the best side of the magnanimous man of Aristotle. This is certainly the spirit that pervades all the best of Walter Scott's work in fiction.

In the depicting of characters and individuals Scott is scarcely inferior to Shakespeare. We know the prominent persons in his novels as we know intimate acquaintances. Mr. Carlyle has some remarks about their being depicted from without inwards. If this means that we merely get to know a number of things about them and not the men themselves, we are sure that the criticism will not be sustained. We know the men and the women in the unity of their lives and not at all as parts of men and women connected in some accidental manner. It is this which makes them seem to us as neighbours, as friends, as persons who could by no means be taken for any one else except themselves. We know their outward appear-

ance certainly, but much more than this: we seem to recognize the very sound of their voices and their manner of speech and behavior.

There is one quality in Scott which must give him a high place among writers of historical romances. We refer to his remarkable insight into the character of the men whom he brings forward in his stories. It has been said that he takes considerable liberties with history; and we imagine that most novelists have done the same, nor are they to be blamed for this. But he takes no liberties with his *dramatis persona*. There are few indeed of his judgments of historical characters that will need to be revised, few of his representations that will require modification. Some time ago a memoir of John Graham of Claverhouse was published, in which certain documents previously unknown were brought to light. It was remarked by a critic that several representations of Claverhouse would have to be modified in consequence of these discoveries, but not the portrait painted by Scott. The explanation is simple. Scott had done the very thing which Carlyle has complained of his not doing: he had seized the inner nature and principle of his hero and got to understand him as a living power, and his view could not be affected by small matters of detail.

Again and again this clearness of insight in Scott is brought home to those of his readers who have an intimate acquaintance with the period of his stories and the characters that are made to appear in them. We doubt, for example, whether any account in existence of James I. will give as true and as vivid an idea of that monarch's personality as the *Fortunes of Nigel*. Even when Scott has no great sympathy with his characters, he hardly ever misrepresents them. The Cromwell of Woodstock would have been far from satisfying the admirers of the great Protector; yet even they could not deny that at least one side of his life was fairly represented.

One complaint has been made—and this particularly by Carlyle—that there was no moral purpose in Scott's writing, such, for example, as in Goethe. Here is a criticism on which many sentences might be expended. In the first place, it comes into sharp collision with another school of critics who tell us that the introduction into works of fiction of a moral purpose is an interference with the aims of art. These critics are not quite easy to please. Obviously both schools cannot possibly

be pleased by the same writer, so it may be wiser for the artist to take his own course and follow the promptings of his own genius.

The very same accusation which is brought against Scott is equally applicable to Shakespeare, who set human life before us in all its forms, in its strength and its weakness, in its simplicity and complexity, in its good and its evil. It is strange—almost amusing—to think that *Wilhelm Meister* should be thought to have a moral purpose and *The Heart of Midlothian* none. The truth is that the beautiful simplicity of Scott's nature almost forbade his looking to the right hand or to the left when he was doing his best to set before the reader the characters and events which formed the subject of his writing. Moreover, there was in Scott, as in so many of the British people, a certain shyness on the subject of religion which forbade his making public his most intimate and sacred convictions and experiences. If Scott had been blamed for not being a preacher, he would probably have been startled by being thought capable of assuming a role so serious and responsible.

A curious blunder is committed by Carlyle in speaking of the haste with which some of Scott's later novels were produced. *Waverley* and some of the greatest of his novels are thought to have been produced carefully and deliberately, and the later novels in great haste. As a simple matter of fact this is a mistake. The last two volumes of *Waverley* were written in three weeks. Three of his greatest, *The Antiquary*, *The Black Dwarf* and *Old Mortality* appeared in one year. Nay, Carlyle himself declares that rapidity of execution, after due energy of preparation, is probably the best way of production. Whether Scott can be accused of writing without preparation can be decided without much difficulty. He probably did not "cram" for his novels, as many writers have to do; and this was no fault. But he wrote out of his abundance, out of the almost inexhaustible stores of a full mind—replenished by the reading, the intercourse, the meditation of many years. He was thirty-four when *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* appeared; that is, within three years of the age of Burns and Byron at the time of their death. He began *Waverley* in the same year (1805) and finished it in 1811, when he was forty-three years old. Scott did sometimes write carelessly; but it is probable that we gain

as much as we lose by the spontaneity of his work; and there are few writers whom we take to our heart as we take Scott. No other writer has ever excited so much enthusiasm by the publication of his writings. None has laid hold on a larger circle of admirers, and none seems more likely to retain his hold on the generations to come.

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## POETRY: WHAT IT IS AND HOW IT SHOULD BE STUDIED.

BY THE

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No exhaustive analysis or exact definition of Poetry will be attempted here. The greatest critics and philosophers have attempted such definitions and analyses, but their attempts still leave something to be desired. Much truth they may have brought to light, but perhaps no one of them will say, and certainly no one else will allow, that they have given us the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth as to the nature of poetry. For the purposes of school study we may gain more by grasping at less. It should be our aim to reach some clear ideas and assured convictions on the great essentials of poetry from which to secure pleasure and profit in the work assigned and lay a foundation for further study in the years to come.

The word *Poet* contains an important clue to the meaning of Poetry. It is from a Greek word and means simply a *Maker*. Indeed for a long time our English ancestors used the word *Maker* and not the word *Poet*.

Now all Makers suppose two things, first a stuff of some kind in which they work, and secondly a design or aim to be secured by the work. A carpenter has the wood for his stuff and the making of a box or a ladder for his design or aim. In like manner a mason or builder works in stone and has for his aim the making of a bridge, a wall, or a house. But another

worker in wood carves the wood into the beautiful forms of leaves and flowers and fruits, and another worker in stone makes a statue. It may be of some great character in history, and the marble image seems to be filled with the life and spirit of the great man. Or it may be that the sculptor shapes an Apollo or a Venus, not as the exact image of any one that ever lived, but as the type of perfect form and beauty. There is a great difference between the work of the carpenter and mason on the one hand and that of the wood-carver and sculptor on the other. The difference lies in the aim or design of the work. The carpenter and mason aim at the making of something useful, but the wood-carver and sculptor aim at the making of something beautiful. Thus we see that makers are of two great classes—artisans and artists—the first class being workers in the mechanical and useful arts and the second being workers in the fine arts. Of artisans there are a great many kinds: carpenters, smiths, moulders, stonecutters, etc., etc.; but of artists there are but few commonly recognized kinds, viz., painters, sculptors, musicians and poets.

There are, however, many workers whose productions involve both useful and fine or beautiful art. Amongst these the first place may be given to architects, for they are makers of what is at once most useful and most beautiful. A noble building not only gives shelter to those who dwell in it, but it gives delight by the grace and grandeur of its forms and proportions. This fine-art element in architecture has led to its being called *frozen music*. The true feeling of fine minds, cultivated or uncultivated, responds to the artistic appeal of architecture, so that a well-built church should by its proportions and arrangement awaken in us the same solemn and tender feeling that is stirred by sacred music. Besides architecture there are many other mixed arts, or arts in which there is a blending of the useful and the beautiful, as seen in pottery, porcelain, glass, cutlery, jewellery, house-furnishing and decoration.

From this broad view of the many classes of workers or makers we see the place held by the poets. They are in the group of artists or workers in the fine arts, and their special aim is not to help their fellows in material things, but to help them in the exercise and enjoyment of their finer intellectual and spiritual powers.

Here again we must define the limits of the artist's province. They do not appeal to the whole of that higher nature by which man is raised above the brute. The human spirit, like the human body, demands various things for its full life-growth. As the physical nature cannot thrive without food and light and warmth, so do our souls pine without the True, the Beautiful and the Good. We have accordingly three orders of ministers in the service of our higher life: first the scientists who discover and supply the Truth, secondly the artists who shape and supply the Beautiful, and thirdly the moralists who cherish and develop our sense of the Good.

Like the servants in a great house the moralists, the scientists and the artists may sometimes be on bad terms with each other, but in the main they work together for the same great end, and each one does best with the help of the others.

The work of the artists, or those who minister to us in the Beautiful, is not a mere pleasing and soothing of our senses and sensibilities. It is nourishing and stimulating to our highest life and powers. True art, and especially true poetry, is not a sort of intellectual candy, but it is rather, as Wordsworth calls it, "the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge." Without the inspiration it imparts a mass of learning may be little better than a body without a soul.

Looking again at the work of the artists we find that in each case the thing they make is made first of all in their own minds. This power of making images, or in other words the power of the imagination, must be possessed in a superior degree before a man can be an artist. The sculptor, for instance, imagines what a Hercules would be like, and then from the block of marble he cuts out the material image after the pattern in his mind. So in like manner the beautiful picture is first seen with the inward eye and the ravishing music is first heard with the inward ear of the artist. The poet, by the same image-making power, creates the scenes and events and characters that he afterwards describes or puts into words. A true and fine imagination is thus the fountain-head of all true artistic work.

But the imagination is not always fine and true; it is sometimes false and base, and then it is the root of bad art and even of bad living. The true imagination is chastened by knowledge and judgment and keeps close to realities; the false

imagination is ignorant and wayward and regardless of realities. A true artist will study the exact proportions and forms of the human body, and by a comparison of many of the best examples he will reach the ideal form such as we have it in Greek statuary. Other artists are not careful observers of the truth of things. They are carried away by mere fancies or wild imaginations, and the result is the grotesque and monstrous forms such as we often find in the statuary of India and Africa. Even so the imagination forms ideals of human life and character. The high and true conception of life is marked by "sweetness and light," by "self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control"; but a false and ignorant imagination so changes the fair proportions of humanity that wisdom may be degraded into cunning, and strength into coarseness, and generous love into selfish lust. What wonder that the lives shaped after these different ideals should differ as Mercury and Minerva from Moloch and Belial!

So far we have considered only the first great requisite or quality of an artist, viz., his superior power of imagination. The second great requisite is the skill to shape some material thing after the model that is in his mind. What the marble is to the sculptor and colours to the painter and melody and harmony to the musician, that language is to the poet. If it be asked how then does the poet differ from the prose-writer, the answer is that the difference is twofold. In the first place the poet differs from the prose-writer as the sculptor differs from the builder. To the prose-writer language is the material out of which he constructs, as in description, history, argument, science, etc., but to the poet language is the material out of which he creates the body to be informed by his ideas of beauty and perfection. In the second place the poet differs from the prose-writer by his use of a peculiar form of language—the metrical form. These two things must go together in true poetry, as a human body and a human soul must go together in a true man. Attempts have been made to find the whole explanation of poetry in the peculiar spirit and aim of the poet, but the world in general and the learned also still hold, with practical unanimity, that the form as well as the spirit and aim is essential to poetry. Perhaps the dispute is quite as much about words as about things. For there are prose writings so

full of lofty and beautiful ideals, and so graceful and strong in expression, that we call them highly poetical and would even like to call them poetry. On the other hand there are metrical compositions with so little of the poetic spirit that we must call them prosy, but we may not call them prose without violating the common use of words.

From what has been said of the nature of poetry, it may be inferred that poetry treats of all subjects that appeal to the imagination and awaken ideals. The realm of poetry extends over both nature and human nature. Of course no one poet can be expected to explore the whole domain and present it in his art. Not even the myriah-minded Shakespeare can do this. The realm of Beauty, like the realm of Truth, is practically infinite. And it is enough for each gifted soul to secure some portion of the truth or to catch some phases of the "vision splendid" and impart them to mankind. Nor does it lessen our delight and profit to know that when a thousand generations have passed away there will still be new truth and new beauty for all the coming ages.

The right method of studying poetry will follow naturally on a right understanding of the nature of poetry. If the great aim of the poet is to present in a worthy form the perfect and beautiful ideals of things, the great aim of the student should be to see and feel the beauty and perfection of the ideals presented. A study of poetry stopping short of this would be as imperfect as a study of architecture ending with an examination of the stone used in the building, or a study of painting limited to the canvas and pigments. It is of course necessary in the first place to master the poet's language so as to get at his meaning, but the great thing is to enter into his feeling. Says John Ruskin: "Having then faithfully listened to the great teachers that you may enter into their thoughts, you have yet this higher advance to make—you have to enter into their hearts. As you go to them first for clear sight, so you must stay with them that you may share at last their just and mighty passion." And Mr. Arnold expresses this same truth in the following words:—"If he (the poet) is a real classic . . . . then the great thing for us is to feel and enjoy as deeply as ever we can . . . . This is what is salutary, this is what is formative, this is the great benefit to be got from the study of Poetry."

It is much to be desired that we follow this method of study in our schools, for too often the method followed has been of a very different kind. All the grammatical, etymological, historical and biographical annotations and dissertations, apart from this entering into the poet's exalted feeling, is as the mere chaff to the grain. The surfeit of philological lore must oppress some of the best minds with weariness and disgust, though it may inflate some of the second-best minds with self-conceit.

Again, in the study of poetry, it is important that the student's attention should be directed to such poems as come naturally within the range of his understanding and sympathy. At twelve or fifteen years of age we cannot be expected to understand and enjoy poetry that requires maturity of thought and strength of mind. But with the growing years and the experience of life we often find a light and sweetness in the very poems that to our youth were "weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable."

The poems of Sir Walter Scott have this peculiarity, that they delight us in our youth as in our age. The reason is that they deal with subjects that never weary whilst we have minds to think and hearts to feel. The beauty and sublimity of nature, the energy and movement of life, the courage and strength of men, the purity and grace of women, the love of country and the love of home, the hate of hate and scorn of scorn and love of love,—all the great elemental passions are presented in Scott in a vigorous and healthy way, charming both young and old like the quickening breath of the heather and the bracing freshness of the salt sea air. A taste for Scott's poems comes natural and easy to a healthy young mind, and it is well to cultivate that taste in our young Canadians. Scott's work will be to them a joy forever. It will lead them to wholesome literary diet on higher planes, and help to turn them from the morbid and the mawkish too often printed in our day to suit the cravings of unhealthy minds.

## QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES.

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1. Give a concise account of the origin and development of *The Lay* as explained by Scott and Lockhart.

2. "With all great inventors whom I have studied (Dante, Scott, Turner, and Tintoret), it seems to me to hold absolutely that their imagination consists, not in a voluntary production of new images, but an involuntary remembrance, exactly at the right moment, of something they had actually seen."—RUSKIN.

(a) Make a list of ten passages from *The Lay* that would seem to support Ruskin's opinion. (b) Make a similar list of passages that seem to be really *subjective* rather than *objective*. (c) Is Ruskin's opinion on the whole correct? Refer to any other of Scott's poems you have read.

3. "A romantic poem is sustained by exaggeration and unreality in the word-pictures, in the characters, in the use of the marvellous and the supernatural."

Select examples from the poem to prove this statement.

4. "Romance idealizes the characters, passes over the commonplaces of life, redeems its miseries, metes out poetic justice, and makes love triumphant over all difficulties."

Quote passages from *The Lay* to sustain each of these five statements. Point out any that seem to contradict any of these five assertions.

5. Write a note on Scott's use of poetic epithets.

6. "The extreme facility of the tetrameter couplet . . . is apt to prove a snare to the composer by encouraging him in the habit of slovenly composition."—SCOTT.

Arrange a series of examples from *The Lay* to exhibit the strength and the weakness of tetrameter verse.

7. Describe the various devices by which Scott believes "the inherent monotony" of the tetrameter couplet.

8. Compare the three songs in Canto VI, so as to bring out clearly their points of resemblance and difference in regard to subject, style and versification.

9. Select five typical examples of the "dramatic interference of the narrator" in the course of the poem.

10. Point out the dramatic elements in the ballad of "Rosalie."

11. Divide that ballad into its constituent sections, give an appropriate title for each section, and in fewest words give the substance of each division.

12. According to Göethe, the facts of dramatic poetry should be significant and lead on to something beyond themselves.

Apply this canon to (a) Deloraine's midnight ride to Melrose, (b) The miseries of the aged Minstrel. (c) Lord Cranstoun's first meeting with the dwarf page.

13. It has been held that Scott's portraits are somewhat vague and lacking in clear definition.

Enumerate five prominent personages described in *The Lay*, and give quotations to prove or disprove the preceding proposition.

14. Identify the picture—a river winding with silver tide between banks covered with wildwood and past hill and valley. Quote the lines.

15. Examine *The Lay* with regard to the description of action. Mention palmary examples of such description and give some of the finest lines.

16. Make a detailel list of the chief characters introduced in *The Lay*; arrange them as principal and subordinate, and tell concisely who and what each personage is and does.

17. *The Lay* is believed to contain epic as well as dramatic and lyric elements.

Point out some of the epic elements in the poem.

18. Compare the ballad sung by Albert Graeme with the ballad of Lord Burleigh in the High School Reader. Arrange the details so as to bring out in tabular form the main differences between the Old English Ballad and the Modern Ballad.

19. Set down in order of merit the chief excellencies of the poem as they have revealed themselves in your own experience.

20. Mr. Ruskin maintains that Scott's descriptions of scenery show a keen perception and memory of *color*, but that *form* in his landscapes is not so well defined.

Select a passage in which natural scenery is portrayed, and show to what extent it supports Ruskin's dictum.

21. "There is nothing that exists, except things ignoble and mean, in which the poet may not find himself at home—in the open sights of nature, in the occult secrets of science, in the 'quicquid agunt homines,' in men's character and fortunes, in their actions and sufferings, their joys and sorrows, their past history, their present experience, their future destiny."—SHAIRP.

Point out passages in *The Lay* where the aforesaid interests occupy the reader's attention and reveal to him "the poet's peculiar domain," Beauty.

22. "Scott was the temporary comforter of a rather singular age, at once destitute of faith and terrified at scepticism: an age with little knowledge of its whereabouts, with many sorrows to bear or front, and on the whole with a life to lead in these new circumstances."—CARLYLE.

State as definitely as you can the leading facts regarding "faith," "scepticism," "knowledge," "sorrows," and "new circumstances." What was going on in France and Germany during Scott's period? Refer to British history and literature to supply details in explanation of Carlyle's meaning.

23. "He has neither the talent nor leisure to reach the depth of his characters. He devotes himself to the exterior; he sees and describes *forms and externals* much more at length than *feelings and internals*."—M. Taine.

Apply the doctrine of the first sentence to the aged Minstrel and to any one of the other characters in *The Lay*. Apply the doctrine of the second sentence to the text of *The Lay*, from page 93 to page 100 inclusive, and also to one other suitable passage of your own selection. Has the French critic stated the truth accurately?

24. "In our examination of the poem we shall consider, 1, the choice of a subject; 2, the artistic structure of the work; 3, details in the mode of treatment, whether relating to personages, or events, or poetical scenery; 4, the style, metre and language of the poem."—ARNOLD.

Prepare brief outline notes on each of these topics, with special reference to *The Lay*. From these notes let each student in turn address the class on one topic, taken in consecutive order. Time limit five minutes.

25. "The Last Minstrel is the poet himself, who revives in a prosaic and degenerate age the heroic memories of the olden time."—GOLDWIN SMITH.

Has Scott identified himself with his Minstrel? Discuss the question *pro* and *con* and quote lines and passages that bear out one view or the other.

26. By particular reference to the work performed by Scott prior to 1805, show the nature of his apprenticeship as a writer of books, and compare Scott's preparation for authorship with that of Shakespeare.

27. "In imaginative power he ranks below no other poet, except Homer and Shakespeare. . . . His two chief powers in verse are his narrative and his pictorial power."—MEIKLEJOHN.

From *The Lay* supply examples of Scott's imaginative, narrative and pictorial powers. Mention some limitations that belong to each, and cite examples to illustrate your meaning. Correct the quotation by inserting other names.

28. "Adversity is sometimes hard upon a man; but for one man who can stand prosperity, there are a hundred that will stand adversity."—CARLYLE.

Give in brief form a statement of Scott's prosperity and adversity, and show how these were related to his literary labors.

29. In tabular form, collect all the metres found in *The Lay*. Arrange them according to the prevailing foot and the length of the line.

30. "Just as the weaver uses as his raw material that which is the finished product of the spinner, so Shakespeare and his contemporaries start in their art of dramatising from Story, which is already a form of art."—MOULTON.

Refer particularly to Scott's works and draw a parallel comparison.

31. "No other writer of such power as Scott has furnished fewer quotations: he does not bring his idea to a consummate expression such as incorporates itself within the memory."

Apply this dictum to *The Lay*, and prepare a list of lines and passages that you consider worthy of being memorized, and in each case assign a reason for your preference. Point out fine passages that are less suitable for committing to memory, and give your reasons.

32. Write a note on the historical accuracy of *The Lay* and point out any variations from strict history.

33. "There are certain main lyrical themes, corresponding to the passions and emotions which exercise the most agitating sway over the human heart. These are Devotion, Loyalty, Patriotism, Love, Revelry and War."—ARNOLD.

Select passages from *The Lay* and from Scott's other works as samples of lyrics under each of these heads. If possible, name two or three examples under each theme.

34. "The proper theme for a poem will therefore be something which has in itself some intrinsic emotional effect:—a touching story or situation in human life; a beautiful external object or scene; a feeling or emotional mood; an object of thought which has emotional associations."—PROF. ALEXANDER.

Mention some of the emotional effects excited by *The Lay*, referring definitely to the passages. From the poem collect examples of the themes mentioned in the quotation.

35. "The night is chill ; the forest bare ;  
 Is it the wind that moaneth bleak ?  
 There is not wind enough in the air  
 To move away the ringlet curl  
 From the lovely lady's cheek—  
 There is not wind enough to twirl  
 The one red leaf, the last of its clan,  
 That dances as often as dance it can,  
 Hanging so light, and hanging so high,  
 On the topmost twig that looks up at the sky.  
 Hush, beating heart of Christabel !  
 Jesu Maria, shield her well !  
 She folded her arms beneath her cloak,  
 And stole to the other side of the oak.  
 What sees she there ?"

Identify the author. Study the metre and exhibit its structure in symbolic form. Study the rhyme-scheme and mark the various rhymes on your metre scale by means of letters or figures. What connection has this piece with *The Lay*? Quote the passage that most nearly resembles this in rhythm and incident.

36. Describe to one who has not read the poem the action and chief incidents of Canto IV. Remark upon the prologue, the epilogue, the list of border heroes, the portrait of the hoary Seneschal, the conduct of the Goblin page, and the Harper's account of his preceptor. Exhibit briefly the application of the principle of suspense in this Canto.

37. It is a canon of poetic harmony that the development of character should be consistent throughout.

Sketch the proceedings of "the Ladye" throughout the poem, and attack or defend the consistency of this personage in the poem.

38. Bain states that the effect of the balanced structure is to aid simplicity and clearness, to contribute energy of expression, to assist the memory, and occasionally to give a shock of agreeable surprise.

Demonstrate each of these propositions by means of six examples, one example from each Canto.

39. Distinguish between a real comparison and a figurative comparison. Point out three literal and three figurative similitudes in *The Lay*. Mark distinctly the points of resemblance.

40. Select five examples each of poetical inversion used (a) to suit the metre, (b) to secure a proper distribution of emphasis, (c) to secure novelty of expression and thus avoid the commonplace of prose. What are the snares of the inverted order of words? Point out examples of obscurity or ambiguity resulting from *hyperbaton*.

41. Give the meaning and history of the following terms:—almagest, bower, cresset, dight, eburnine, flemens-firth, gal-liard, heriot, inch, jack, kirtle, lyke-wake, miniver, neck-verse, owches, panoply, quatre-feuille, roundelay, swith, throstle, unneath, vilde, warrison, withal, yore. Quote a line in which each word is used.

42. Compare the portrait given on page 58, lines 6-29, with that presented on page 74, lines 18-30. State your preference and assign your reasons.

43. Compare the passage given on page 39, line 10, to page 40, line 8, with that found on pp. 117, 118, and 119 down to line 19. Point out the resemblances and the differences, item by item. Place your answer in parallel columns and use fewest words.

44. Make a list of passages that describe still-life as contrasted with action. Use suitable headings to classify your selections, such as nature, lower animals, human beings, products of human labor and skill.

45. "Hearken, Ladye, to the tale,  
How thy sires won fair Eskdale."—

Recount this episode in your own words. What connection has it with the main theme?

46. Distinguish metaphor, personal metaphor, personification, and apostrophe. Supply five clear examples of each from *The Lay*.

47. Write a critical note on the description given on page 22, lines 10-31. Point out the order of the delineation, the chief objects, the associated ideas, the contrasts, the leading figures of speech, the motions, sounds, colors, light and shade. Account for the fact in lines 26 and 27; refer to another passage of the poem for a parallel case in Scott's characterization of the Ladye.

48. "The second point I have to note is Scott's habit of drawing a slight moral from every scene, and that this slight moral is almost always melancholy."—RUSKIN, *Modern Painters*, iii.

Refer to any passages, lines or phrases in *The Lay* that seem to support this opinion. Compare the opening lines of Canto IV. with the introductory stanzas of *The Lady of the Lake*, Canto III.

49. Compare the ballad of "Rosabelle" with Wordsworth's "Lucy Gray." Set down as many points of agreement and resemblance as you can. Opposite these place the points of difference and dissimilarity. Discuss in this way the form, the matter, the pathos, the choice of words, the rhythm, the motive, and the conclusion of these ballads.

## I.

## EXAMINATION QUESTIONS.

BY

W. K. T. SMELLIE, B.A.,

*Principal of Deseronto High School.*

1. What purpose in relation to the whole poem is served by introducing into the first Canto the conversation between the River Spirit and the Mountain Spirit?

2. (a) "And lands and living, many a rood,  
Had gifted for their soul's repose."

(b) "He never counted him a man  
Would strike below the knee."

(c) "On Penchryst glows a bale of fire."

(d) "The frightened flocks and herds were pent  
Beneath the peel's rude battlement."

(e) "There many a youthful Knight, full keen  
To gain his spurs, in arms was seen;  
With favor in his crest, or glove,  
Memorial of his ladye-love."

(f) "Our pursuivant-at-arms shall show  
Both why we come, and when we go."

(g) "Already on dark Ruberslaw  
The Douglas holds his weapon-schaw."

What ancient custom is referred to in each of the above quotations?

3. Explain the reference in the following:

(a) "his Cross of Red  
Triumphant Michael brandished."

(b) "While broke at times the solemn hum,  
The Almeyn's sullen kettledrum."

(c) "The Bloody Heart blazed in the van."

(d) "Since old Buccleuch the name did gain,  
When in the cleuch the buck was ta'en."

4. "Meanwhile full many a warlike band,  
From Teviot, Aill, and Ettrick shade  
Came in, their chief's defence to aid.

There was saddling and mounting in haste,  
 There was pricking o'er moor and lea ;  
 He that was last at the trysting place  
 Was but lightly held of his gaye ladye."

(a) Why does the poet introduce the quick rhythmical movement in the last four lines?

(b) Mention similar instances in other poems.

5. "Some bards have sung the Ladye high  
 Chapel or altar came not nigh ;  
 Nor durst the rights of spousal grace  
 So much she fear'd each holy place.  
 False slanders these :—I trust right well  
 She wrought not by forbidden spell."

(a) Why should the Ladye be thus afraid?

(b) Write a note on the ancient belief regarding the comparative culpability of "white magic" and "black magic."

6. What is the artistic effect of introducing the religious service and Hymn for the Dead at the close of the poem?

7. In what state of society would bards such as the Last Minstrel be important and honored personages? What class of literary men are their modern representatives?

Read Crockett's "Black Douglas" and "The Gray Man." for a picture of the power and lawlessness of the Border chieftains.

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## II.

BY MISS GERTRUDE LAWLER, M.A.,

*Harbord Street Collegiate Institute, Toronto.*

1. From a consideration of the following, show that the poem possesses unity:—

- (a) The stage for the story;
- (b) The century of its occurrence;
- (c) The exquisite setting of each canto;
- (d) The subdivision into cantos;
- (e) The romance that makes the narrative;
- (f) The stirring and varied descriptions;
- (g) The "light-horseman sort of stanza."

2. Is the poetical value of the tale increased or diminished by these facts?—

- (a) Scott's delineations of landscapes, persons, situations, customs are real.
- (b) The story bristles with proper names of minor importance.
- (c) The author avoided the description of the deeper passions of the human heart.

3. Select from the poem one signal example of each of the following:—

- (a) **dauntless bravery**;
- (b) **love of country**;
- (c) **legendary lore**;
- (d) **love of chivalry**;
- (e) **gaiety**;
- (f) **sacredness of hospitality**;
- (g) **fertility of invention**;
- (h) **richness of fancy**;
- (i) **graphic scenic description**;
- (j) **fascination of narrative**;
- (k) **tenderness of feeling**;
- (l) **healthy moral tone**.

4. Which canto do you find most interesting? Which least interesting? Where in each canto do you think the Minstrel most animated?

5. Reproduce in your best prose, for one who has not read the poem, the march of the English army.

6. Why did the "Wizard of the North" introduce the Goblin Page?

7. "Lost! lost! lost!"

Tell the meaning of these words each time they are used in the poem.

8. Describe the eastern window in the choir of Melrose Abbey as you see it in your imaginary visit "by the pale moonlight."

9. Depict the combat of Musgrave and Cranstoun.

10. "And, Warrior, I could say to thee  
The words that cleft Eildon hills in three."

Tell what you imagine those words were.

11. "A fairer pair were never seen  
To meet beneath that hawthorn green."

Write a pen-portrait of the pair.

12. Distinguish lyme-dog, ban-dog, blood-hound; and steed, courser, jennet.

13. Tell the modern prose word for each of these: need-fire, toil-drops, gramarye, litherlie.

14. Which of the lyrics of Canto VI. do you consider most imaginative? Which most musical?

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### III.

BY W. BRIDEN, B.A.,

*Principal Ingersoll Collegiate Institute.*

1. Write an epitome of Canto I. showing what this canto contributed to the development of the story.

2. Describe William of Deloraine's ride to Melrose, introducing apt quotations, if possible.

3. i. Give the connection of each of the following passages.  
 ii. Write explanatory notes on the italicised words in each.

(a) Letter nor line know I never a one,  
*Wer't my neck-verse at Hairibee.*

(b) But no kind *influence deign* they shower  
 On Teviot's  *tide*, and Branksome's tower,  
*Till pride be quelled, and love be free.*

(c) A stark *moss-trooping* Scott was he,  
*As e'er couched lance by knee.*

(d) Greet the *Father* well from me;  
*Say that the fated hour has come.*

(e) No living *wight*, save the Ladye alone,  
*Had dared to cross the threshold stone.*

(f) And soon the *steep descent* he past,  
*Soon crossed the sounding barbican.*

(g) Merry *clars* their *morris* pacing  
*To aerial minstrelsy.*

(h) Cliffs which, for many a later year,  
*The warbling Doric reed* shall hear,  
 When some *sad swain* shall teach the *grorie*,  
*Ambition is no cure for lore!*

4. i. Explain the following: "a clerk of fame," "the art that none may name," "St. Andrew's cloister'd hall," "The viewless forms of air," "secret bower," "chafes against the seaur's red side." (See pages 19, 20.)

ii. Point out any special poetic qualities in lines 3-16, page 20, and explain in detail to what they are owing.

iii. What emotional effect do these stanzas produce in the reader? Explain the artistic purpose of the author.

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## IV.

## UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO.

*Junior Matriculation, July, 1889.*

EXAMINER.—D. R. KEYS. M.A.

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,  
 Who never to himself hath said,  
 This is my own, my native land ?  
 Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,  
 As home his footsteps he hath turned,  
 From wandering on a foreign strand ?  
 If such there breathe, go, mark him well ;  
 For him no minstrel raptures swell ;  
 High though his titles, proud his name,  
 Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,—  
 Despite those titles, power and pelf,  
 The wretch, concentrated all in self,  
 Living, shall forfeit fair renown,  
 And doubly dying, shall go down  
 To the vile dust from whence he sprung,  
 Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

O Caledonia ! stern and wild,  
 Meet nurse for a poetic child !  
 Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,  
 Land of the mountain and the flood,  
 Land of my sires ! what mortal hand  
 Can e'er untie the filial band,  
 That knits me to thy rugged strand !  
 Still, as I view each well-known scene,  
 Think what is now, and what hath been,  
 Seems as, to me, of all bereft,  
 Sole friends thy woods and streams were left ;

And thus I love them better still,  
 Even in extremity of ill.  
 By Yarrow's streams still let me stray,  
 Though none should guide my feeble way;  
 Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break,  
 Although it chill my wither'd cheek;  
 Still lay my head by Teviot-stone,  
 Though there forgotten and alone,  
 The Bard may draw his parting groan.

1. (a) To what causes is the popularity of the above due?  
 (b) State the subject of each of these stanzas, and show how they are connected with each other and with the general plan of the poem.  
 (c) Explain the various reasons for preferring the poet's word to that with which it is coupled in the following cases:—*breathes* and *lives*; *hath* and *has*; *meet* and *fit*; *knits* and *binds*; *parting* and *dying*.  
 (d) By what rhetorical means has the author heightened the effect of the lines “O Caledonia, etc. . . . rugged strand?”  
 (e) Explain the passages:—  
 “Living shall forfeit, etc. . . . dying,” and “Seems as, to me, etc. . . . were left.”  
 (f) What words seem to be used owing to the exigencies of the rime?  
 (g) Derive *pelf*, *minstrel*, *stern*, *child*, *sires*.  
 (h) In what part of Scotland are Yarrow, Ettrick and Teviot? What special interest has each for the student of poetical literature?
2. To what class of poetry does *The Lay* belong? How does it gain by the Minstrel telling it instead of Scott himself?  
 3. What part in the story is played by the Goblin Page?  
 4. Show how the poem reflects its author's character.  
 5. Explain the following passages:—  
 (a) Our slogan is their lyke-wake dirge.  
 (b) Me lists not at this tide declare.  
 (c) A Merlin sat upon her wrist,  
 Held by a leash of silken twist.

(d) Both Scots and Southern chiefs prolong  
Applauses of Fitztraver's song;  
These hated Henry's name as death,  
And those still held the ancient faith.

(e) The standers-by might hear uneath,  
Footstep, or voice, or high-drawn breath.

6. Quote one (but not more than one) of the following descriptions:—The Minstrel, Melrose Abbey, The Opening of the Wizard's Grave.

7. Scott has been charged with describing forms and externals more at length than inward feelings. Give your views on this subject with illustrative quotations.

8. How has the author taken advantage of feudal institutions to add interest to his poem? What are its deficiencies as a picture of feudalism?

9. Criticise the literary style of *The Lay*.

10. Criticise the introduction of supernatural machinery into the poem.

11. Indicate Scott's place among the poets of his time.

12. Compare his poetry with that of Tennyson.

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V.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO.

*Junior Matriculation, September, 1889.*

EXAMINER.—PROFESSOR A. H. REYNAR, M.A., LL.D.

1. Describe the early life and training of Sir Walter Scott.

2. Name his chief poetic works. In what does their charm consist? Illustrate from *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*.

3. Relate the legend of Gilpin Horner. How far does it enter into *The Lay*?

4. Apart from the interesting figure of the Minstrel himself, what would be lost by his omission from this poem?

5. “Sir William of Deloraine, good at need,  
Mount thee on the wightest steed;  
Spare not the spur, nor stint to ride,  
Until thou come to fair Tweedside;

And in Melrose's holy pile  
 Seek thou the Monk of St. Mary's aisle.  
 Greet the Father well from me;  
 Say that the fated hour has come,  
 And to-night he shall watch with thee,  
 To win the treasure of the tomb:  
 For this will be St. Michael's night,  
 And, though stars be dim, the moon is bright;  
 And the Cross of bloody red  
 Will point to the grave of the mighty dead."

(a) Parse *thee* and derive *wightest*, line 2.

(b) Derive *aisle*, line 6, and *fated*, line 8.

(c) "For this will be St. Michael's night." How does this statement affect the interest of the narrative? Give some account of St. Michael.

(d) "The cross of bloody red." Describe it as given later in the poem.

6. Explain the following terms:—*barbican*, *slogan*, *sentchon*, *cairn*, *keep* (of castle), *bartizan*, *harquebuss*, *sweschal*, *portcullis*, *runic*.

7. Quote not more than fifteen verses from some one of the following scenes:—(a) The opening of Michael Scott's tomb; (b) The opening of the Magic book by the elfin page; (c) The death of Musgrave; (d) The pilgrimage to "Melrose's holy shrine."

## VI.

BY MISS HENRIETTA CHARLES, B.A.

*Collegiate Institute, Toronto Junction.*

1. What effect on the poem has the fact of its being put into the mouth of an old minstrel?

2. It has been said that Scott "loved the Cheviots or Ben Lomond and the Trossachs with a passion which . . . was so contagious as almost to create the modern tourist." Describe any localities mentioned in the *The Lay* of which the statement made above might be true, and show what features of Scott's descriptions indicate plainly his affection.

3. Describe in detail the Border customs and laws referred to in *The Lay*.

4. Distinguish between the different forms of the supernatural that are brought into the poem, and give an account of them.

5. Show what means Scott uses to prevent Deloraine's ride from Branksome to Melrose from being a mere enumeration of places passed.

6. Describe the personality of the "Ladye" as feudal dame, wife, and mother.

7. Show to what extent and of what classes of men Cranstoun, Deloraine, and Watt Tinlinn may be considered types.

8. Enumerate and describe the component parts of the army under Howard and Dacre, and show in what particulars these men differed from the Scotch forces that came to the aid of Branksome.

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## VII.

BY JOHN C. SAUL, M.A.,

*English Teacher, Collegiate Institute, Winnipeg.*

1. Tell briefly the story of the poem. Give the circumstances under which the Lay was sung, and state the historic basis of the action.

2. Give in a few sentences the essential idea of each canto, showing clearly what each contributes to the action.

3. It has been charged against the poem that Canto VI. is unnecessary. Do you agree with this statement? Give reasons.

4. Show clearly the framework upon which the poem as a whole is constructed. What are the advantages and disadvantages of this plan?

5. To what extent does Scott use the elements of surprise and suspense in his narrative? Illustrate fully. Note any other devices used to increase the interest of the narrative.

6. Does the historical and antiquarian information of which *The Lay* is full, add to or detract from the interest of the narrative? Make your answer specific in reference.

7. Give in your own words a brief character-sketch of Watt Tinlinn. Estimate Scott's success as a portrayer of character in *The Lay*?

8. Give the substance of the introductory stanzas to each canto. Show their appropriateness in each case.

9. Give the substance of each of the songs sung at the wedding-feast, stating by whom each was sung, and briefly describing each minstrel. How far is each song typical? What is the object of introducing these songs?

10. Explain the following quotations, noting the connection in which each appears:—

- (a) Of that sea-snake, tremendous curl'd,  
Whose monstrous circle girds the world.
- (b) The words that cleft Eildon hills in three,  
And bridled the Tweed with a curb of stone.
- (c) The stars and crescent graced his shield,  
Without the bend of Murdieston.

11. Explain the following:—Emerald rings; the warbling Doric reed; the raven's food; bit his glove.

12. Describe the metre used in the poem, pointing out in detail, with illustrations, the devices used to increase its effectiveness. Discuss its suitability to the subject-matter, and show how it is used to assist the narrative.

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### VIII.

BY J. A. FREEMAN, B.A.,

*Principal Waterdown High School.*

1. Give reasons for the poem being put into the mouth of the Ancient Minstrel and for its being written in the old ballad style.

2. Describe from the poem the feudal castle of the sixteenth century, its defences, and defensive weapons.

3. What are the more striking instances of popular belief mentioned in the poem? By what means does the author put the modern reader to a certain extent in sympathy with them?

4. Describe the coming and passing away of the Goblin Page. Briefly tell of his pranks that affect the course of the story. Suggest a reason for his words, "Lost!" "Found!"

5. Give a description of (a) the negotiations before Branksome Castle. (b) the formalities preceding the combat.

6. What are the chief merits and defects of Scott's style? Exemplify as far as possible from the poem.

7. "The first and most natural form of what we have called the Scotticism of Scotchmen . . . is this *amor patriæ*, this inordinate intensity of national feeling." Quote a passage from the poem exemplifying this statement.

8. Give in your own words the substance of Fitztraver's song.

9. In Scott description of nature is mainly an end. In Tennyson and Wordsworth it is very often a means to an end. What is meant by the statement? Quote or refer to passages in support of your answer.

## IX.

BY J. C. SHAW, M.A.,  
*Principal of Vancouver College.*

1. (a) "The first-fruits of this long preparation appeared in *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*." Sketch the "preparation."
  - (b) What was there in the literary "situation" at the date of its appearance that makes the popular success of *The Lay* seem less surprising?
  - (c) "In our age Scott's narrative verse mainly appeals to young people." Show that this may be accounted for by the absence of certain elements from his poetry as well as by the presence of certain others in it.
2. "He was to make the Middle Ages live once more." Sketch that life as revived in *The Lay* on its social, domestic, and religious sides.
3. (a) Show that the preludes to the several cantos of *The Lay* are deftly woven into the texture of the poem. Has Scott always done this?
  - (b) Show that in matter and manner the songs in this poem are such as might be expected from their singers.
4. (a) "The *diablerie* sits lorn on the general plot." If so, why, then, was it introduced?
  - (b) Of the characters in the Minstrel's tale, "Only *he* has living force, the rest are fleeting shades." Who is the "he"? Discuss the truth of the charge.
  - (c) What traces of "careless glance and reckless rhyme" are there in *The Lay*?
5. (a) Quote from this poem, or reproduce with quotations, one description of a natural and one of a supernatural phenomenon.
  - (b) Indicate the finest passages in other kinds, stating the "kind."
6. Give the context of the following:—
  - (a) "Vengeance, deep-brooding o'er the slain,  
 Had lock'd the source of softer woe."
  - (b) "Use lessens marvels, it is said."
  - (c) "It had not been burnt this year and more."
  - (d) "They knew no country, own'd no lord."
  - (e) "Silent and slow like ghosts they glide."
7. (a) Define *arentayle*, *flemens-firth*, *heriot*, *lyke-wake*, *merlin*, *sheeling*, *weapon-schaw*.
  - (b) Give (with aid of *The Lay* where possible) the etymology of *Branksome*, *Buelench*, *Craustoun*, *Daere*, *Dunedin*, *Harden*, *Penchryst*.

## APPENDIX.

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### THE CULTURE USE OF LITERATURE.

By WM. HOUSTON, M.A.

(Reprinted from *Gage's Advanced Reader*.)

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#### IMPORTANCE OF METHOD.

In no other school subject is method of more importance than it is in the culture study of literature, and in no other is the impertinent intermeddling of the inexpert or inefficient teacher more mischievous. The wise master will allow the author, as much as possible, to do his own teaching of the pupil, and will at first content himself with introducing them to each other in such a way as to secure a prepossession by the author of the pupil's faculties and sympathies. As their mutual acquaintance ripens under his oversight he will find abundant opportunities to direct the attention of the class to what is most deserving of it, but only after all reasonable effort has failed by means of questioning to bring out what he thinks the right interpretation will be exercise his privilege of expressing his own opinion.

#### VALUE OF ORAL READING.

It is inevitable that the study of literature in schools should be closely connected with the practice of oral reading, and it is as desirable as it is unavoidable. The sound of the voice is so essential to the process of interpretation that a teacher who persistently and carefully practises reading aloud will find himself greatly aided by it in his own comprehension of the printed text. If this is true he will *a fortiori* be able to use oral reading effectively as a means of making his class collectively and individually acquainted with the author through his work. The mind may be reached through the ear as well as through the eye, and both should be used in the study of literature. Moreover, until the pupil gives his interpretation of a passage by reading it aloud the teacher cannot know precisely what it is. No questioning can be made sufficiently minute or searching to bring it fully to light.

## INTERPRETATION BY THE PUPIL.

It follows from what has been said that every selection in the anthology should be dealt with in some way that will leave the pupil free to work out his own apprehension of it. Culture has no necessary relation to any particular interpretation, but it is absolutely conditioned on the pupil's finding an interpretation for himself. What he arrives at may have little intrinsic value for any other person, but if it is really his own it is invaluable to him. Wise and not too suggestive class questioning will result probably in a modification of the pupil's opinions by attrition and possibly in some enlargement of the teacher's own views. These may be usefully given at the close of the discussion, not as dogmatic substitutes for all the previous interpretations but as suggested alternatives for after consideration. It is unnecessary to add that the pupil should never be informed beforehand what he may expect to find in a prescribed selection, and that not a single word of explanation should ever be given until he has had a chance to do all he can for himself. A good but not necessarily voluminous lexicon is indispensable in the study of literature.

## DETAILS OF CLASS WORK.

Every selection should be used in the class for three distinct purposes, apart from its use as one of a group for comparative study. These may be thus succinctly described:—

1. After having been previously assigned without any hint or explanation of any sort whatever, the selection should be made a subject of general discussion with books closed, for the purpose of eliciting opinions on such topics as the author's standpoint and method, his use of artistic devices to accomplish his purpose, his outlook on nature and humanity, his descriptive or dramatic power, the characters he introduces and the parts he assigns to them in his sketch or narrative, the use he makes of his own imagination, and the methods by which he secures the exercise of the same faculty in others. Such questioning as will serve this purpose will also enable the teacher to ascertain whether the prescribed private reading has been effectively done by the pupils.
2. In the second treatment of the selection it should be minutely dissected with books open, for the purpose of securing complete mastery of the author's modes of expression. Questions should be asked the correct answers to which will involve the use by the pupils of every important or unusual or difficult word or phrase in the whole piece. This analysis is a necessary preparation for intelligent oral reading, and it may be made highly serviceable in securing improved pronunciation and enunciation.

3. The third use of the selection in class is reading it aloud, and the teacher, in order to be in a position to ascertain what the reader's interpretation really is, should hear the lesson without seeing it. One who is both hearing and seeing cannot tell how much of his own comprehension of the passage he obtains through the eye and how much through the ear. It should be assumed that the pupil knows and is able to explain why he makes use of certain pauses, certain tones of voice, certain degrees of emphasis, and so on. These are all means of conveying the reader's interpretation of the piece to the hearer, and they should be kept strictly auxiliary to that purpose and should not be used aimlessly and carelessly. Oral reading as a sequel to literary study may be made one of the most effective means of culture available in educational work.

#### ANALYSIS OF A SELECTION.

The opportunities afforded in school for the culture use of literature will be comparatively wasted if they do not leave the pupil in possession of a method of dealing subsequently with other literature for himself. Definite rules to effect this cannot be usefully laid down or followed, but some general considerations may profitably be borne in mind, and in accordance with these the pupil should be advised to prepare himself for his daily class work. Intelligent interpretation of literature thus becomes habitual, and as the treatment in class is never stereotyped he is not likely to become the victim of empty formalism in his independent work. The following are a few of the considerations referred to:—

1. Every piece of literature that is prescribed for study should be characterized as far as possible by artistic completeness and organic unity. Some relaxation of this dictum has been allowed in the preparation of this anthology in order to secure selections from the works of great prose writers, but even in those cases care has been taken to make the excerpts as self-contained as possible. There is quite as much of artistic purpose discernible in "Rip Van Winkle" or "David Swan" as there is in "The Ancient Mariner," "King Robert of Sicily," or "The Italian in England." An artistic result implies an ideal realized, and the ideal should be discoverable by the analytic study of the resulting product.
2. The first and most important task devolving on the student is to become acquainted with the prescribed or selected text as a whole. This may be accomplished only by successive readings of it as a whole. The important purpose so served will not be served by any study of it piece by piece, however thoroughly

it may be done. The impression left by a first perusal will necessarily be dim and confused, but subsequent readings will deepen it, correct misapprehensions, and clear up apparent inconsistencies, till out of the mass of confusion emerges something like an adequate view of the author's artistic work in its completeness and beauty.

3. Analysis of the work in the right spirit, so far from destroying the student's interest in its beauty, is likely to enhance it. If the composition has been artistically put together there will be a certain discoverable relation among the parts, and between each of them and the whole work. The botanist who contents himself with the dissection of a flower for scientific purposes derives no esthetic satisfaction from its form and color, but one may after enjoying its beauty increase his pleasure indefinitely by taking it to pieces to ascertain how they are related to each other and to the whole.
4. A piece of literature may be analyzed for any one of several purposes. The student may desire to study its rhetorical structure to obtain a clear idea of the author's subdivisions of his subject-matter, of his manner of constructing paragraphs, of his use of figurative language, or of the character of his diction as regards form of sentence and choice of words. He may have in mind the investigation of the logical structure of sentences for the purpose of ascertaining the part each word or group of words plays in the formation of the statements which make up the whole discourse. His intention may be to make a special study of individual words for the purpose of becoming acquainted with their history and uses. Or, in the case of poetry, he may have in view a revelation of the devices by means of which the poet has produced the rhythmical form that is the most characteristic feature of English verse. All this may be done, however, in a purely scientific spirit, as the botanist may dissect a flower or the mineralogist break up a crystal, in either case for the mere purpose of laying bare its structure.
5. There is another kind of analysis which differs essentially from all of these, and to which they should all be made subsidiary in so far as they find a place in the culture use of literature. It is prompted by an esthetic rather than a scientific motive. The composition is viewed from an emotional rather than an intellectual standpoint. The purpose of the exercise is to secure enjoyment rather than to acquire information. It is a study of the ideal rather than of the actual. It matters not, for example, whether such a person as Saladin, or Socrates, or King Arthur, or Rip Van Winkle, or Rosabelle, or Dora, or Katie

Willows ever lived; the literary compositions in which they figure have an interest and a value quite independent of all questions of historical or biographical fact.

6. There is a place in every school time-table for the study of rhetoric, and grammar, and philology, and prosody, and it is right and necessary that they should receive their due measure of attention. It is not wise, however, to allow them to become too prominent in the hours, all too few at the most, devoted to the study of literature as a preparation of the pupil for life. He has been laboriously and painfully taught to read, and therefore it is all important that he should be trained to select the right kind of reading matter and to make the right use of it. If this question of "what" and "how" is not approached from the point of view of emotional pleasure rather than of didactic utility the chief advantage of literary study for both teacher and pupils is likely to be missed altogether. With the great majority of people, after school life is over, reading is almost entirely a means of recreation, and to ignore this obvious and momentous fact during a pupil's school period is to leave the emotional side of his nature, which is the one most potent for good or evil in his life, to go without systematic training. Why should the prevalent habit of reading books that are trashy, or worse, be a cause of surprise when so little is done by education to counteract in advance the evil influences of environment?









